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MOTLEY  
AND HIS FAMILY

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JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY  
⌘ ⌘ AND HIS FAMILY ⌘ ⌘







*J. Z. Motley*



JOHN LOTHROP  
MOTLEY  
AND HIS FAMILY

FURTHER LETTERS AND RECORDS  
EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER AND  
HERBERT ST JOHN MILD MAY &  
WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD  
NEW YORK JOHN LANE COMPANY MCMX

THE UNIVERSITY OF  
M. O. T. J. R. Y.  
JAN 20 1897

## PREFACE

**T**HE "Correspondence of my father, John Lothrop Motley," edited by George William Curtis, was published in 1889.

The favour with which it was received by the public encouraged my sisters and me to draw upon further stores of letters which seemed to us, worthy to appear in print. Though my father has long been dead, his image, never effaced from my mind, is always intimately connected with all he wrote, and to revive his memory is to me the most grateful of tasks.

My wish is to make him the central figure in these family records. Unfortunately, his still unpublished letters, are few in number, and necessarily not equal in merit to those in the "Correspondence," the best having been selected for insertion in that work.

Among those available, however, are several fresh letters to Prince Bismarck, which accidentally came into Lady Harcourt's possession. We have moreover obtained the kind permission of Mr John Murray and of Messrs Harper, publishers of the "Correspondence," to make use of passages in some of the letters con-

tained therein, for the purpose of filling up gaps in the sequence of events in the present book, thus making the narrative more continuous than it otherwise could be.

Sincere thanks are offered to members of the family who have sent photographs of pictures belonging to them, which are used in the present book as illustrations.

It has been thought best to omit passages in my father's letters containing some rather strong expressions of opinion on the subject of the American Civil War. During four years, that stupendous event absorbed the attention of all patriotic Americans, among whom my father was one of the most ardent. The party feelings, the antagonism to the South, the disappointment at the want of sympathy shown by some European nations in the struggle against disruption and slavery were inevitable at the time. If revived now no good end would be served. My father, not being of a rancorous disposition, would have deprecated being made to appear implacable, more especially as he lived to see a great and reunited country, and was content.

Letters from my mother and sisters have been included in this collection.

My mother had a strong personality, a keen intellect, remarkable powers of observation and an unusual gift of sympathy for others. It is the natural wish of

her children that her memory too, should be honoured, and it would have gratified my father greatly to know that her name would be revived for her descendants, and for those of the present generation who may read these family chronicles.

As the wife of an author and diplomatist, her life was a varied one. She dwelt in many countries and knew a great number of people, prominent and otherwise, of different nationalities. My sisters' letters further serve as illustrations of our manner of life, and recall some scenes with which my father is connected. Were this not the case they would be reluctant to have them published.

In this volume have also been incorporated a letter from Prince Bismarck, dated June 1858, hitherto unpublished, and letters from other eminent men. Among them are several from Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose beautiful "Memoir" of his friend appeared in 1879. Some of these were written long after my father's death, have never appeared in print, and should form a fitting conclusion to this volume of records of a New England family.

My father's descendants, his grandchildren and great grandchildren, are all English. By a cruel irony of fate, the eldest grandson, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, whose birth in May 1874, so rejoiced his grandparents' hearts,<sup>1</sup> fell by the hands of Dutchmen, while

<sup>1</sup> See "Correspondence," Vol. II., page 381.

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gallantly fighting for his country in the Boer war. My father was spared the knowledge of this tragic event. His grandchildren were always an unfailing source of happiness to him, and during the two last sad years which remained to him, after my mother's death, the only sunshine in his life.

SUSAN ST JOHN MILDMAY.

LONDON, *January*, 1910.

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JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY  
✿ ✿ AND HIS FAMILY ✿ ✿



# JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY :: AND HIS FAMILY ::

## CHAPTER I

EARLY GENEALOGICAL HISTORY—FATHER AND MOTHER  
OF MR MOTLEY—MARRIAGE AND EARLY MARRIED  
LIFE—DIPLOMATIC APPOINTMENT TO ST PETERS-  
BURG—RETURN TO AMERICA

**J**OHN LOTHROP MOTLEY was descended on the female side from Captain Wm. Gerrish, born at Bristol, England, 1620, died at Salem, Massachusetts, 1687. He was Deputy to the Massachusetts General Court from Newbury, 1650-1653, from Hampton, N.H., 1663-1664. Captain of horse-and-foot, Newbury, 1644. He married, 17th April 1645, Joanna Goodale, and their daughter Mary, born at Newbury, 6th April 1658, married, 23rd October 1676, Dr John Dole of Newbury. Their daughter Hannah, born at Newbury, 16th August 1677, married Jonadib Waite, who was born at Newbury, 8th September 1687, and died there, 27th January 1737. Their son, John Waite, married

Sarah Kent. They had ten children, among them Emma, born 1745, who married Thomas Motley, son of John Motley,<sup>1</sup> the first of that family in America. Of this Emma it is related, that when Portland was bombarded and burnt by the British in 1775, because of Portland's sympathy with Concord and Lexington during the war of the Revolution, she escaped to the woods, taking her sons with her, while her husband was fighting in defence of his home and country. Two of these sons, Thomas and Edward, became merchants, and in 1802 Thomas was domiciled in Boston. He married Anna Lathrop, as the name was then written, but it now survives as Lothrop, and is borne by several members of the Motley family.

Lowthorpe, from which the family name was taken, was a parish town in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and when about the beginning of the thirteenth century surnames were introduced into England, landed proprietors attached the name of their domain or estate to their Christian name with the prefixed particle 'de,' and thus came Walter de Lowthorpe. This Walter de Lowthorpe was elected one of the Sheriffs of Yorkshire, in the first year of Henry III., A.D. 1217. Various members of the family migrated to different parts of England, one of them to Cherry Burton and Elton, where, in 1545, we find John Lowthroppe possessed of land. From him in unbroken descent

<sup>1</sup> An Emigrant from Belfast.



EMMA WAITE





we come to John Lothrop, born in 1584, a younger son of a very numerous family.

He was admitted to Queen's College, Cambridge, 1601, became Bachelor of Arts in 1605, and Master of Arts 1609. About the year 1611 he was presented by the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's to the living of Egerton, in Kent, which he resigned in 1623 for the pastorate of the Independent Congregational Church in Southwark, as successor to Mr Henry Jacobs, its founder, who had emigrated to Virginia.

This congregation, which met in secret, having come under the animadversion of Archbishop Laud, was discovered by his Pursuivant on the 29th April 1632 at the house of Mr Humphrey Barnett in Blackfriars, where forty-two of them were apprehended and only eighteen escaped; of those that were taken some were confined in the church, others in the New Prison and the Gate House, where they continued about two years, and were then released upon bail, except Mr Lathropp, for whom no favour could be obtained.

Nathaniel Morton, author of "New England's Memorial," published in 1669, writes of the Rev. John Lathropp: "During the time of his imprisonment his wife fell sick, of which sickness she died. He procured liberty of the Bishop to visit his wife before her death, and commended her to God by prayer, who soon after gave up the ghost. At his return to prison his poor children, being many, repaired to the Bishop

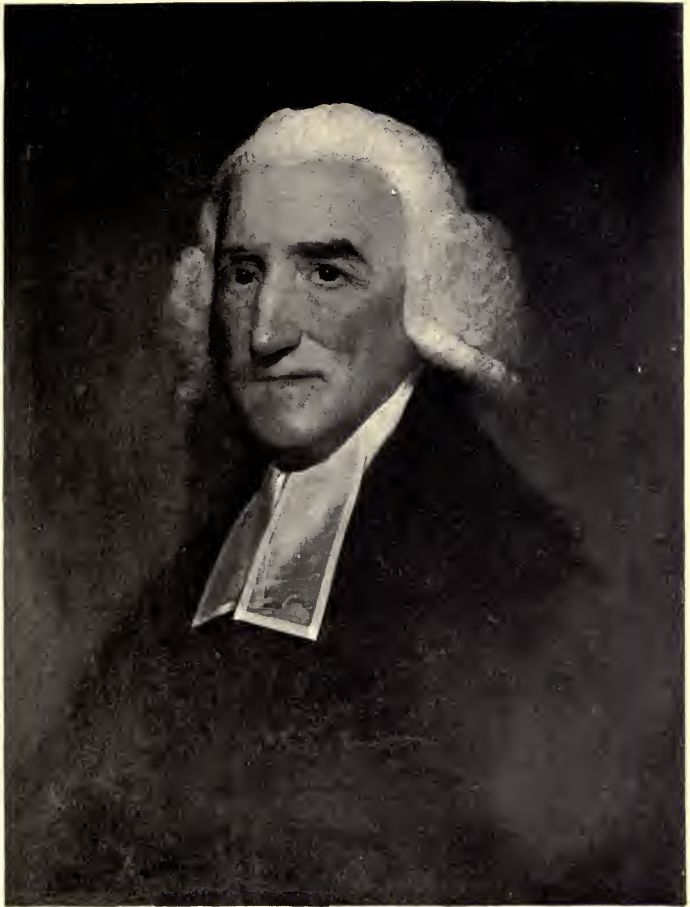
at Lambeth, and made known unto him their miserable condition, by reason of their good father being continued in close durance, who commiserated their condition so far as to grant him liberty, who soon after came over to New England."

This statement differs from that of Neal in the "History of the Puritans," Vol. I., whose account is, that his release from prison was obtained by Mr Lathropp on his personal petition to the King, and that the Bishop obstinately refused.

The date of this early Pilgrim Father's arrival at Boston is determined by Governor Winthrop's Journal, in which appears on 18th September 1634: "The Griffin and another ship appearing with about 200 passengers, Mr Lathrop and Mr Sims, two godly ministers coming in the same ship."

Almost immediately after arrival he went to Scituate on the 27th September, and was welcomed by the small settlement there as pastor, a house being built for him, which Mr Otis thus describes: "The walls were made of poles filled between with stones and clay, the roof thatched, the chimney to the mantel of rough stone, and above of cobwork, the windows of oiled paper, and the floors of hand-sawn planks."

One of the settlers, John Cudworth, writes to the Rev. Dr John Stoughton of London: "Oures, Cituate, to whome the Lord has bine very gracious, and his p'vidence has bine Admirately sene oure



REV. JOHN LOTHROP

*From picture by Gilbert Stuart*

*Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd.*



beyinge to bringe us oure Pastor, whome wee so long expected—Mr Lathorpe who the Lord has brought to us in safety, whome wee finde to bee a holy Reverat and heavenly minded man.”

Though Mr Lothrop was remarkable for his toleration in religious matters, for to become a member of his church no applicant was compelled to sign a Creed or Confession of Faith, yet his ministry in Scituate did not long continue, as he differed with some of his flock on the question of baptism, and in October 1639 he removed to Barnstaple, where he became pastor of the church. At first he had a small house, but in 1644 built a larger and more substantial one, which was still standing in 1884.

Mr Otis says : “ Mr Lothrop was as distinguished for his worldly wisdom as for his piety. He was a good business man and so were all of his sons. Wherever one of the family pitched his tent, that spot soon became a centre of business, and land in its vicinity appreciated in value. It is the men that make a place, and to Mr Lothrop’s in early times, Barnstaple was more indebted than to any other family.”

At Barnstaple Mr Lothrop died, 8th November 1653, leaving a wife and several sons.

He is well described in the words used by Mr J. L. Motley, in a letter to Sir William Lowthorp, when he writes of him as : “ One of those obscure and forgotten martyrs who planted in sorrow and silence the

seeds of a mighty Empire, utterly unconscious of the vast results which were to follow."

In 1739, nearly a century later, another John Lothrop or Lathrop, a direct descendant of the Pilgrim Father, was born at Norwich, Connecticut, educated at Princeton, and ordained pastor of the New South Church in Boston.

This church has an interesting history, as appears from the following inscription on the door of the present church.

"The Second Church, Boston; founded in 1649, known in pre-revolutionary times as The Old North. First House of Worship built in North Street. Burnt 1616. Rebuilt in 1677. Destroyed by British troops 1772.

*Ministers.*

- |                    |                           |
|--------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. John Mayo       | 8. Henry Ware, Jr.        |
| 2. Increase Mather | 9. R. W. Emerson          |
| 3. Cotton Mather   | 10. Chandler Robbins      |
| 4. Josua Gee       | 11. Robert Samuel Collier |
| 5. Samuel Mather   | 12. Edward A. Horton      |
| 6. Samuel Checkley | 13. Thomas Van Ness."     |
| 7. John Lathrop    |                           |

The Rev. John Lothrop was twice married, his second wife being Elizabeth Checkley, daughter of the Rev. Samuel Checkley, his predecessor at the New South Church.

Checkley is believed to be the same as Chichele, and the family are said to have come from Northamptonshire, and to trace descent from the father of Henry



ELIZABETH CHECKLEY, WIFE OF REV. JOHN LOTHROP





Chichele, Archbishop of Canterbury in the reigns of Henry IV., V., and VI., and founder of All Souls' College, Oxford.

It was Anna, the daughter of the Rev. John Lothrop and Elizabeth Checkley, who married Thomas Motley.

He was very handsome, and as Dr Holmes records : " A man of decided character, social, vivacious, witty, a lover of books, and himself not unknown as a writer, being the author of one or more of the well remembered ' Jack Downing ' letters." His wife was a " woman who could not be looked on without admiration," as Dr Holmes says ; and her beauty, even in old age, and her still more beautiful character, are a living memory to a few, and a gracious tradition to many living descendants.

The second child of Thomas Motley and Anna Lothrop was John Lothrop Motley, born in Dorchester, now part of Boston, 15th April 1814. His childhood and college career, both at Harvard and the Universities of Berlin and Göttingen, are related in Dr Holmes' " Memoir."

Mr John Lothrop Motley married on the 2nd March 1837. His wife was Mary, daughter of Mr Park Benjamin. Mr Benjamin acquired a plantation in Demerara, and, on one of his trips there, from New England, met at Barbadoes an Englishwoman, Miss Gall, whom he married. He and his eldest son were lost at sea, when his widow, with two sons and two

daughters, established herself at Norwich, Connecticut, where she married Judge Lanman.

Of Mrs Motley's letters written before her marriage, the family possess only a few, but one sent to one of her brothers, when, quaintly enough, she as one of the bridesmaids accompanied the bride and bridegroom, Mr and Mrs Charles Amory, on their honeymoon journey, is interesting as giving a young girl's fresh impressions, and an account of modes of travelling so different from those of the present day.

*From Miss Benjamin to her Brother.*<sup>1</sup>

CINCINNATI, *May 7th*, 1833.

MY DEAR, DEAR BROTHER,—Well, here we are in Cincinnati, the lion of the West—anything for a beginning—for I have been sitting over my paper for the last half-hour, “chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancies” and the end of my pen—not from any want of ideas, or material either, for the stock I have on hand just at present is perfectly overwhelming, and I almost despair of reducing it to anything like order.

Mountains, rivers, rocks, trees, lakes and streams, are all floating in my head in beautiful disorder, and when I attempt to describe them all in good set terms and separate the light from the darkness, the attempt seems almost a hopeless one. Oh, my dear brother, I have had the most delightful journey; if I could only wish your eyes to follow me in my wanderings—I think

<sup>1</sup> Park Benjamin of New York.

I could feast them—perhaps you would like to hear of some of my adventures for the last three weeks. I confess that I don't seem in the way to enlighten you, and as I don't possess any talisman power to enable me to speed the "soft intercourse," I must ever descend to the vulgar medium of words, words, words, as Hamlet says. Shall I take you back to Washington? It really appears to me antediluvian to be talking of adventures three weeks old. I never enjoyed a week more than the one we passed there. We walked a good deal and explored its beauties, and went through all the sight-seeing of course. Perhaps you saw my letter to Rose, wherein our visit to the President and Mt. Vernon were described *ad libitum*; the latter is embalmed in my memory. I like Washington very much; it is a perfect wilderness, but there is something fascinating in its very desolation, and that glorious capitol is enough to immortalize any place. The next point in the picture was Harper's Ferry, where we were landed on Saturday night, two days after our departure from Washington, with whole bones and necks in nature's own position. I mention this as a circumstance, because the road from Lusburgh to the Ferry was more shocking than anything I ever imagined within the pale of civilization. Conceive our speed—22 miles in 9 hours, and then our whole establishment was altogether more Irish than anything I ever expected to see this side of Paddyland, a broken

carriage tied with ropes, horses, the magic number of the scarecrow, leader straying everywhere but the right place, first up one bank, and then under the other horse's feet, and the driver, an Irishman, vociferating to them at the top of his voice, occasionally interspersing his harangue with an oath here and there by way of filling up, I suppose. Sunday, we remained stationary, and the next day proceeded to Winchester, some thirty miles. Harper's Ferry is the most beautiful and perfectly indescribable place I ever saw. At sunset we climbed a very high mountain, and the view from every part of it is unrivalled—mountains piled on mountains until they mingle with the clouds, and then the most superb river, cutting its way through them. The foliage was hardly developed enough to give it all its summer beauties, but our imaginations were too profuse to occasion us much regret for our loss. They have laid out their burial ground directly on the brow of a very high mountain; the effect is really beautiful, the graves strewed with evergreens (or everdeads), with their white marble slabs and willows and cypress trees—the only constant mourners of the dead, lying so quietly in the sunshine—no bad idea, was it? At Winchester, we experienced an instance of true Virginian hospitality, which I cannot resist telling you. Mr Amory encountered accidentally in the bar-room of the hotel, a Mr Jones, who it seems married a Miss Randolph, a sister of Mrs

Joe Coolidge of Boston. He inquired if Mr Amory knew them, and gave us all a most cordial invitation to pass a few days with him at his country place, about ten miles from town. We were very much inclined to go, but as the detention would have caused us three days' delay, instead of one, we decided very reluctantly to refuse this kind invitation. Afterwards, in the stage, we met several people who spoke of Mr Jones' place as a perfect paradise and of himself and his wife as the most hospitable and delightful people in the world. He was evidently the Lord of the Manor in those parts. We were tempted a thousand times to regret our loss, but upon the whole the resolution was a wise one. We got into the stage at Winchester one day at twelve o'clock, and the next day at the same hour were landed at Staunton, a distance of 100 miles. You may imagine we were not a little fatigued, and glad to get to a resting-place. With the exception of the night journey, about 24 miles, we enjoyed our ride exceedingly. The road was, as all the Virginian roads are, but not at all dangerous, and the whole country through the valley of the Shenondoah, magnificent and more than repaid us for our fatigue. A good sleep completely renovated us, and the next morning saw us on our way to the Natural Bridge—extravagant as my anticipations were, they fell far short of the reality—oh, it is beautiful! I wish I could tell you *how* beautiful, but descriptions

are bores and you think so. So do I, and I will spare you and myself too. I must however, record one part which is very remarkable. As you stand under the bridge and look at the immense arch above you, directly in the centre you discover an eagle with outspread wings, formed quite perfectly in the rock. I found it out without any previous warning, and think anyone would. I can't say as much for the horse, which the guide insisted was quite as perfect, and with the help of his description and dint of looking, I at last discovered the so-called horse: "And now, Miss," said the delighted guide, "you can see just above him a likeness of General Washington with a pleated ruffle to his shirt." This was too much, and I laughed outright. I don't doubt if I had been as accommodating as Polonius, he would have shadowed forth from this prolific soil the whole history of our country. There are a thousand different views of the bridge, and all equally beautiful. We cast "many a lingering look behind." I really felt quite melancholy to think I should never see it again. Our excursion to the bridge occupied four days, and we returned to Staunton on Monday evening, and the next morning at six o'clock were on our way to Cave. I wish you could have seen us equipped for our exploring expedition. At the mouth of the cave we took off our bonnets and gloves and all the combs from our heads, fastened our hair into true lovers' knots, over

which we tied pocket handkerchiefs. The guide and coachman were our attendants, and each of us was furnished with a candle to light our own paths. The cave is a mile and a half from the mouth to the end, and we explored every accessible part of it. There are chambers interminable, both great and small, domes, minarets, temples, etc., with as many names as the stars in the sky. Some of them quite fanciful and *a propos*. The undertaking was not without danger or adventure, I assure you. Sometimes, for twenty yards perhaps, we were obliged to crawl very cautiously along, then descend very steep places, clinging to the rocks for support, with a very slippery clay soil for our footing. It is really superb and the toil nothing that should deter one. In the afternoon we returned to Staunton, with the happy reflection that we had passed a most delightful week, and the fatigue but a drop in the ocean of pleasure. On Wednesday, at twelve o'clock, we took the Guyandotte line of stages, and last Saturday night arrived in Guyandotte (distance nearly 800 miles or 850) at ten o'clock, which was very rapid travelling over those roads. The first day's journey was through a valley, mountains casing us in on every side, which it was the next day's work to ascend. The third day was the same until afternoon, when our dangers commenced. We had heard a great deal of the (or crow's nest) among the mountains, and we told the driver to tell us

when we came to it. He accordingly drew up on the top of a very high hill and pointing to a little foot-path told us to follow it. A walk of about twenty feet brought us on the verge of an overhanging rock, which looked down a precipice 850 feet. Without any exception it is the most magnificent place I ever saw.

. . . . .

Many letters from Mr J. L. Motley when a schoolboy in America, a student at German Universities, and a traveller for the first time on the Continent of Europe, have already been published, but the following one, written during the period of foreign travel, when he was a youth of twenty-one, gives his opinion of the early Italian painters, and has not yet appeared.

*From J. L. Motley to his Parents.*

NAPLES, Feb. 12th, 1835.

MY DEAR PARENTS,—Since my letter to Emma, I have not done anything very remarkable. . . . .

Of the pictures in Naples I have as yet said nothing: far the finest is on the whole a Deposition by Spagnoletto in the Church of San Martino. He was hitherto a painter I never cared for—the subjects of his pictures I have hitherto seen have been invariably weather beaten and savage looking saints and martyrs, generally, too, in the moments of their martyrdom, subjects as unfit for painting as Wordsworth's idiots



and old women would be for tragedy. This, however, is one of the most beautiful paintings in existence—the dead Saviour is beautiful and awful, the grief of the spectators, the love of the mother natural, lovely, charming—the lights and shades are of course strong and striking and the general tone of the picture gloomy and dismal. This is invariably the case with Spagnoletto, and it is not a little singular how the peculiar character of this as well as of several Neapolitan painters seems to have revealed itself in their works. Spagnoletto's character is defined as gloomy, bitter and envious : during the period of his ascendancy in Naples it was totally impossible for a foreign artist of whatever merit to obtain employment there, the painting of all the churches, etc., being entirely reserved for himself or his protégés and pupils. A monument of his malignity to his fellow artists is to be found in the Carthusian Convent. An, at present, almost obsolete artist, called Stanzini, had been employed to paint a Deposition for one of the chapels in competition with Spagnoletto's own. When about half finished, S. persuaded the Sacristan in whose charge the chapel was, that the picture needed cleaning, and accordingly obtained leave to wash it, which he did most effectually with *acqua viva*. Stanzini, on discovering the villainy, refused publicly to renew his picture, or to take any steps to revive it, declaring that such a miserable piece of villainy deserved to be

preserved, and stigmatized, and there the picture remains to this day, immortalizing a painter who were otherwise forgotten, illustrating to posterity the singular irritability of Signor Spagnoletto's character. . . . Of the pictures of the strictly indigeneous Neapolitan painters, I am no great admirer, and there are no end to the Mastinios, Correggios, and Luca Giordanos. The latter gentleman is certainly one of the most prolific geniuses on record. The town is full of his works—the royal gallery—the churches, the palaces overflow with them but after all his voluminosity is his greatest merit. In fact his rapidity was the astonishment of his contemporaries, and he may be said to have owed it as much to his education as to his natural inclination. When quite a child, he was brought by his father to Rome and Naples, and kept diligently at work in copying the great masterpieces. So unmerciful was his father in encouraging the natural industry of Master Lucas, that he was not even allowed to descend from his easel for meals or recreation. His dinner was served to him while painting, and he was fed by his father, who never suffered him to drop his brush for an instant, but pulling his ears with one hand, while he gave him his victuals with the other, continually dinned into his ears the words "Luca fa presto!" (Lucas, make haste), and "Luca fa presto" is accordingly his universal nickname, both in his own age and ours. . . .

Since I am on the subject of paintings I may as well mention one or two more, which are in the Bourbon gallery, which as I have said is on the whole the worst gallery in Italy. . . .

A picture here which struck me, and interested me more than anything else, was a portrait of Christopher Columbus by Parmigiano. I do not recollect to have ever seen a portrait of him before, and I certainly expected a hard-featured, weather-beaten sort of visage, with a rough beard and chivalric soldierly look—on the contrary I saw the most effeminate, extraordinarily handsome and delicate looking gentleman imaginable, long auburn ringlets, a little velvet cap put jauntily on one side—in short, as Mrs Ramsbottom would say, “quite a *sine qua non* of a man, with tips on his lips for all the world like Lady Hopkin’s poodle,” but still a superb forehead, a magnificent eye and *tout ensemble* worthy of the discoverer of a world. . . .

My best love to all the family,

Yr. most affectionate son,

J. L. MOTLEY.

The married life of Mr and Mrs J. L. Motley began when they were very young, and was passed partly in Boston, but principally at a cottage built for them by Mr Thomas Motley on his estate of Riverdale near Boston.

The first child born to them was a son, Lothrop (Lottie), the next a daughter, Elizabeth Cabot (Lily). In 1841, when the boy was three and the girl a baby, Mr Motley accepted the appointment of Secretary of Legation at St Petersburg, and went there alone, intending to send for his family to join him should this seem desirable.

Thirteen most interesting letters from Mr Motley to his wife, and two to his mother, while away on this duty, have been published together with selections from his diary, and they give very graphic descriptions of the journeys to and fro, of St Petersburg and other towns, as well as Court ceremonies and people he met.

The letters now presented are from the young wife to her absent husband.

*From Mrs J. L. M. to Mr J. L. M.*

DEDHAM, *October 12th*, 1841.

THANK God, dearest Lothrop, I have seen your handwriting once more. Such a weight taken from my heart, that horrible storm—I can never tell you what I suffered, what agony, what misery, what despair—it was a new experience in suffering that I never never can forget, and that I trust I shall never have to endure again. Strange as you may think it, I could not sleep Sunday night and Monday. I lay in my bed listening to the howling wind and pitiless storm, and

felt that it was impossible that anything could live at sea in such a gale. . . .

Maria went to town Tuesday, and at night brought out the news of the arrival of the *Acadia* which everybody was very anxious about, but she said nobody seemed to be the least alarmed about the *Caledonia*. . . . George Batey Blake told me on Friday that he had \$15,000 of specie on board of her, and even if it was not insured he should not have an anxious thought. In spite of all this, I have not felt easy an instant until to-night when your father came out and said Ned had received a letter from Dunbar with an account of your passage and safe arrival at last. At seven, Ned came to me with my blessed letter. . . . The children, the darlings— Here is my short letter nearly finished, and not a word of them. I have been saving them till the last, as the child does its cake. Lottie talks about you constantly of his own accord.<sup>1</sup>

I must finish my letter to-night. . . .

M. E. M.

*From Mrs J. L. M. to Mr J. L. M.*

DEDHAM, *October 21st, 1841.*

MY last evening in Dedham, dearest Lothrop, and though I am steeped to the very lips in packing I

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Motley's letters at this period are full of allusions to her children, mostly too private for publication.

cannot resist passing at least one little half-hour with you. . . . I feel melancholy enough when I think of the days that are gone and those that are to come, a weary weary time. . . .

Lottie is as sweet as ever, dear little fellow ; I am sure he will never forget you. . . . Last night I went up to him after he was in bed, and asked him to say his prayers. "No, mamma, I don't want to say, 'Our Father' ; I will say 'The man in the Moon' for you," which he accordingly did. Presently he said, "I can't find God, mamma," calling at the top of his voice, "God, God, he can't hear." I checked him, and tried to make him understand that God could hear even when he spoke very softly. He remained thinking a little while, and then said, in the most coaxing, insinuating tone : "You will take care of my papa, won't you, God ? He says he will, mamma." He seems to have adopted the familiar style in his petitions.

Boston seems to be thrown into a most unusual state of excitement by the arrival of Lord Morpeth,<sup>1</sup> who arrived in the last steamer, and Sumner has his hands full as you may suppose. . . .

How I long to get your letter from England. . . .

M. E. M.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Morpeth, afterwards Earl of Carlisle and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

*From Mrs J. L. M. to Mr J. L. M.*

BOSTON, *November 19th*, 1841.

Now that Fanny Elssler has gone, I consider my dissipation for the winter over. I went to see her *eight* times, so that now I have nothing to regret. My enthusiasm has not diminished a jot—on the contrary, I think I admire her more than ever—she has filled my mind and imagination with shapes of beauty that I can never forget. Rose<sup>1</sup> went with us (the Cabots) the last night she played. She is if possible more extravagant in her admiration than I am. She was on the verge of tears the whole evening. She said the pathetic was one of the strongest sensations she excited in her. She (Fanny) made a pretty little farewell speech to the audience, and when it was over, I turned round and saw Mr Cabot's eyes running over—we had a good laugh at him; he admits that my enthusiasm is legitimate, and that she is worthy of all my admiration. . . .

Lectures continue with unabated vigour, and as for concerts, there is one every night. I have been nowhere, except to the theatre—I am determined to have a quiet winter if such a thing is possible in town. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Benett Forbes.

*From Mrs J. L. M. to Mr J. L. M.*

BOSTON, *February 5th*, 1842.

. . . DICKENS goes to-day, but has promised to return in June. I only had a glimpse of him in the street getting in and out of a carriage when he came to breakfast with Dr Channing the other morning. I went to Miss Peabody's, where he promised to go; instead of which, however, he went to bed and sent an apology, and disappointed the Paiges who had prepared a magnificent dinner for him—half-an-hour after the dinner hour he sent an apology. He went to Lowell on Thursday, which he said was the happiest day he had passed in the country—he promised to go again, and Sam Lawrence promised to give him a party, and invite 1200 girls to meet him; poor man, he is literally used up; he says in future he shall pursue a totally different course, shut himself up on particular days, and see no one. He came to the country for particular purposes, all of which he has been obliged to forego thus far, for the sake of giving himself up as a spectacle. He says this second edition, this epitome of London, will never do; he must see something besides—he has been about among the poor with Waterstone and to the watch house twice—his mistake, I think, was in supposing he would see and hear and understand everything in six months; he ought



to have given himself more time. Mrs D. is to be confined, I hear, which will hurry them home ; he has four children. Somebody told me that the other evening when he was obliged to stay at home from perfect exhaustion of body and mind, that a man inquired for him at the Tremont House, and in spite of Dickens' repeated refusals to see him contrived to make his way into his parlour where the poor man was extended on the sofa ; he remained an hour, and then requested Mr D. to allow him to bring up his wife who was waiting below. Dickens told him he really must excuse him ; he was too ill to remain up any longer, and went to his room and threw himself on the bed ; in spite of this the man brought up his wife and passed another hour with Mrs Dickens—did you ever hear anything so disgusting ? The women, not the common people for that you could excuse, float round him in the streets, wait for him at corners, and Alexander's room is crammed every day with girls and women, who call themselves ladies, to see him when he comes out of the studio. The other day he was absolutely obliged to force himself through the crowd, and one woman stepped before him and said to him : " Mr Dickens, will you be kind enough to walk entirely round the room, so that we can all have a look at you ? " This is one of the million things which I could tell you which makes me feel sometimes as if I should cry with mortification. Chapman's invitation to him was

the funniest: "Mr Dickens, will you dine with me?"

"I am very sorry I am engaged!"

"Will you sup with me?"

"I am engaged."

"Will you lunch with me?"

"I am engaged."

"Will you breakfast with me?"

"I am engaged."

"Well, will you sleep with me?"

"Thank you, with the greatest pleasure, nothing could gratify me more than to accept an invitation to sleep."

Mrs Dickens they say is entirely overcome with the enthusiasm her husband has created, and cannot speak of it without tears. If he comes again, I shall dine with him at the Forbes'. I have not been able to see him by fair means, and I could not by foul. *The dinner was a most successful and brilliant affair, for particulars of which I refer you to Ned's letter, and to the papers, for I take it for granted Col. J. must receive American papers. Almost everybody seems to agree that Hillard's was the best speech. The New Yorkers are giving a magnificent ball for him at the Park Theatre, and have been rehearsing tableaux from his books ever since he arrived. . . .*

Mr Motley, having resigned his appointment in 1842, returned to America and on his arrival was over-

whelmed with grief by the terribly sad news of the death of his first born, a singularly attractive and promising child.

Married life was resumed at Riverdale, and two more children were born. Mary Lothrop, who became the wife of Algernon Brinsley Sheridan, Esqr. of Frampton Court, Dorset, a lineal descendant of the famous statesman and dramatist, Richard Brinsley Sheridan; and Susan Margaret Stackpole, who married Lt.-Colonel Herbert A. St John Mildmay.

There was some slight connection in the past between Boston and the Mildmays, for Sir Thomas Mildmay of Springfield Barnes, Essex, married Agnes Winthrop of Groton, Suffolk, sister to John Winthrop, first Governor of Massachusetts. Lucy, youngest sister of the Governor, occasionally mentions the Mildmays in her letters to her brother.

This connection was doubtless the reason why William, elder son of Sir Henry Mildmay of Wanstead, the so-called Regicide (because he sat on the trial of Charles I., but did not sign the death warrant), was sent to Harvard to be educated.

At Boston is still preserved "a stone ware pott, tipp'd and covered with a silver lydd," given by Lady Mildmay to her brother the Governor.

In very old pedigrees and deeds the names of Winthrop and Groton appear as Wintrope or Wyntroppe and Graveton or Grafton.

Elizabeth Cabot, the eldest daughter, was twice married. First, to Captain Thomas Poynton Ives, of the American Navy, a member of a distinguished Rhode Island family; and secondly, to the Rt. Honble. Sir William Vernon Harcourt.

A letter from Mrs Motley to her sister-in-law, Mrs Alfred Rodman, gives a lively account of the doings of Boston society.

*From Mrs J. L. M. to Mrs Alfred Rodman.*

BOSTON, *Feb. 14th*, 1847.

DEAREST ANNIE,—I am afraid to think of my past negligence, and perhaps the less I say about it the better for your sake and my own. I shall not attempt to give you any intelligence of the family as you probably know more about them than I do.

Parties still abound until I, for one, am ready to cry "Hold enough," and what with visiting and occasional dining out, we do not have many evenings at home. This week opens with a dance at Mrs Bourne's on Monday, and Mrs Tucker's on Tuesday; next week the Prescotts are to have a ball, and the week after Harriet Crowninshield has another. We had quite a pleasant little stand-up party at Rose Forbes' on Friday, and Mary West was there; and you have heard that the alliance between the houses of

Otis and Winchester no longer is to take place, owing to a change of mind on the part of the lady.

Mrs Otis departs on the 1st of March for Annapolis, where she goes to see Arthur—locks up her house for six months, and for the time throws herself upon the world. What a queer idea, and what a strange life she leads.

I went to some private theatricals at Col. Perkins', which I thought were very successful. Sally Cary was excellent, and so was Tom. The old Col. is perfectly delighted, and says they play only too well for ladies and gentlemen. He has given them up the drawing-room for the season, which enables them to have a permanent theatre, which was a world of trouble. He told me the next time he should have a band of music to play in the pauses. Is your father going to Washington, or has he made up his mind to be content with New York life a little longer? Somebody was asking him about the Sargents, which was which, or some question of that sort, and the answer was: "Why, don't you know, one of them is Ignatius and the other is Pugnacious." It may be an old story, but neither Judge Warren nor I had ever heard it before.

Dr Howe was telling a good story the other day, but which would be considered slightly profane by some people. A gentleman being religiously and devoutly inclined, remained to the Communion in

Park Street Church. One of the Deacons, suspecting from certain signs that he was not one of the elect, asked him if he belonged to their denomination, to which he answered, "No," that he had always been in the habit of partaking of the Communion at every place of worship, to which the man replied, that he could not do so there, and the gentleman instantly prepared to depart with a thousand apologies, saying, that he certainly had no idea of doing anything improper. He had supposed he was to partake of the Lord's Supper, but he now discovered that he had been about to intrude upon a private entertainment of their own. I think after this, I will bid you farewell after sending a world of love to your father and mother. Addio Cara. M.

## CHAPTER II

HISTORICAL STUDIES—LIFE IN EUROPE—PUBLICATION OF FIRST HISTORICAL WORK — SHORT VISIT TO AMERICA—RETURN TO EUROPE—PUBLICATION OF “ UNITED NETHERLANDS ”—OUTBREAK OF CIVIL WAR—MR MOTLEY IN AMERICA

**M**R MOTLEY, who was always engaged in literary pursuits, had published in 1839 an historical novel which met with but little success. After some little time he followed this up with essays on “ Russia,” and a “ Memoir of Peter the Great,” in which the young novelist showed, as Dr Holmes remarks, “ that he had in him the elements which might give him success as an author.” Next came a critical essay, in the *North American Review*, for July, 1847, on Balzac, of whom, Dr Holmes says: “ he was an admirer but with no blind worship.” These essays may be regarded as preliminary practice to perfect himself in the art of writing, and after a brief period of one year as a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1849, Mr Motley’s next literary venture was another novel. This received more extended notice and friendly criticism than the first one, and showed a

distinct advance in literary composition, but his real taste and inclination were for history pure and simple, so to this he now devoted himself.

Holland especially appealed to him, but access to the archives preserved in the principal cities of Europe was a necessity to enable him to get to the foundations of the facts and principles of history which he had long been studying, so he left America in 1851 in order to consult them, and thus do full justice to the "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic," the great subject which engrossed him.

Mr Motley and his family after a tour on the Rhine and other brief travels arrived in Dresden in November 1851, remaining there till towards the latter part of 1853. His letters from there to his father and mother given in the published volumes are full of descriptions of the great treasures of art to be found in Dresden, and in one letter to his mother he exclaims :—"After all it is a luxury to have your toys by Dinglinger, your Madonnas by Raphael, and your coats of arms by Benvenuto Cellini."

Writing to his father in December 1852, he says :—

"Our life is as usual monotonous, furnishing few topics for letters. I am working as hard as a wood-sawyer, and am of course as independent as his clerk. I find the atmosphere congenial to literary labour, or, perhaps, because my time is so wholly my own, I





JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY  
*By Stagg*



have it more in my power to make long pulls without getting out of the traces. That you may see that this is not an idle brag so far as work goes, I will state that I have written a volume since the 13th July of this year, one which will make a rather large printed octavo, and which is the second that I have written since I came to Dresden. As this labour includes of course the digging out of raw material out of subterranean depths of black letter folios, in half a dozen different languages, all which works are dark, grimy, and cheerless as coal-pits, you may suppose that I am not likely to be a very agreeable customer when I come out of my diggings."

As a matter of fact occasions were not numerous when he did emerge from his diggings and with Mrs Motley go to some social entertainment or Court Function, but they did come forth at times, and at one of the Court functions were presented to the King and Queen of Saxony at one of the New Year receptions, and in 1853 attended the marriage of Princess Vasa of Sweden to the eldest son of Prince John, and heir eventually to the Saxon throne.

The last was evidently a brilliant and interesting ceremony which he describes at great length to his mother, at the same time deploring that his wife had not written as she would have described the scene with much more vivacity and emotion.

Mr Motley used often to relate an anecdote of an

Englishwoman resident in Dresden who likewise went to Court.

The then reigning Queen Consort of Saxony was a very tall woman, and on the British lady being presented to her, remarked, by way of something to say, that the Queen of England was very short.

To this the Englishwoman eagerly rejoined:—

“Oh, yes, your Majesty, but it is far better to be a short Queen on a big throne, than a tall Queen on a small throne.”

How her Majesty of Saxony received this somewhat tactless remark has not been recorded.

Unpublished letters of this period are one from Mr Motley to Mr T. Dwight, and one to Mr Motley from his mother.

*From Mr J. L. M. to Thomas Dwight, Esq., of Boston.*

DRESDEN, *August 10th, 1852.*

MY DEAR TOM,—I am exceedingly obliged to you for your letter, and we were both extremely glad to hear of the termination of your wife's troubles, and the beginning of those of Dwight minimus. I hope that you and Mrs Dwight will enjoy yourselves more than I am afraid you did at Dresden. I am conscious that you had but a dreary time while you were here. At the same time, I hope you do not regret having been

kind enough to come so far round as to make us a visit. Now that you are gone, however, I could almost wish that you had not come. I had got so used not to have any friends or companions that I was beginning to accustom myself to my isolation, and was as comfortable as St Simon Stylites on the top of his pillar. But alas, you have been here and your visit has stirred me up in my stagnation, and now my manly heart doth yearn. I should rather like to pass my winter in Paris, and cut myself adrift from Saxony—but I suppose by the time I have penetrated into France you will have returned to America.

I am sorry but surprised to hear that you had such a tedious journey. But what do you mean by venting your spleen upon Martin Luther? If you were nearer, I should shy my inkstand at your head as he did at Beelzebub's. Not that I am especially a believer in Luther's religion or Calvin's either any more than in the Pope of Rome's or Mahomet's, but I honour the man who established for a large part of the human race the fundamental principle that "thoughts were free." I honour him the more for not having set himself to be burned to death by that stuff jacket Charles Fifth, whom everybody whose tongue is English is brought up to consider a great man, because that nincompoop of a Robertson ("whose works no gentleman's library should be without") wrote his life in a corrupt Johnsonian dialect, which used to be

taken for English, and with a pompous parish bull suavity which used to be thought wisdom and philosophy. I tell you without Luther, there would have been no William of Orange, no Washington.

Don't understand me by the way to maintain that Charles the Fifth was personally as great a blockhead as his biographer—far from it—but he was a lying rascal, no gentleman in any sense of the word, and a tricky, artful, dodging pocket-picking humbug. He was a good solider, however, although he did run away from Innspruck by torchlight in the disguise of an old woman (a fact which principal Robertson doesn't mention, thinking it doubtless beneath the dignity of history), and he was really great in his retirement at the monastery of Just. I certainly beg your pardon, dear Tom, for writing this stuff—but you know I am a *gratte papier* by profession, and you stirred me up by pitching into Luther. We are very solitary here now. Our excellent friends the Forbes departed to-day, and my wife is inconsolable. The Noels are also absent. Lord Wynford and his family, who were particularly friendly and attentive to us after your departure, have also returned to England. He is as intelligent and companionable a man as I have become acquainted with in Europe, and although an Englishman as inveterate a Tory as yourself.—Most sincerely your friend,

J. L. M.

*From Mrs Thomas Motley to Mr J. L. M.*

RIVERDALE, *November 11th, 1852.*

MY DEAREST LOTHROP,—Your letter of September 23rd lies before me unanswered. . . . Ellen came from New Bedford with Ned to hear Sontag who is singing now in Boston. . . . I have heard her once, and I shall hear her again to-morrow. I cannot pretend to criticise her, but she filled me with delight ; such a pure, sweet voice, such exquisite *whispered* melody, I never heard ; not the faintest tone is lost, but as distinct as her fullest notes. Her toilette is exquisite as is her grace, and she is so pretty. . . . I hear that she will not sing here again ; she dreads the climate so much. Unfortunately the new music hall is not quite finished. She sang at the Melodium which was filled full, and the applause was unbounded. She was finely supported. The Germani, Bacchiali, Jacel and the wonderful little violinist Paul Julian, several other singers who, I believe, are in her suite, Pozzolini, Rocco, etc. I do not think you can compare her with others ; her voice has not the wonderful power of Jenny Lind, but she has so much more grace and beauty, and she makes up in sweetness and finish for the passion of the Italians.

You have heard long ago of the death of Daniel Webster, but you can have no idea how deeply his

loss seems to be felt by everybody ; such demonstrations of grief have not been witnessed since the death of Washington. The buildings in Boston have been draped with black, and every token of mourning that could be given has been exhibited. Speeches and eulogies and sermons without number. Everett was chosen to deliver the eulogy which is appointed for the 30th of this month, but as he has been appointed to fill Webster's place in the Cabinet, he was obliged to leave for Washington immediately.

Choate has also declined, and George Hillard is to be the man. Hillard made one of the best speeches I have read at the meeting in Faneuil Hall, directly after Webster's decease. The funeral, which was in Marshfield, where he died, and requested to be buried, was attended by five thousand persons, and was, of course, a most impressive scene. The coffin was taken out of the house, and placed under a large tree that all might look upon him ; he was dressed in his usual suit of blue cloth, brass buttons, etc. . . . Dr Parkman died yesterday of apoplexy. I wish, my dear Lathrop, I could send you a more agreeable letter. . . . I have not the gift you and Mary have of making a good letter out of few incidents ; love by the bushel to her and the children ; from your affectionate mother,

ANNA L. MOTLEY.

After leaving Dresden in 1853, the family went to





MRS. THOMAS MOTLEY, MOTHER OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY



Holland, and Mr Motley, in a letter to his mother, says: "The six weeks we passed at the Hague were pleasant for Mary and the children, and useful to me. The children were ducked in the North Sea, and I was buried in the deep bosom of the Dutch Archives, much to the invigoration of all."

From the Hague Mr Motley went to Brussels, where he established his family in the Rue Belliard, and as he writes to Dr Holmes led an "isolated existence," his chief pleasure being to haunt the Grande Place, "because it is my scene, my theatre. Here were enacted so many deep tragedies, so many stately dramas, and even so many farces, which have been familiar to me so long."

But there was plenty to occupy him for he records in the same letter: "I came here, having, as I thought, finished my work, or rather the first part (something like three or four volumes octavo), but I find so much original matter here, and so many emendations to make, that I am ready to despair. I go day after day to the Archives here (as I went all summer at the Hague), studying the old letters and documents of the sixteenth century. It is, however, not without its amusement in a mouldy sort of way, this reading of dead letters. It is something to read the real *bona fide* signs manual of such fellows as William of Orange, Count Egmont, Alexander Farnese, Philip the Second, Cardinal Granville, and the rest of them."

The result of all this labour made the time for publication rapidly approach, and in the following letters, one to Miss Georgina Forbes is partly taken up with this question, while one to Miss Christina Forbes<sup>1</sup> gives vigorous expression to his feeling, for England on the eve of her struggle with Russia. The other letter to Miss Christina is written from London, where Mr Motley went in May 1854.

*From Mr J. L. M. to Miss Christina Forbes.*

BRUSSELS, *January 4th*, 1854.

MY DEAR CHRISTINA,—Mary is writing to you to wish you all a happy new year, and I thought you might not object to my smuggling in a note into her envelope. I should long ago have answered your very kind note from Cheltenham, had I been willing to fill a whole letter with the dullest of all possible subjects, myself. I had nothing in the world to say on any general topic, and, like Mr Micawber, I have been constantly hoping that something “might turn up.” Nothing has turned up, however, and nothing has come down, except snow—which we have in a most unexampled abundance—the only thing of which this most impoverished

<sup>1</sup> The Misses Forbes were very close friends of the Motley family. Both were charming, intelligent women; one, Miss Georgina, had great talent as an artist, and her copies of pictures in the Galleries of Florence were excellent.

of all countries has not just now a dearth. I read in a speech of a distinguished deputy in the Chamber here the other day, that of 890,000 families in Belgium, only 90,000 could in any sense be said to be above want—that the rest were all employed in earning their bread, more than half of the whole number being labourers and 140,000 families being inscribed as the list of paupers, that is to say about one-sixth of the population. Seven or eight hundred thousand beggars in this little country, twice as many, I venture to say, as there are in my whole country with its 25 millions. The winter being one of unexampled severity the suffering is prodigious. The Belgians are very charitable, I believe—I have been waited upon by ladies and gentlemen who collect for the poor. Of course we are always ready to contribute our mite, but what can individual exertion do in the face of such wholesale destitution.

To drop this painful subject, I must thank you and Georgina again and again for your kindness in thinking of my matters so soon after your arrival. I notice all that you quote from Col. Forbes, and have no doubt that all his suggestions are very valuable. I shall be exceedingly obliged to you for a letter to him and to Murray, and will write to you when I am desirous of receiving them. I hate to think at present of the horrid part of literature, printing, and publishing. I always exclude such thoughts from my mind—bury myself

in the past ages and imagine that I am really a contemporary of the fellows I am writing about. If I didn't do that, I could not write a line for I have the most unaffected horror of the publication stage, have flung away ambition long ago if I ever had any, and if I think of printing at all, it is never without a lingering hope that my work may be published as the posthumous production of a promising young gentleman of forty, who, if he had lived, might have been, etc., etc., etc. All I care for, if my book does ever get into print, is that it may do some good as a picture of the most diabolical tyranny, which was ever permitted to be exercised, and of a free commonwealth which was absolutely forced into existence and self-defence. If ten people in the world hate despotism a little more and love civil and religious liberty a little better in consequence of what I have written, I shall be satisfied.

And that reminds me that while we are musing the fire is burning. Here is, after all, the great fight to be fought for civil and religious liberty before our faces. We all knew that England and Russia, which embody the two great principles of freedom and despotism, had got to come into the ring sooner or later, and the set-to has really begun in good earnest. I don't see how the thing is to be delayed any longer. Russia has gone into the matter most deliberately, without the ghost of a pretext, and you can't longer avoid

taking up the glove which she has thrown in your face. I only hope that, if we get involved in the general mill, it will be on the same side with England, but I fear the contrary may prove the case. You know my feelings are most warmly in favour of England—I go for race, and I don't see why I am not as much an Englishman as any of you, merely because my ancestors, for a couple of centuries, have lived in New instead of Old England. My sympathies are entirely with a country which represents alone in Europe the only political principles for which I have any respect, self-government and freedom of thought and speech. But I am sorry to say that my feelings are not those of Americans in general. On the contrary, although they hate Russia and Austria, yet they are morbidly jealous of England. Moreover, you bullied us abominably in the beginning of this century from 1807 to 1812, when we were weak, and forced us at last into a war which was so popular in America, that no public man has ever been able to recover himself who opposed it. Now the same causes may bring about the same or a worse result. If you are engaged in a general war, you will be bullying our merchant vessels again, searching and bothering as usual, and we happen to have 4 millions of tons of them, considerably more even than Great Britain, while, at the same time, our navy consists of 70 vessels, nothing at all in short, till a war makes us build one. So you see there are

the materials for a war all ready. Certainly no one in the world more earnestly deprecates such a result than I do. I would rather we should go into the row against Russia at once, although that would not be very sensible, than be involved a year or two hence in a war with England.

By the way, I hope that you may venture out of Aberdeen in the summer. Can't you come to Switzerland? We will protect you and cover you with a neutral flag. Susie said the other day, when she heard us lamenting the interruption to all our plans of meeting you and of going to Italy, which the war might make: "Shan't we ride anywheres on donkies then this summer." The donkey question entirely absorbs that of the principalities in her mind.

Give my love to your mother and Georgina. I should like to be informed with whom of us Jessie is angry for she hasn't written us a word. Do let us hear from you again soon, and tell us how your mother finds herself now, that you have reached home again, and what your plans are likely to be for the summer.

Ever, dear Christina,

Most affectionately your friend,

J. L. MOTLEY.



*From Mr J. L. M. to Miss Georgina Forbes.*

BRUSSELS, 20th April 1854.

MY DEAR GEORGINA,—We had the pleasure of receiving your very kind and agreeable letter yesterday. We were very glad to hear from you all after so long a silence, although we thought it probable that the troubles and anxieties which have afflicted your family so lately, would prevent your having much time for us.

However, I did not sit down to answer your letter, as that is a pleasure which I shall leave to my contemporary upstairs in the parlour. I am now inspired entirely by selfish motives. Christina was kind enough to write to me in December last, offering me a letter to Col. Forbes and to Mr Murray the publisher. I am now answering that proposition, but, as from your last, I infer that Christina is already in Ireland, I venture to hope that you will be willing to fulfil her promises. I will try to be as brief and distinct as I can. By way of preface, however, I must decline with many thanks your dear mother's kind invitation to us all to make a visit to Aberdeen this summer. This pleasure *must* be deferred for the present. In the course of another year or eighteen months, if Scotland stands where it did, we propose to invade that country, making Aberdeen, of course, the chief point of attack. In

the meantime, it is quite impossible, under our present arrangements, to leave the Continent *en masse*. This brings me to the matter in hand. My present intention is to come to England by the 7th or 8th of May at farthest, and to employ the rest of that month (say three weeks) in literary negotiations. This, you will think, savours a little of the go-ahead style peculiar to Americans. Unfortunately, however, in my case, it is a mere brag—I have no business energy or talent. My time, however, is necessarily limited as I propose leaving my family in the Rue Belliard all alone till I return. After turning and twisting the subject in every way, we have been obliged to settle upon this as the only practicable plan. I hope, while I am in London, to be able to offer my MS. to one or two publishers, and to get an answer. If I get a favourable one—that is to say, if I find any person who is willing to undertake the work, the rest of the matter can be managed by correspondence, saving that I should doubtless be obliged to visit London at a later period. Meantime, we have our summer in Switzerland, and where we shall be in the winter will depend upon my publishing arrangements. Now, what I have to request of you is this, I should like to make the acquaintance of Col. Forbes, if you think it advisable—that is to say, if he is likely to be in London or its neighbourhood during the month of May—and if you think it will not be a bore to him to be

pestered by such a matter. My desire is to find someone, who will represent me in my absence—who, in the very probable case of my being obliged to leave London without having found a publisher, will undertake to find one or to ascertain thoroughly that none is to be found—and who will negotiate the preliminaries of a treaty. I don't mean to say that I dream of Col. Forbes doing this—Gott bewahr! I have no such impertinence, but I think it possible that he may put me in the way of finding such a person. There must be many such who would perhaps be able to manage such things as well as the proprietor of the MS. himself. If you think that Col. Forbes would be willing to help me in this matter—that is to say, in finding some honourable and intelligent person who would act for me if necessary (if there be any such individual who, for a compensation and as a matter of business, manage such matters) in my absence, I should be extremely obliged to you, for a letter of introduction. I ask for it, because Christina, writing from his house last December, made the proposition to me—otherwise, I should, of course, not intrude myself in this way.

Secondly, I shall be *particularly* obliged to you for a letter to Murray the publisher. I don't know whether he will be likely to print my book, but, at any rate, I am induced to think from what Christina said of him, that, on a proper introduction, I may obtain from him some advice or assistance in bringing

my goods to market. I have forgotten the particulars of what you said on this subject. I am under the impression, however, that the person from whom you were to get the letter was a personal acquaintance of Murray. I hope so, because as I am a stranger (of course) to the letter given.

*From Mr J. L. M. to Miss Christina Forbes.*

LONG'S HOTEL, NEW BOND STREET,  
May 24th, 1854.

MY DEAR CHRISTINA,—I am exceedingly ashamed of myself for having left your very kind letter so long answered. The enclosed lace, which I have no doubt will please my wife very much, came safe into my hands. I ought to have acknowledged its receipt at once and told you how long I was to remain here ; but to say the truth I have been in such a hurry and worry and flurry with Mr Murray, that I have not been capable of performing any duty satisfactorily. Don't suppose from this that I have been doing anything in the way of business. Quite the contrary. I am exactly where I was when I first arrived. With the natural aptitude of your sex you have jumped at once to the conclusion, at which I hope that I may arrive, some time or other, but unfortunately by a much more tedious process. My MS. is in Murray's hands, but whether I shall do anything with him or not is very doubtful. He was to let me know in a fortnight,

which expires to-day ; and to-morrow I shall go to see him.

I have been here a fortnight and three days. If I were not such a lumpish, hard to be amazed individual I might have passed my time agreeably enough perhaps. But I have grown too despicably domestic in my habits, that I can't enjoy much while separated from my wife and children. I feel like a half a pair of scissors—a very useless article. I was very sorry not to be able to go to Aberdeen, but I really was not up to it. I could not have passed more than one day there, and after the long journey that would have been merely a day of headache in which I should have been unfit company for any one. As soon as we know what our own plans are, we shall begin to lay plots for meeting you. This will be I trust before the expiration of another year. Jessie<sup>1</sup> I have had the pleasure of seeing twice having had a very pleasant dinner with her and her brothers and family last Saturday, and Saturday before last. On the last occasion your relatives Mr W. and H. Macpherson were present. I regret very much to have seen no more of them, as they seemed to me to deserve all the praise which you have often bestowed upon them. I was delighted to see Jessie, and only regret that she lives at such a distance that it is almost a day's journey there and back.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Macleod, afterwards Countess Caithness.

Our old friend, Lord Wynford, has also been extremely kind to me. I met him accidentally in the street. I dined with him day before yesterday, was received very cordially by Miss Best, and since then he has taken me to see several of the splendid clubs with which St James's and Pall Mall abound. He also carried me into the House of Peers last night, placed me on the steps of the throne) rather a ticklish place for a republican), where I heard a debate and was introduced, *en passant*, to several of the peers—among others to Brougham and my townsman, Lord Lyndhurst. I don't know whether I am boring you, dear Christina.

Vevey, in Switzerland, was the next place where the family was established, and there Mr Motley continued his historical labours.

Though entirely engrossed in his work, and doubtless proud of it, he was never vain or imagined that he could at once secure a publisher at a magnificent price, and in a letter to his father from Vevey, he writes: "To leave my family and go to England and return again would be very expensive, and hardly worth while to secure a copyright, which I could not sell for £100." In another letter, of a later date, he says that he is highly gratified by the pleasure his work has afforded to his relations in America, but: "I fear very much, however, that the governor and the rest

are doomed to disappointment in regard to its success. It cannot take in England, and, moreover, the war, Macaulay's new volumes, and Prescott's, will entirely absorb the public attention."

In October 1855, Mr Motley was in London to interview his prospective publisher, but on the way went to Frankfort, mainly to see his old college chum, and most sincere affectionate friend, Prince Bismarck.

Writing from that place to his wife he says: "When I called, Bismarck was at dinner, so I left my card, and said I would come back in half-an-hour.—When I came back, I was received with open arms. I can't express to you how cordially he received me. If I had been his brother, instead of an old friend, he could not have shown more warmth and affectionate delight in seeing me. I find I like him even better than I thought I did, and you know how high an opinion I always expressed of his talents and disposition."

Towards the end of 1855, Mr Motley removed to Florence and writes to his mother: "Florence, 18th November 1855. We have arrived at the only stopping place which we shall have for a long time to come, having taken lodgings for three months in a quiet house with the southern sun upon it." From here, too, Mrs Motley writes to her mother-in-law.

*From Mrs J. L. M. to Mrs Thomas Motley.*

FLORENCE, *Dec. 6th*, 1855.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Lothrop wrote you on our first arrival, in this place, and I am writing now, because I think it is time that another letter should be on its way to you, and to thank you most cordially for your kind letter of the 30th October.

Since your letter I have to acknowledge the receipt of one from Tom, and two from his father to L., the latter having come only two days ago. We both of us feel very grateful to him, not only for his interest in the book, but for all he has done to help it into existence, which would have been too heavy a burden for L. to have taken upon himself alone. I hope sincerely, that all his bright anticipations (the Governor's not L.'s) may be realized and that the history may have all the success it merits. While I am on the subject, I may as well copy two notes from Mr Froude, to Chapman, and to the scholar of whom you may remember Mr Chapman spoke as having read and admired the book and who is to review it in the Westminster. I do not know why Chapman did not mention the name of the author as of course L. never had the faintest notion of remaining incog. "18th Sep. I have read enough to show me, that the writer, whoever he is, will take at once a first place among historians, and





MARY BENJAMIN  
(MRS. JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY)



that his book is one of the highest order. I do not ask who he is, *i.e.* if he wishes to conceal his name, though why he should wish it, I am at a loss to conceive. I gather only from internal evidence that he is an American.

“ Pray express to him my admiring gratitude which I hope to do myself at length in the Westminster.— Faithfully yrs., J. A. FROUDE.”

The second of the 4th November runs thus:—  
“ ‘ The Dutch Republic ’ ” is a most powerful masterly book. I have read it to the end with sustained and increasing pleasure. I cannot feel certain, however, that the English taste will like it—all wise men will like it from its immense *substance*, and the profound mastery of detail which it shows in every page. It wants mellowing, however. The stronger the stuff a man has in him, the longer it should be by him and in him. You observe, perhaps, that Prescott’s “ Philip the Second ” is to appear shortly. Would it not be well that the books should be reviewed together? “ Your man will be Prescott’s great rival, and here we have them on the same field.”

To this suggestion L. very naturally objected, for reasons which must be obvious to everybody. Comparisons are odious, particularly between friends, and not desirable even if favourable for the unknown author, and so L. begged for a review all to himself.

You observe there is a bitter drop to swallow in what Mr F. says about the book not suiting the taste of the English, for, after all, we in America do take our literary opinions very much from the English press, and I cannot help feeling that an unfavourable opinion on one side the water, would affect the popularity on the other. I remember in a conversation I had with Theodore Parker one day, in the cars, just before leaving home (when I was telling him of L.'s plan of writing a history), he made this remark which has stuck in my mind ever since and may find its application in the future as regards L. "I hope that he will take the liberal, although even in America, not the popular side in treating great historical events. I consider that Prescott owes more than half his popularity and fame to his having taken the part of Kings and Queens." Now as L. *has* taken the liberal side he may find that his admirers are in the minority. I have no wish to croak, however, or to anticipate the worst, that may happen, for I sincerely believe what everybody says, that has read the book, and what Chapman has assured him over and over again, that it will stand upon its own merits, and if not fated to a brilliant success on its first appearance must be sure of arriving at one at last. Let me tell you, now, something of our surroundings. We have been more than a fortnight established in our apartment, which is really a good one, with ample accommodation and plenty of

sun, and is, moreover, directly opposite the Pitti Palace, which is a most agreeable resource for rainy days and every other day. When I get to feel at home, I daresay I shall enjoy it all and leave it with regret. Friends apart, L. says that he should like to pass his life here, and is, I think, rather disgusted that I do not share his enthusiasm. I cannot for the life of me like a new place the instant I see it, and even at the gate of heaven, I should, I am sure, turn back with home sick longings to earth. The first view of a place where I am to live presents nothing but defects and evils, which I confess that I have the power of magnifying to any degree, so I go through my usual antics of misery and despair and end by settling down into my niche as if it had been expressly made for me, and find it very hard to tear myself away from it, when the hour of parting arrives. I was disappointed in the lodgings, which I expected to find more plentiful, and much better for a moderate sum, but if you want the best you must pay good prices, from \$70 to \$150 per month, and we consider ourselves very fortunate in having found so good an apartment as ours really is for the moderate sum of \$40 *tout compris*. . . .

The expenses of living are moderate, and I am inclined to believe that a family like ours could have a pretty villa just outside the town, a carriage to be supplied, with excellent means of education, for \$4000 a year. . . . I say \$4000, but F. Boott would tell you

it could easily be done for \$3000, but I am no believer in being able to have everything for nothing, even in Florence. According to all accounts, the means of living have nearly doubled during the last few years, and I believe it, for the world itself seems to have grown dearer. I feel so much obliged to F. Boott, for all his kindness to us, and I am sure I don't know what we should have done without him, lodgings, servants, and all, he had ready waiting for our choice. . . . There is no lack of Americans here, but I fancy there are much fewer than at Rome. There's Helen Curtis, to begin with. . . . The Alexanders are residents of Florence, having lived here nearly two years. They came to us at once, and have kindly offered us their services in all ways, of which I intend to avail myself. I like them all three. She is a very nice, pleasant, kind-hearted person, and furnished me with all the Boston news. . . .

Fanny Alexander we like very much. She is a very sweet natural creature, with a pleasant expression of face which shows inward content—she has a charming talent for drawing and some of her original sketches of figures particularly, are full of beauty and feeling. The Greens (Anna Shaw) are in our neighbourhood, and I like her very *very* much, as I do all the Shaws, for I find them frank and true, and it is refreshing at times to see people so free from conventionalities. The Pickering Dodges of Salem are also very near us. . . .

She told me she was a cousin of the Fays, and had often heard them speak of me. I thought Mrs Dodge agreeable, pleasing, and pretty, and I expect to enjoy her society. I liked her manner to his daughter (Georgy they call her), whom I remember a child at Mrs Mills, what seemed to me a short time ago, but she is now a woman, in size, at least. She seems to be as full of lessons and masters as our children are, for what with Italian, French, German, and music, I am half-distracted if they are not. . . .

I never knew such a worker as Mary is, up at 7 in the morning, and studying hour after hour through the day, until she is ready to drop into her bed from sheer fatigue. I don't like it, and should prefer to have them all out of doors much more than they are, but she and Lily both look upon their hour's walk as so much time stolen from them. . . . Susy is a regular rigmarole, and treats her lessons with the contempt they merit, thereby bringing down upon herself the reproaches of Molly, who looks upon her as a monster of iniquity. . . .

I am glad that you enjoyed Rachel; she produced the most bewildering effect upon me, and I hope that I shall be so fortunate as to see her again. . . .

Good-bye, and God bless you all.—Yr. affect. and loving  
M. E. M.

Mr John Murray had declined to produce Mr Motley's

first work, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," and it was brought out in 1856 by Mr John Chapman at the author's expense.

This was a position he could not have borne but for the assistance of his father and uncle, which he acknowledges in a letter to his uncle, Mr Edward Motley : " I don't pretend to thank you for all your generosity. I have already told you that your constant kindness has made me a bankrupt in the means of repaying you even in words just now : I feel as it were overwhelmed by the liberality with which I have been treated, both by you and the governor. I am sure I don't know how I should have extricated myself from my printing and publishing difficulties but for the timely and most generous assistance which I have received."

The success of the book was immediate, and Dr Holmes says in his "Memoir" :—

" If the new work of the unknown author found it difficult to obtain a publisher, it was no sooner given to the world, than it found an approving, an admiring, an enthusiastic world of readers, and a noble welcome at the colder hands of the critics."

After publication Mr Motley visited America, and spent the winter of 1856-1857 with his family at a house in Boylston Place, Boston. Here Dr Holmes often saw him, and notes "the changes which maturity, success, the opening of a great literary and social career, had wrought in his character and bearing.



He was in every way greatly improved : the interesting, impulsive youth had ripened into a noble manhood."

The winter of 1857 was passed at Nice, where Mr Motley worked hard and continuously at "The United Netherlands." In prosecution of his researches into archives he went to London, where, as he writes : "I have had time during the last two or three weeks to go over a mass of MS. at the British Museum."

With the same object in view he again visited Brussels in the early part of 1858, and sent the following letter to his daughter Mary :—

*From Mr J. L. M. to Mary, his second daughter.*

BRUSSELS, 21 Feb. 1858.

MY DEAR LITTLE MARY,—Your letter gave me a great deal of pleasure, more perhaps than you think, for I am rather lonely here. I should have answered you before now, only I am always hard at work all day, and when I get done in the evening I am apt to be rather tired and stupid. Moreover, as I never see or hear anything which could possibly interest or entertain you, or anyone else, you don't lose much by not hearing from me. I now very often remain till 5 o'clock in the Archives, Mr Gachard sometimes remaining till that hour and inviting me then into his private *cabinet de travail*.

Sometimes I vary the monotony of my existence by going in the evening into a little reading-room, a few steps down the Montagne de la Cour, for the sake of reading the English papers. There are always two little old men there, and nobody else at the time I go, each sitting exactly in the same place, every evening. One is an English fogey, about ninety-four years old, with a snuff-coloured wig, and he is always sitting close to the fire. The other is a French fogey, about seventy-five, with a bald head, and a bandana handkerchief over it, and he is always sitting at the farthest corner of the room. The English fogey is always reading the *Times*, and the French one the *Journal des Débats*. Nobody ever speaks a word or makes the slightest noise. The other evening I took up the poker by way of enlivening the scene, and gave the fire a poke, upon which they both started and glared feebly upon me, and the English fogey nearly fell off his chair. Exactly at twenty-seven minutes after seven—for I have timed him half a dozen evenings—the French fogey sneezes three times very loud, and five minutes afterwards the English one gets up, puts on his *cache-nez* and his paletot and departs. His fellow-conspirator leaves a few minutes later. I have no doubt they are conspirators, and I expect every day to hear of their being arrested for their share in the *attentat*—and then I shall lose my only friends. The keeper of a restaurant in the Place de la Monnaie, in

this town, and his head waiter were sent off the other day to Paris for having carried the grenades which were used in the attempted assassination of the Emperor, and they have been sitting in prison ever since, and will very probably be guillotined, yet it is supposed that they were perfectly innocent in the matter.

I was just interrupted by a tremendous noise of drums and trumpets, and looking out, found the square on which my window looks filled to overflowing with people. About twenty very dirty individuals, with black masks and whitey-brown shirts over their clothes, and trousers thrust into their boots, were marching by, followed by about twenty other very shabby creatures, dressed in imitation of artillery men. About two thousand spectators were looking on at the magnificent show—and all the dogs in town were barking, and all the boys of Brussels blowing tin trumpets. They call that carnival. I have just remembered that it is Dimanche something or other—the day in Lent when it isn't Lent—and I am thankful that these merry-makings will be finished to-morrow, for I can imagine nothing more dismal or more lenten than such gaiety.

The Duchess of Brabant has just got a daughter. I'm sure I don't know what she wants with it. She broke down in her carriage in the Rue Royale a few days ago, one of the wheels coming off, and went home

in a jarvey from the street. The *cocher de fiacre* was profoundly astonished at being told to drive to the palace, and still more amazed when he found that the young woman with her companion was her Royal Highness and the *dame d'honneur*.

I went this morning to see Madame Métivier,<sup>1</sup> as I thought that very likely she might remember you and Lily and mamma. She lives in the same house where she was when we left Brussels. Unfortunately she wasn't at home, but the Concierge called Mademoiselle Emma—so I stopped. I then shook hands warmly with that young lady, and reproached her with not remembering me when I recollected her so perfectly well. She floored me by replying that she was another Mademoiselle Emma, and had been here but two years, and had replaced Emma No. 1, whom we knew. I tried to prove to her that she was the same one, but she wouldn't be convinced, and as there is no use in arguing with obstinate females, I let her have it her own way. She says that Madame Métivier and the other ladies very often speak of you, and that your names are therefore very familiar to her ears. I promised to call again and see Madame Métivier. They are doing pretty well, having nineteen scholars, which is about as many as they wish. Marie Louise and her august mamma have gone to Spain, and I believed

<sup>1</sup> A lady who had kept an excellent day school attended by Mr Motley's daughters.

that they had to talk Spanish to get there, for they say they have left no end of debts here, but then the trades-people—many of them—had the privilege of sticking up the arms of Spain over their shops, with *fournisseurs*, etc., of S.A. Royale l'infanta, etc.

Good-bye, my dear, sweet little Mary. God bless and preserve you, my darling child.—Ever your affectionate little papa.

He also went to the Hague, where he had a most cordial reception, and learnt that his book had met with enthusiastic approbation from all classes of Dutchmen.

The spring of 1858 found the family again at Vevey, from whence Mr Motley went to London on business in May. Several published letters of this period to his wife give most entertaining and interesting descriptions of the various people of importance whom he met, as does the one to his mother given below. He also received a letter from Prince Bismarck.

*From Prince Bismarck to Mr J. L. M.*

FRANKFURT, 20 Juni '58.

LIEBER MOT,—Dein Brief von 15 hat meiner Frau und mir eine grosse Freude gemacht, was Du davon ansehen kannst dass ich, der ich in der That ein sehr schlechter Correspondent für privat Briefe bin, mit

Pünktlichkeit antworte. Du schreibst zwar über Deinen Brief nur den weitläufigen geographischen Begriff "London" ohne nähere Wohnungsangabe; aber ich hoffe dass diese Zeilen in Deine Hand gelangen, wenn ich sie der Gesandtschaft der Schwarz-Bäuche zugehen lasse. Mit Dank und Vergnügen habe ich von Bernstorff Dein Buch erhalten; ich kann nur langsam lesen, die Mischung von Arbeit und geselligen "Vergnügungen" welche meine Stellung mit sich bringt lässt mir wenig Zeit. Du hast mit deutscher Gründlichkeit von der Römer Zeit angefangen zu meiner und meiner Landsleute Genugthuung denn wir lieben es eine Sache vollständig zu haben, mit Anfang ab ovo und Ende. Flesch<sup>1</sup> schreibt mir: "der erste Blick in das Buch hat mir den sehr angenehmen Eindruck eines ausdrucksvollen und lebhaften Styles und einer sehr klaren Darstellung gemacht." Ich kann nach Durchsicht der ersten Hälfte der Einleitung nur dasselbe sagen und Deine melancholischen Augen schweben mir unwillkürlich mit dem belebtem Glanze des Erzählers vor, wenn ich Deine Worte lese. Zum Zeugniß dass ich es mit Aufmerksamkeit thue mache ich Dir eine kritische Bemerkung. Das Jus primæ noctis (S. 33) hat in dem Sinne, wie die Gegner des Mittelalters es als Waffe gegen den deutschen Adel benutzen in Deutschland niemals existirt. Die Geistlichkeit schrieb schon im Mit-

<sup>1</sup> Count Keyserling.

telalter, aus ihren Besitzungen vor, dass kein Ehemann in der Nacht unmittelbar dach der Hochzeit bei seiner Frau schlafen sollte. Sie sollten beten und sich kasteien. Von diesem Verbot ertheilte sie dispens für Geld und schliesslich ganzen Ortschaften dispens, für eine jährliche Rente. Diese Rente hiess das Jus primæ noctis d. h. der neue Ehemann hatte durch dieselbe das Recht, schon in der ersten Nacht bei seiner Frau zu schlafen. Das Jus p. n. hat nur auf Gütern existirt die in Händen der Geistlichkeit waren oder gewesen waren; mit dem Besitz solcher Güter ging die Rente unter dem Namen Jus pr. n. vielfach in weltliche Hande über, aber niemals hat das Recht existirt, bei eines anderen Mannes Frau die erste Nacht zuzubringen. Die Eigenthümlichkeit der Benennung hat den Gegern des Mittelalters und des Adels den Vorwand gegeben die piquante Entstellung in Umlauf zu setzen an welche die öffentliche Meinung noch heut mit Genugthuung glaubt und sich dabei über die Fortschritte der Menschheit freut. Ich glaube nicht dass die Auslegung des Jus pr. n. den ein so ausgezeichneten Historiker wie J. L. Motley, den Stempel seiner Anerkennung aufdrückt, sich vor der ersten französischen Revolution in irgend einem ernsthaften Buche auffinden lässt. Das Verhältniss der Leibeignen oder tenants schilderts Du überhaupt und im Allgemeinen schwärzer als es sich in der Wirklichkeit,

natürlich mit Ausnahme einzelner Fälle von Roheit und Grausamkeit, bei den deutschen Volkern gestaltete. Besser ist natürlich besser, und ich gehöre nicht zu denen, welche die Vergangenheit wieder beleben wollen.

“ Ich bin des trocknen Tons nun satt ” und will Dir sagen dass meine Frau sich über die Nachrichten von Dir gefreut hat, dass es meinen Kindern, Gott sei Dank, vortrefflich geht und dass zugleich mit Deinem Brief einer von Flesch hier eintraf nach welchem dieser liebenswürdiger Kurländer gleich allen Mitgliedern barbarischer Nationen, welche die Reize der Civilisation kennen lernen, sich in Paris so gefällt, dass er erst in 6 Wochen, Nachricht geben will, ob und wann er von dort abreist. Arzt und Kind sind natürlich nur Vorwände für seine zügellose Vergnügungssucht. Ich gehe morgen nach Berlin und kehre am Sonnabend hierher zurück ; meine Frau aber reist in den ersten Julytagen nach Pommern und bleibt dort bis zum Herbst, wenn Du mir also die Freude machen willst mich im July bis October zu besuchen so findest Du, zwar meine bessere Hälfte nicht, dafür aber die Freiheit Dich im Hause eines Junggesellen allen lasterhaften Gewohnheiten Deiner Jugend unbeobachtet hingeben zu können. Ich lege Dir einen Brief an Bernstorff bei, den Du ganz nach Bequemlichkeit abgeben oder verbrennen kannst, es steht nichts weiter darin als Vorstellung



und Einführung Deiner sich selbst empfehlenden Person. Leb herzlich wohl und schreibe bald wieder, wenn Du nicht selbst kommen willst.

Dein treuer Freund,

(Signed) BISMARCK.

Ein Brief wird sicherer bestellt wenn der Empfänger die Post bezahlt.

TRANSLATION OF LETTER

FRANKFORT, *20th June* 1858.

DEAR MOTLEY,—Your letter gave my wife and me much pleasure, which you will see is the case from the fact that I, who am indeed a bad private correspondent, am answering so punctually. To be sure, you only date your letter with the far-reaching geographical designation “London,” without any nearer indication of your place of abode; but I hope these lines will reach your hands if I send them to the Legation of “Black Bellies” (Schwarz Bäuche).

I received your book from Bernstorff with gratitude and pleasure; I can read but slowly, the mixture of work and social “amusements” which my position entails upon me leaves me but little time. With German thoroughness you have begun with the Roman period for my satisfaction and that of my country people; for we like to have a thing complete, a beginning “*ab ovo*,” and an end.

Flesh writes to me: "The first glance into the book makes on me the very agreeable impression of an expressive and lively style and of a very clear method of description." I can only say the same after looking through the first half of the introduction, and your melancholy eyes involuntarily float before me with the more vivid glow of the narrator as I read your words. I am going to make you a critical observation. The "*Jus primæ noctis*," p. 33, never existed in Germany in the sense in which the adversaries of the Middle Ages used it, as a weapon against the German nobility. The clergy decreed at a still early period of the Middle Ages, that, on their lands, no husband should sleep with his wife on the night immediately following his wedding; they were to pray and castigate themselves. From the necessity of obeying this decree the clergy granted dispensations for money, and eventually gave them to whole districts for a yearly payment. This annuity meant the "*Jus primæ noctis*," that is, the newly-made husband obtained through it the right to sleep with his wife on the first night after his wedding. The *Jus p. n.* only existed on lands which were or had been in the hands of the clergy; with the possession of such lands the annual payment under the name of *Jus p. n.* often passed into secular hands, but the right to spend the first night with another man's wife has never existed. The peculiarity of the term gave to the adversaries of the

Middle Ages and of the nobility the pretext for circulating this piquant misrepresentation, in which public opinion, in its self-satisfaction, still believes, and in so doing rejoices over the progress of humanity. I don't believe that the explanation of the *Jus p. n.*, which so excellent an historian as J. L. Mot. endorses with the stamp of his recognition, can be found in any serious book *before* the first French Revolution.

Altogether you paint the condition of the serfs and tenants, in a general way, perhaps blacker than it really was among the German nationalities, with the exception, of course, of individual cases of brutality and cruelty. Improvement is improvement naturally, and I do not belong to those who wish to resuscitate the past.

“Ich bin des trockenen Ton's nñn satt” (I have now had enough of dry talk.—*FAUST*), and must tell you that, like myself, my wife rejoiced over the news from you, that my children are, thank God, perfectly well, and that a letter from Flesh arrived here at the same time as yours, according to which this amiable Courlander, who, like all members of a nation of barbarians who have learnt to appreciate the charms of civilization, is so pleased with Paris that he will only be able to let me know in six weeks' time if and when he intends leaving it. Doctor and child are, of course, only pretexts for his unbridled love of amusement. I go to Berlin to-morrow and return here on Saturday ;

my wife, however, goes to Pomerania early in July, and remains there until the autumn; if you, therefore, will give me the pleasure of a visit from July till October you will, it is true, not find my better half, but on the other hand, you will be able, in the house of a bachelor, to give yourself over unmolested to all the vicious habits of your youth.

I enclose a letter for you to Bernstorff, which you can deliver quite at your convenience; there is nothing in it but the introduction and presentation of your self-recommending personality.

I take a hearty farewell of you. Write soon again, unless you come yourself before you do so.—Your faithful friend,

BISMARCK.

*From Mr J. L. M. to Mrs Thomas Motley.*

LONDON, 10th July 1858.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I was made happy—more than I can express by seeing your handwriting once more—and by finding that you were so much better, as to be able to write to Mary. In some respects my visit has not been perfectly satisfactory. My time has been a good deal broken in upon by the demands of London society, and I have not done as much work in the State paper office and the British Museum as I might have done, had I been as entirely unknown

as I have heretofore found myself in London. At the same time I thought it as well—once in a lifetime—to see something of the inside of London. Every door has been opened to me, without a single letter of introduction, so that I have had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of most of the leading personages in England. I have received invitations to dinner every day since I have been here—and very often two and three a day. This gives me no particular pleasure, except as a proof that my book has not been considered a failure, but that it is recognised among the respectable literary productions of the day—and except also, that I have, amid the crowd of acquaintances that I have made, found one or two which are valuable not so much for their rank as their worth. The Earl of Carlisle, for example, has received me with real friendship. I have been very often to dine at his beautiful villa at Chiswick, five miles from London, and he is very urgent that I should visit him at Castle Howard in Yorkshire. His sister, the Duchess of Sutherland, has also been very friendly to me, but has recently sustained a domestic affliction in the death of her eldest grandchild, the eldest son of her eldest son, Lord Stafford. Then, I know quite intimately Mrs Norton, who is even now almost as handsome as she was twenty years ago, and her sister, Lady Dufferin, who was almost as famous for wit and beauty. The third sister (Duchess of Somerset) has grown too stout,

and is no longer what she was when proclaimed the "Queen of Beauty," at the famous Eglinton tournament.

I should think, on the whole, that London society is not what it was a quarter or half century ago. It has grown so very large that it is impossible in one season to make even a superficial acquaintance with a large portion of it, and there are also fewer celebrities and striking personages than there were in other days. For instance, I have dined pretty often at Holland House. This is classic ground—the portraits of Rogers, Moore, Macintosh, Sheridan, Luttrells, and others adorn the walls, and the ghosts of many a vanished banqueting company, where wit and eloquence were as plentiful as blackberries, rise from the past at the very aspect of its quaint, picturesque, old saloons and gardens. But there is now no Charles James Fox, nor Sheridan (though his genius and his wife's beauty survive in his granddaughters), nor is there any Sydney Smith.

Nevertheless, it is very agreeable to see in the flesh celebrities one reads of in the newspapers—Palmerston, Clarendon, Lord John Russell, Brougham, Lyndhurst, Macaulay, such personages as those I have met very often. Unfortunately I have not met Bulwer Lytton nor Disraeli, these two being so much occupied with carrying on the government, go but rarely into general society.

I have written once a week to Mary, a brief abstract and chronicle, of what I see and hear in London, because, to say the truth, this is about the only real satisfaction that it gives me. A very young man might be excessively amused by a London season, but I am almost ashamed to say that I am rather bored than entertained. The dinners are often very agreeable, but the general parties are somewhat wearisome. Some day I will ask Mary to make up a package of the letters which I have written to her from London, and send them to you. It may amuse you to read them over at Riverdale. At the same time, I must *make one condition*, that they don't go out of the house, except if Mr Cabot should like to read them. I have such a horror of any extract getting into our papers, and people are so unscrupulous about publishing descriptions of celebrated persons.

Perhaps it would amuse you to hear, as a specimen, the places where I have dined during the last week. Sunday last, then, I dined at Holland House. This is a grand old mansion of the period of James I. —once a country manor-house, but now almost swallowed up in the maw of all-devouring London. Nevertheless, although the streets extend in unbroken continuity quite to its gates, the superb avenues of lime trees, leading a quarter mile long up to the picturesque, turreted, gable-ended, oriel-windowed edifice, the ample lawns around, the wooded park, the

trim, old-fashioned terraced gardens, and the expansive views of hill and dale, still retain the characteristics of an antique country seat. The company this day consisted of about a dozen persons, of whom the most distinguished were the Duc de Richelieu, Lord and Lady Lyndhurst, and Lord Brougham. Lord Holland is a very amiable, pleasing person, once eminently handsome. He lives much abroad, and is something of a pococurante. Lady Holland was prevented by a sudden attack of illness from appearing at table. Lord Lyndhurst was delightful, as he always is. He has just completed his eighty-sixth year, and his intellect is quite unclouded, his wit bright, his manner genial and gentle, his voice agreeable, almost as they were of yore. He has, however, nearly lost the use of his legs. Nothing can be more amusing than to hear him and Brougham "chaffing" each other like two schoolboys, as they do on all occasions. The next day I met both again at dinner at Lady Williams', the widow of a Judge, at whose house one sees the best of London company. Besides the two distinguished persons just named, were also about a dozen lords and ladies, the most eminent among whom were Lord Canterbury, the son of a very famous "Speaker" of the House of Commons (Manners Sutton), and the Duke of Wellington, son of the Iron Duke, and singularly like him in appearance. He is very amusing in conversation, and slightly "rowdy."



He was very civil to me and invited me to a party at Apsley House for to-morrow. The Duchess is thought one of the handsomest women in London. The next day I dined again at Holland House. The company consisted of the Duc and Duchess d'Aumale (the son of King Louis Philippe), Lord and Lady Clarendon, Lady John Russell (without her husband, who was expected, but detained by business in the House of Commons), Lord Macaulay, Duvergier de Hauranne, Hayward, a celebrated quarterly reviewer and diner out, and one or two more. The Duc d'Aumale is a very intelligent, cultivated person, and rather piques himself, I suspect, on his literature. He was very civil to me, asked when I was to publish more volumes, etc. Macaulay is, of course, regarded with great veneration wherever he goes, but also with some anxiety, for he looks ill and has a very troublesome cough. I went out and visited him, at his very friendly request, the next day, and had an hour's pleasant conversation with him, in which of course I preferred to do most of the listening, although he is not in the least degree (as has been represented) overbearing in conversation. I can't report anything of any of his talk on any of the several occasions when I have met him. He is very kind and genial, and would be celebrated for his wondrous memory and the fulness of his mind, even had he not produced the works which have made him immortal. His face is not striking,

the features are rather regular, but the eye is dim, and his figure is rather punchy. He has something the aspect of a German professor. His animal spirits are high, and his voice very agreeable. Wednesday, I dined with Mr and Lady Mary Labouchere. He is an eminent member of Parliament and was formerly Secretary for the Colonies, and is a most kind-hearted, agreeable person. She is the youngest sister of Lord Carlisle and the Duchess of Sutherland, and a very gentle, unaffected, kind-hearted woman. I had passed the morning of the previous day at their country house, Stoke Park, a beautiful place, the greatest charm of which, however, is that the churchyard where Gray wrote his famous elegy is within its domain. I spent an hour in the churchyard, repeating most of that exquisite poem, and remembering how I used once to recite it to you, my dearest mother, when I was a little boy.

On Thursday I dined with Lord Lyndhurst, a small party (which was made for me, a very great compliment). There was Lord Carlisle, Earl Granville, Lord Wensleydale, Sir E. Landseer (the artist), and one or two more. It is always agreeable (as I have already observed in this letter) to see Lord Lyndhurst, and I think it a great privilege to have seen him so often. The next day I dined with Lord Granville. He is a comparatively young man, about my age and looks younger. He has been member of several

Cabinets when the Whigs held power, is very clever and agreeable, and unaffected in society, resembling Longfellow very much in countenance and manner. I told him so, and he said he had heard it before, and was very much flattered by it. Dearest Mother, I have got to the end of my sheet, so farewell for the present. May God keep you and restore you to health. Love to the Govr. to Anna, for all the rest of the family.—From yr. ever affectionate son,

J. L. M.

The above letter, as well as others already published, show how cordially Mr Motley was welcomed in London Society,<sup>1</sup> and at the close of the season he went to the Hague, and his letters from there to his wife are full of information about people given in the most lively and entertaining fashion.

For Her Majesty the Queen of Holland he had a strong feeling of devoted admiration, and she was ever a gracious and firm friend to him and his family. In a letter of August 1858, that mentions an interview

<sup>1</sup> Lady St Helier, in "Memories of Fifty Years," has the following reference to Mr Motley: "When he came over here to represent America, he was no stranger—at least from a literary standpoint—to England, for his works were well known, and there are few people who can forget the pleasure of reading his 'History of the Dutch Republic.' What he was in literature, he was in every other respect, intellectual, cultivated, agreeable. He was one of the most picturesque, remarkable-looking men I have ever seen."

with the Queen, he concludes: "Altogether I have rarely made a morning visit on any lady where the conversation was more fluent, lively, and interesting. The best compliment I can pay her is, that one quite forgets she is a queen, and only feels the presence of an intelligent and very attractive woman."

One letter from the Hague to Miss Georgina Forbes is now given.

*From Mr J. L. M. to Miss Georgina Forbes.*

THE HAGUE, 2nd August 1858.

MY DEAR GEORGINA,—In answer to your kind note received just before my departure from London, I have to say, with infinite reluctance, that I don't think I shall be able to squeeze out any time to make the visit to Dresden, which you so kindly and temptingly propose to me. I staid much longer in London than I had any right to do, and there is work enough here to last me a century. I am over head and ears in the archives, all day long—except for an hour before breakfast, when I am over head and ears in the North Sea. My family are still at Vevey, and our plans are very misty. I was never so puzzled in my life. I have been collecting an endless load of bricks and mortar, and I don't know when and where I am to begin to dig my cellar—much less to build the edifice,

I wish I could persuade myself that I could come to Dresden, for the prospect you hold out is most inviting—but—

Ach Gott—die Kunst ist lang  
Und kurz ist unser Leben—

and I don't know—if I had the prospect of rivalling Methuselah, whether I have not laid out work enough for every year of so respectable a life.

By the way, let me answer your question concerning Mr Edenheim. You say that he wishes permission to ask me a question concerning Dutch history. Of course, I shall be most happy to answer it—always provided I can do so—and if he addresses me at any time, care of Messrs Baring, Brothers & Co., 8 Bishopsgate St., London, a letter will always reach me. This is always our address, so long as we are above ground. You say, by the way, that he has written a review of my book to appear in August. You don't say in what periodical. Will you be so good as to inform me, as I should like to make a point of reading it?

Pray give my love to dear Lady Adelaide,<sup>1</sup> and tell her how much pleasure it would give me to see her once more. I wish that we could pass another winter in Dresden, as happily as those which are fast becoming *auld lang syne*.

Pray write to me soon, and write also to my wife

<sup>1</sup> Lady Adelaide Forbes, sister of the English representative in Saxony.

at Vevey. It is always so pleasant to us to hear of you. Give my best love to Christina, whom I should be so delighted to see once more; and believe me in great haste but most affectionately yours,

J. L. MOTLEY.

*P.S.*—Don't forget to remember me most kindly to Mr Forbes. My love to the Bowyers, also.

Soon after Mr Motley had rejoined his family at Vevey, they all moved on to Rome, remaining there through the winter of 1858, Mr Motley as usual industriously working at his "History of the United Netherlands," but finding it more difficult to compose in consequence of the absence of a great central hero like William of Orange.

Time passed pleasantly for the family at Rome, among their many friends, and it had been the intention to visit Venice to consult the archives there, but they were driven from Italy by the war between France and Sardinia against the Austrians, Mr Motley's sympathies being entirely with Sardinia.

Rome was quitted on Wednesday morning, 1st June, 1859, and the party arrived in Paris, Friday afternoon, 3rd June. Mr Motley, writing of it to his mother, says: "This is the most rapid travelling we were ever guilty of"; but rapid is not the term that people would now apply to it.

Before the end of summer, the family were in

London, where Mr, Mrs, and Miss Lily Motley went frequently into Society. Mr Motley's reasons for this appear in a letter to his mother. "I thought too that, as Lily was just grown up, and old enough to go into Society, and likely to please and be pleased, it was a kind of duty to let her have the advantage which my position as a man of letters gives her, of seeing for once the most brilliant and cultivated society in the world, viz., the highest circles of London in the full of the season. I must say, without meaning to take any credit to myself, except as belonging to a peculiar class, that I cannot help forming a favourable idea of English civilisation when I see the position accorded in this country to those who cultivate art, science, and literature, as if those things were worth something, and were entitled to some consideration, as well as high birth, official rank, and wealth, which on the Continent are the only passports."

A letter from Miss Lily Motley to her grandmother in America, sets forth their amusements, and the society in which they moved.

*From Miss Lily Motley to Mrs Thomas Motley.*

LONDON, *August 5th*, 1859.

MY DEAREST GRANDMAMMA,—Last steamer brought us your letter to Papa . . .

I shall give you some account of our London amuse-

ments since I last wrote, and this is the last time I shall be able to do so, as our gaieties are nearly at an end. I am not sure where my last letter ended. Did I tell you of a dinner at Holland House where Mamma went in with Lord Macaulay? If I did not I can only say it was extremely pleasant, and that we afterwards went to a very agreeable party at Cambridge House, where one always sees everybody.

On this occasion Mrs Norton introduced Lord Clarendon to us, and I never saw anybody so jolly; he kept us in fits of laughter from the moment we were introduced to him. Sunday afternoon we drove out, by invitation, to make a call on Lady John Russell at Pembroke Lodge, in Richmond Park. Lord John himself was at the door when we arrived, and helped us out of the carriage. He is not much like the pictures in *Punch*, from which I had formed my ideas of his appearance, and looks a good deal older. We found Lady John, her daughters or rather step-daughters, and Mr Arthur Russell sitting under the trees. They received us very cordially. Lady John is very dark. I sat under the trees or strayed about the grounds with them, and felt as much at my ease as if I had known them for a long time. Monday—lunched at Lord Ashburton's, at Bath House. He has married since Papa was here last year, and Lady Ashburton is a handsome Scotchwoman. They have asked us to visit them in the country in October. We were



obliged to hurry away as we were to hear a debate in the House of Commons. The speaker had arranged with us the day before, that his Secretary should show us over the House before the debate. But we were detained, and when we arrived the Speaker had already taken the chair and we were obliged to go directly to the Ladies' Gallery with Lady Charlotte Denison, the Speaker's wife; and Mr Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, opened his budget and proposed an addition of fourpence in the income tax. He is considered, I believe, one of the best speakers, and although it was rather a dry subject, we were very much interested in his speech and enjoyed the whole thing very much in spite of our position in the Ladies' Gallery, which is a sort of cage, high up in the air, where the heat is intense. We dined at Mr Nassau Senior's. He is a writer on Political Economy. . . . The next day, Wednesday, there was a great deal going on. . . . We dined at Lord and Lady Wensleydale's. The dinner was made for us and was a very pleasant one. They have been very kind to us, and she is a dear old lady, so kind-hearted and friendly. If we stay in England we shall visit them in the country. The company consisted of old Lord Lonsdale, two ladies whose names I did not know, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Capt. Inglefield, a naval officer, who preceded Kane in an Arctic expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, a frank, intelligent, agreeable person

just what a sailor ought to be. He took me into dinner, while on my other side was old Lord Lyndhurst.

Lady Wensleydale said after dinner that he was not as bright as usual, being a good deal knocked up by the heat, but I thought him charming. He was very kind to me, and told me that he had heard of me from a friend of ours in Rome this winter, old Mr Hay. He says that he wishes to see England and America combine in an alliance offensive and defensive, which would be strong enough to resist the rest of the world. He spoke affectionately of the Amorys, and said that they were very much liked in England.

After dinner a good many people came in, but we had to leave as we were going to a ball at the Marchioness of Westminster's, and had to go home to change our dresses. We did not reach Grosvenor House until about midnight, which is not very late in London. . . . We were introduced that evening to Mr and Mrs Sheridan, Mrs Norton's brother and his wife, and they asked us to dine the next Monday. He is handsome, and has a good deal of Mrs Norton's charm of manner. Thursday we went to a musical party at the Sturgis'. Friday morning, breakfasted at Lord Macaulay's. The other guests were his niece, Mrs Holland, a pretty, nice person, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, who live very near him, Mr Monckton Milnes, Mr Senior, Dr Hawtrey, the Provost of Eton, and Mr Sumner, who went with us. The breakfast was very pleasant, and

Macaulay delightful, as he always is when we see him, completely at home in every subject that was started, and giving proofs at every moment of his wonderful memory. He brings forth from the treasury of his mind things old and new which he has learned from books, or from the world and makes them illustrate his own ever-flowing stream of original thoughts and ideas. After breakfast he and Mr Milnes got into a discussion on the subject of German and Italian literature. I must say, that I agreed with Mr Milnes, who insisted on the merits of German poetry. Macaulay treated it all with contempt, and spoke slightingly of Goethe in general, and of "Faust" in particular. I suspect that German is the weak point in his invulnerable armour, but however that may be, it is impossible to argue with him. He out-talks his opponent, and reduces him to silence, whether he convinces him or not. In the evening Mamma and Papa went to a delightful dinner at Lord Granville's, to which I was not asked. Lord Granville took Mamma into dinner. Saturday, we made a call on the Howland Shaw's, who were here for a few days, and then drove out to a fête at Strawberry Hill. This place, which was once Horace Walpole's, is now the property of Lady Waldegrave. This lady has had three husbands, and is now married to Mr Harcourt, but retains the title of her late husband, Lord Waldegrave. She is a plump; jolly-looking woman, and has a great deal of money. Strawberry

Hill retains few traces of Horace Walpole, and has been entirely redecorated. Lady Waldegrave has furnished it, and it is a pretty little bijou of a place and very well adapted to giving fêtes. The grounds are pretty and not very extensive. The day was rather damp and gloomy with a dull grey sky, not favourable weather for a fête, and there were not a great number of people present. Dancing was going on in a tent on the lawn, and the rest of the company strayed about the house and grounds. I danced a Virginia reel or rather a Sir Roger de Coverley, which is the English name, in which were the Comte de Paris, the Duc de Châtres his brother, a slender stripling with his hair shaved close to his head, in the military fashion, and the little Prince de Condé, the Duc d'Aumale's son. The Duc and Duchesse d'Aumale were also there. He is a fair man with a handsome, aristocratic face. We were introduced to Mde. Van de Weyer, Mrs Bates' daughter, who was staying in the house. She was very civil. Monday, we dined at the Sheridans', one of the pleasantest, if not *the* pleasantest dinner we have been to in London. They are most agreeable, and Miss Sheridan is a very pretty girl with all the English beauty of freshness. The company were Mrs Norton, Lord Napier, Mr Hayward, Mr Stirling, Mr Harcourt, a young man who writes in the *Saturday Review*, one of the cleverest and most ill-natured papers in London, and another lady whose name I did not hear, but who

knew Mrs Bigelow Lawrence, and is great on private theatricals. . . . After dinner, when the ladies were alone in the drawing-room, Mrs Norton talked a good deal, and it would have been pleasure enough for one evening to listen to her and to look at her. I had quite a long talk with Lord Napier afterwards, and thought him most agreeable. I don't wonder at his popularity in America. I have seen him but once since, and he has now left for his post at the Hague. Tuesday, we went in the afternoon with Mr and Mrs William Cowper, to see the house of a Mr Barker. He has a most wonderful collection of beautiful things, pictures, china, and curiosities of various kinds. Where he himself lives is a mystery, as it seems to consist entirely of showrooms. There are a great many good pictures, particularly of the old pre-Raphaelite school. He has one set of blue Sèvres inlaid with precious stones, given by Marie Antoinette to the Empress of Russia. How he contrived to get it I don't know, for it seems very odd that such a thing should be sold.

We dined with Lady Cowper, who lives in an odd little house in Kensington. The company were Lord and Lady Ripon. He is in the government, and Papa knew him last year as Lord Goderich. She is a niece of Lady Cowper. The other guests were Lord Raynham and Sir John Acton, a son of Lady Granville, and of course Lord Cowper and his brother.

Wednesday was a crowded day. We breakfasted at Lady Mary and Mr Labouchère's. She is a sister of Lord Carlisle, and a very attractive person. The Bishop of Oxford was one of the other guests, whom I was glad to meet, as we had heard so often that he was one of the most agreeable men in London. As my expectations were high, I am afraid I was rather disappointed, as he said nothing remarkable within my hearing. He is rather stout, and looks comfortable and not particularly clerical, except in his dress. Taylor, the poet, was there likewise, a striking-looking man with straight grey hair, falling on each side of his face, also Miss Thelusson, the reciting young lady, who did not recite on this occasion, and Mr Charles Howard. In the afternoon we drove out to Wimbledon, to a country breakfast at the Duchess of Somerset's, and to which she had kindly sent us an invitation through Mrs Sheridan. The Duchess received us very kindly, and has a particularly amiable, agreeable manner. The villa at Wimbledon is one of those pretty English places with velvet lawns and groups of trees and with lovely views of gently swelling, thickly wooded hills on every side. These fêtes are easy festivities; people go wandering about as they please; a group generally collects to play at the celebrated game of Aunt Sally, in which a row of dreadful-looking old women's heads made of canvas, or something of the kind, are planted in the ground

and knocked down by having sticks thrown at them.

Another amusement was provided on this occasion in the shape of a man and a boy painted black, who sang negro songs, and abused their h's in a way which would have astonished a genuine negro. . . .

We had to leave early as we had to dine out. . . .

We dined at Lord and Lady Lyveden's. . . . He has been raised to the peerage this year. She is a very sweet person, and one of the wonderful class of English grandmothers. The other guests were old Lord Lansdowne, who has since been quite ill. He is a charming old man, and indeed all the old English gentlemen I know are delightful! . . . Thursday evening we went to a party at Mr Baring's, the object of which was to see his pictures and meet the Fine Arts Company. . . . We found there Mr Winthrop, who passed a few days in London with his family. . . . Mr Baring has invited us to Norman Court, his country place, which they say is very beautiful. . . . Saturday was rather a different experience of English life from any which we had hitherto seen. We went to Eton with the Milman's. It was Election Saturday, one of the school celebrations. We went down by rail early in the morning, and breakfasted with the Provost, Dr Hawtrey, in common with a good many other people. At twelve o'clock we went to the Great Hall to hear the speeches. There were Latin orations,

English speeches, a Greek dialogue, and scenes from Shakespeare, Schiller, and Molière, delivered by about a dozen of the Eton boys. The scenes from French and German plays were better delivered than anything else. . . .

After the speeches were over we went in to look at the beautiful little chapel, and then the ladies repaired to a gallery of the dining-hall. At the upper end of the room was the table for the Provost and his guests, and just under us were the tables for a certain number of the boys. A few of them wait, which is a privilege, and I believe they get a better dinner than the rest afterwards. The servants were bringing in the dinner when we first came in, and the privileged boys were beguiling the time by rolling the round silver salvers they held, up and down the floor, and indulging in other little amusements of the kind. Very soon the guests and boys came trooping in, and after having heard grace chanted and seen the boys under us help themselves to half a chicken each, without loss of time we retired. . . .

At four o'clock the ladies had a dinner provided for them, and just as we finished we were summoned to the room where the gentlemen had adjourned for dessert, to hear the speeches. We all stood round the door, screened by a curtain which hung before it, and heard perfectly. The Provost was just proposing the Dean of St Paul's health as we came up. The Dean made



a nice speech in reply, in which he paid Papa a handsome compliment. . . .

Monday was exciting: we went to a beautiful fête at the Duc d'Aumale's, at Orleans House. . . . The lawn was one of the prettiest sights I ever saw. Groups of gaily dressed people scattered about in all directions, contrasting with the green lawn and trees. In one place a booth was erected, filled with small articles of every description, which were being disposed of by lottery, and it was rather amusing to see the Comte de Paris, who may be King of France some day, and his brother, calling out numbers and giving out prizes behind the counter, while one of the younger princes, sons of the Ducs d'Aumale and Nemours, distributed the tickets among the bystanders. I won various articles, among others a small pistol which I shall keep as a souvenir. All sorts of French games were going on, such as you see in the Champs Elysées; knots of people raffled for macaroons and a cake peculiar to Paris called "plaisir." Others tried to catch a ring on a hook, while others listened to Punch's cracked voice and laughed at his absurd gambols. It was a gay scene, and the presence of a *French* element was felt. There was no stiffness or *gêne*, in spite of the presence of so many royalties. Besides the Duc and Duchesse and the young men I have mentioned, there were the Duc de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, who is handsome but unfortunately very deaf, his

daughter, and three or four little boys, sons of them all; the Duchess of Cambridge, her son the Duke, and her daughters, the Duchess of Mecklenburg and Princess Mary. The hosts are charming. Their manners are the perfection of good breeding. . . . They certainly do not look in the least melancholy, and it is not a dismal picture of deposed royalty. . . .

A cold dinner was served under the trees, and as it began to grow dark everybody entered the house for a dance. We were not prepared for this part of the programme, and it was an agreeable surprise. Lady Wensleydale was very kind in introducing partners to me, and I had the pleasantest dance I have had for a long time. The last Lancers just before leaving I danced in the same set with the Duc and Duchesse d'Aumale and the Princess Mary of Cambridge. My partner was Mr Ashley, Lord Shaftesbury's son, a young man who has just returned from America, but who was not murdered by the Indians as at one time reported. . . . We left at eleven and had a pleasant hour's drive home, in the starlight. It is certainly a very generous way of entertaining to ask people at 4½, give them dinner and supper, and let them dance all night if they wish it. Tuesday evening, we went to hear Meyerbeer's new opera "Dinorah," which has just been produced here. . . . I forgot to mention by the way that we were introduced to Disraeli at the fête. He spoke to Papa of his book, and was very civil. . . .

Thursday was our last London dinner, and a very pleasant dinner necessarily, since Mrs Norton was our hostess. Both her sons were there, Sir David Dundas, Mr Stirling, Mrs Phipps, Mr Calcraft, Major Calthorpe, and Mr Morier. I was between the Major and Mr Fletcher Norton, the eldest son. He has just been appointed Secretary of Legation to Athens, and is at home on leave of absence for a month or two. He is very handsome, and his manner is agreeable, quiet, almost gentle.

We go to the Sturgis' for a visit on Tuesday. . . . We have enjoyed this glimpse of English society extremely. If we stay in England we shall probably make a few country visits in the autumn, which I think will be pleasant, as everybody says that in the country you see English people under the most favourable circumstances. London society is so vast, and people are in such a whirl and so much taken up with their own concerns, that the only wonder is how they contrive to remember your existence. The great wheel goes round with one unceasing roll, and there is not a moment to stop for breath. I am very glad to have had so good an opportunity of seeing it, however. I shall always remember it with pleasure, and it is a great privilege to have seen so many people who belong to the history of the future as well as of the present. . . .

With a great deal of love from us all to yourself

and Grandpapa and all the rest of the family,—Ever  
your most affectionate grand-daughter, LILY.

The autumn was passed in visits to various friends, both in England and Scotland, and the winter of 1859 found the family established at the Oatlands Park Hotel, which attracted them as being a quiet place suitable for work, and because it was near Mount Felix, Walton-on-Thames, the country house, at that time, of their intimate friends Mr and Mrs Russell Sturgis.

In May 1860, Mr and Mrs Motley rented 31 Hertford Street, Mayfair, from Lady Annabella Noel, and settled for a time in London.

The first two volumes of the "United Netherlands" were published this year, and Mr Motley sent the following letter to Mr Delane, expressing his thanks for the appreciative criticism that appeared in the *Times*.

*From Mr J. L. M. to Mr Delane.*

31 HERTFORD STREET, MAY FAIR, W.

28th Jan., '61.

MY DEAR DELANE,—You must allow me to write a line to thank you most sincerely for the admirable review which you have been so good as to insert in the last three numbers of the *Times*, of my new work.

I hope that you will express to the author of the article my high appreciation of the able and careful analysis which he has given of the book, together with my thanks for the cordial and sympathetic tone expressed towards its writer.

It is superfluous for me to speak to you of the advantage the volumes must derive from so extensive and ably written a notice three days in succession—thus placed before the world in the ubiquitous *Times*.

I wish that I was not prevented from taking as much satisfaction as I should otherwise do in your kindness on this occasion ; but you may well suppose that the unhappy and almost desperate condition of my country occupies my mind almost to the exclusion of every other subject.

But this is too momentous a topic to discuss in a note—and I shall therefore break off at once—and beg you once more to accept my thanks and to believe me,  
—Very faithfully yours,  
J. L. MOTLEY.

The success of the book was also celebrated in a letter from Mr Longfellow.

CAMBRIDGE, *March 14, 1861.*

MY DEAR MOTLEY,—At the last dinner of our “Saturday Club” Agassiz proposed that a friendly greeting be sent you, with our hearty congratulations

on the success of your *New History*. The proposition passed by acclamation, and I was requested to write to you to that effect, which I do with great pleasure, adding in my own behalf that no one rejoices in your new literary triumph more than I do, unless it be your father. It was always a delight to me to see his face, and now more so than ever.

I think you have added ten happy years to his life.

I send you also by Wednesday's mail a No. of the *New York Tribune* with a long notice, which perhaps you might not otherwise see.

There is another notice of you from a newspaper. It is short, and would be better if it were shorter by striking out the word "probably."

How glad I am that your laurels are in leaf so early, that you can wear them as an ornament, not as a Cæsarean wig! We are expecting Tom<sup>1</sup> from Paris early in April. His father is very feeble and looks eagerly for his coming.

With kindest remembrances to your wife, in which mine joins,—Yrs truly,

(Signed) HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The great Civil War in America began in 1861, and Mr Motley's lofty patriotism and intense interest in the struggle made him at once visit his native country.

He arrived in Boston about the middle of June,

<sup>1</sup> Mr Thomas Appleton, Mr Longfellow's brother-in-law.

visited New York, Washington, Nahant, etc., and remained in America till the middle of August.

The letters of this period now presented are from members of his family to him, save one which he himself wrote to his wife.

*From Miss Lily Motley to Mr J. L. M.*

HERTFORD STREET, *June 7th*, 1861.

DEAREST PAPA,—By this time I hope you will have received Mamma's letter which was sent by the Wednesday's steamer. We were so glad to get your note from Queenstown and to hear that you had a good start. . . . When this reaches you, you will, in spite of the all-engrossing topic of American affairs, mourn with us all on the loss of what is surely the most precious life in Europe just now. Cavour's death has filled every one with dismay as well as grief. How will Italy be able to work out her salvation without him? We send you the *Times*, which contains all that we have as yet heard on the subject. Somebody quoted "Sir Henry Holland last night as saying that if the newspaper accounts were true and Cavour had been bled *ten times* in two days, he had been killed. . . ." Last evening we dined at Miss Coutts' at a monster dinner of fifty people. The table was like a continental *table d'hôte*, and Mamma was so far off

on the same side as myself that I could not even see her. My neighbour, Mr Calvert, and I decided that Miss Coutts had set all family ties at defiance, for the party was principally composed of husbands without their wives, and daughters without their fathers. The hostess sat between Lord Lansdowne and Lord Stratford (who expressed great regret at having called on you just ten minutes after you left) ; then there were, as far as I remember, the Miss Campbells and their brother, Sir Roderick Murchison, Mr Kinnaird, Lady Verney, Lady Mary Egerton, Mr Gleig, Mr Lowe, the Marjoribanks', and Fechter, besides hosts whom I did not know. Fechter sat within two of me, but too far off to talk with. He told Mrs Marjoribanks that he started in life as a *sculptor*, and still continued to model at intervals. His mother was an Italian, it seems, which introduces a new element into his varied existence. . . .

*June 8th.*—Last evening we had an *extremely* pleasant dinner at the *Higford Burr's*. The company consisted of Miss Duff Gordon, one other lady, name unknown, Mrs Ferguson, Mr Austin Bruce, Mr Layard, and *Buckle*.

The latter took Mamma into dinner, and was opposite me, but as the table was small there was a great deal of general conversation and I had an opportunity of hearing him talk. As to appearance he looks rather older than I expected which is owing,



perhaps, to his being so bald, having only a few shiny hairs brushed across the top of his head. He has rather a comical face, the features all up in a bunch and a pursed-up mouth. We liked him very much. He does *not* talk all the time and he seemed to me to allow other people to express their opinions. He had a great deal to say about imagination, and said that he should not hesitate to take it rather than understanding, if he were offered his choice between the two, that a great poet was greater than a great mathematician and more in the same strain. All this seemed rather astonishing from a man, the object of whose writing appears to be to divest history of all its romantic elements and reduce it to a system of statistics. He and Mr Layard had a discussion across the table, the latter asserting that the tendency of the age was to make everybody alike, to the repression of originality or eccentricity. Buckle on the contrary maintaining that there was more liberty of thought and opinion and that they were allowed a more free expression than at any other period of the world's history. Mr Layard asked him what he thought of the system of competitive examination. He said that he approved of it, not because he thought it gave the country a chance to be served by abler men, for, on the contrary, it encouraged false learning or cramming, but because it was a democratic movement, having the effect of diminishing patronage. Anything that

tended to pull down the aristocracy and weaken the power of government must be a move in the right direction. He disapproved of universal suffrage in England, because it would be an aristocratic movement, by giving the aristocrats power to buy the votes of the lower classes. We rather steered clear of the topic of America, not particularly caring to hear him talk on a subject which might provoke disagreeables. Mamma thanked him for the compliments to you which are scattered about in the new volumes. He said that the obligation was all on his side, that he had wished very much to make your acquaintance and still hoped to do so some day, and that if we must have hero worship, it was a gratification to have it so well done. He said that he was going to Scotland which somebody said was a bold measure, "Not at all," he replied, "I am the most popular man in the country and shall have an ovation there." It is difficult to understand why he takes this view of the subject, particularly as just before he remarked that the Scotch had no *religion*, only a theology. I wish you would tell me a little when you have time, what you think of the new volume. I am just in the middle of it, and am interested, but less so than I was in the first. Is it true that Philip II. was adored by his people. He says, too, in another place that *revolution is always* right, a doctrine which, at the present moment, one does not feel inclined to subscribe to.

He is very much more *simpatico* in conversation than one would imagine from all the dogmatical tone of everything he writes. You will be glad to hear that Mr Gregory has been definitely quenched. The motion was, as you know, to have come on last night, but he found that the feeling of the House was very strongly against his meddling. Mr Bruce told me that Gregory withdrew with a much better grace than might have been expected, and assured me that he (Mr Bruce) was quite surprised to see what a strong feeling there seemed to be in favour of keeping "the member for Galway" quiet. The amusement in the House last night was the way in which a fierce attack on Cavour by the O'Donoghue was crushed by Mr Milnes and Lord Palmerston! Mr Layard told me that both Bright and Cobden had expressed to him since, their gratification in meeting you, and the favourable impression made upon them by everything you said. Mr Layard repeated how much good he thought your articles had done, and we are very often told the same thing by other people.—Ever most lovingly,

LILY.

*From Mrs J. L. M. to Mr J. L. M.*

LONDON, *June 8th*, 1861.

DEAREST LOTHROP,—It seems like a year instead of a week since you left, but as the days go on each one brings

you nearer to your destination and us to your letters, and in this thought I take comfort. Lord Stratford came up to me at Miss Coutts' dinner as soon as he came into the room and told me how very sorry he was not to have given you a parting shake of the hand and a God-speed before you left. He came for this purpose just ten minutes after we had left the house ; he said he had read with great interest and pleasure your very able papers in the *Times*, but he did not add that they had convinced him. Layard said he thought it a pity that you should have felt the necessity so strongly of leaving this country where he and others thought you already had done and might do a great deal of good.

Bright and Cobden, he said, had been decidedly influenced by what you had said, and expressed to him their satisfaction at having had an opportunity of talking with you as well as the agreeable personal impression you had made upon them. Lily will tell you about Mrs Burr's dinner, which was very pleasant. Buckle took me down, and I never was more agreeably disappointed in a man—he was not at all overbearing or dictatorial or desirous of absorbing the conversation ; on the contrary he was civil and most agreeable. The numbers were so small that he and Mr Bruce and Layard kept up the ball for the entertainment of the others, Mrs Burr occasionally putting in a remark, while poor little Higford sat suppressed and unnoticed

at the foot of the table. I told Buckle how much gratified I had been at his constant reference to you in his Spanish part, and his reply was that the favour was all on his side, your book was so valuable and interesting, and although you were, unlike him, a hero worshipper he was delighted to have hero worship done by those who could do it like you. He was disappointed at not having made your acquaintance, which he had ardently wished to do, and still hoped that an opportunity would not be wanting. He told me that society at dinner was as great a necessity to him as solitude during the day. He says he writes most of his books in his head during his walks. He is the possessor of a library of over 20,000 picked volumes. I wish you were the same. Buckle's first words to me were very much out of his own line as he said himself: "I am sure we can lament together over the death of Cavour the great Cavour."

I cannot now write this name without tears. What a loss, what a blow to Italy, and what will become of them all. It really seems as if it were not the design of Providence that the right should triumph. We saw Cartwright last night, who was in despair, and heard a lament from every lip with the only exceptions to the general regret were the R.'s who were evidently filled with suppressed glee, but had the decency not to give it utterance.

Lord Elgin greeted me very cordially at Mrs Grote's,

and expressed his regret at your departure, as did everybody else. I told Mrs Grote that Mr Grote was the best of Americans, and I had been getting comfort in his sympathy. . . . She said I must see Mr Moore the British Consul at Richmond, who had just left his post and come over in the Great Eastern. I found him a mild little man, and had a perfectly peaceable conversation with him. I said, "I suppose you left Richmond in a great state of excitement!" "Excitement, I never saw anything like it in my life, or heard of any hatred so bitter as that expressed there towards the North."

"How large an army have the Confederate States there?"

"In all, Virginia, at various points, Harper's Ferry, and others, I suppose 100,000 men." "Well-armed and equipped?" "Sufficiently well." "And they are determined to fight it out?"

"They are determined to fight until every drop of blood is spilled before they will submit to the domination of the North." I asked him how much union feeling there was; he said as far as he could judge, none at all, and that Western Virginia was gradually but surely coming under the influence of the Secession movement, and he believed Kentucky to be going in the same direction. Before Mr Lincoln's requisition for troops the Union feeling in Va. had been very strong and outspoken, but since that event, everybody

had gone over to the South, and the strongest for Union were now the most violent for Secession. He said he had expressed his regret to them very plainly at the part they had taken in breaking up the Union, which he considered a fatal mistake, and he thought them in the wrong. The answer was that they were *right*, and told him to say in England that they would die to their last man and woman too, if necessary, rather than submit to the wrongs of the North. He thinks they mean what they say and have the power to make a desperate resistance. Women who fainted at the sight of fire-arms have now learnt to use them. . . . All valuables have been sent out of Richmond, and they say they are prepared to fire the city, and would rather see it in ashes than in the hands of the Federal Government. He added that he could not help being struck with surprise and consternation at the almost frivolous tone he heard on crossing the Potomac proving as it seemed to him how ill prepared were the Federal army for what they were going to meet, and the contrast between the earnest determination of the Virginians, and the dangerous self-confidence of the enemy was most striking. He said that they expressed themselves perfectly sure of success and talked glibly of getting through the whole thing in a week, his own belief being that they were about to rush upon a sanguinary war of years ; he thinks secession not to be defended, but he has many friends

in it, and his sympathies are evidently with them. Gregory's motion is postponed indefinitely. You can read about it for yourself in the *Times* which I send.

Lady Palmerston has invited us for to-night, and there are other invitations which I have not time to enumerate. Best love to family and friends. Good-bye, dearest Lothrop.—Ever yr. loving M.

*From Mr J. L. M. to Mrs J. L. M.*

STEAMER "ARABIA," OFF HALIFAX,

*Monday, 10th June '61, 10 A.M.*

MY DEAREST MARY,—We shall arrive in Halifax in two or three hours. The land is in sight and the weather very fine. I scribble a note in pencil to drop into the ship post-office in order to let you and my darlings know that the voyage has been a very fortunate one, and that we shall be in Boston to-morrow night or Wednesday morning.

There are not many incidents to narrate. Of course I am no wiser as to American affairs than when we left Queenstown. We got New York papers on that day to the 23rd May, which you must have had the following Monday. There was then nothing new, but I observed that Captain R. S. Fay was with General



Butler ; and had been sent with a party to capture a light ship. I suppose it is Richard the Second, and not the father.

This afternoon we shall get, I hope, the news of the day, which, of course, will be eighteen days later. At the same time I hardly anticipate anything very startling.

Our weather has been very good during the voyage, but the wind has been constantly ahead. But it has been moderate and the sea never very rough. My nights have been uncomfortable because my state room is the worst but one in the ship—being the farthest aft—and this is one of the cases in which the devil always takes the hindmost.

The Arabia is a very uneasy ship, and would be intolerable in a gale, and I have been obliged to perform every morning a war-dance on one leg in my state room, while abluting and decking my form.

Poor Guild has borne the voyage very well. He enjoys the cold breezes of the Atlantic, and says that they strengthen him, but I should think they must be death to him. He is ashy pale, and pants for breath when he talks, but he likes to talk all the time. I made acquaintance with Miss Ashburner and Miss Sedgwick. The latter is a pretty and pleasing girl—the daughter of an old school-fellow of mine, Berdon Sedgwick, who is dead. I have found young Peabody a very intelligent and agreeable companion. He has

travelled much and observed a great deal. He is son to Geo. Peabody—very amiable and agreeable.

Friday afternoon last, 7th June, about an hour before sunset, we saw the first iceberg, longitude about 43 or 44; latitude, 49. We passed within  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile of it. It was about 300 yards long and perhaps 100 feet high, pale green in colour, very precipitous in form, with a deep rift or crevasse through its whole bulk. The sea broke over its base, as the surf on a rocky shore. Very soon afterwards there was another on the other bow, and before dark, 17 had been seen. We were driving along at the rate of 13 knots the hour, and it seemed rather a ticklish kind of egg dance as the night closed in. Fortunately the weather was clear and there was no difficulty in seeing them, and avoiding a collision. Several of us sat up in the smoking-room on deck till daylight—going on deck from time to time to look at the bergs. We were sailing all night through a complete archipelago of ice islands. Sometimes they were very near. One, I remember, was so close to the wheel house where I was standing, that it seemed possible to toss a biscuit on it. And in all directions along the horizon there were others. It was a very brilliant sight. They seemed like islands of fire, so intense was the pale light which they emitted through the dark atmosphere.

I turned in about three, when the dawn had already begun, but the icebergs were as thick as ever. At

one time there were fifty counted in sight at the same moment. You may suppose, therefore, that when I was dressing at about 8½, I was not specially delighted to hear the shriek of the fog whistle. Presently we blew off steam and stopped, and when I came on deck the fog was so thick that you could scarcely see the ship's length. Two immense bergs had been seen just before the fog set in, one of them said to be near 3 miles in length. This was probably a great exaggeration, however. Fortunately, in about two hours it cleared again, and we went on our way rejoicing—seeing several large icebergs astern of us. This was the last of them apparently. The group had extended over some 150 miles, and it was estimated that we saw as many as 200, so that there were possibly as many thousands, which were near, but out of sight. Since then we have been troubled with fog from time to time, but have not slackened our speed, but have been shrieking every half minute and tearing on through the impenetrable gloom. Now the weather is brilliantly clear, and we shall run into Halifax by one o'clock, remain there 2 or 3 hours, and probably reach Boston to-morrow night.

You need have no more anxiety. I shall probably not be able to write from Boston, by the steamer which will take this. But it would be superfluous, as you will find our arrival telegraphed in all the papers.

Good-bye, dearest, a thousand kisses to my three

darlings. I shall write you constantly. By the way, did you go to the House of Commons to hear the debate on America? It occurred to me that Friday night, when we were dodging among the icebergs, that it was the very evening when Gregory the great was establishing the sovereign southern confederacy.

I believe those icebergs will not disperse sooner, when they get into the Gulf Stream, than will that gulf state conspiracy when it really comes in contact with the torrent from the North. Farewell.—Ever your own

J. L. M.

*From Miss Lily Motley to Mr J. L. M.*

HERTFORD STREET, *July 5th*, 1861.

MY DEAREST PAPA, — We rather hoped to have a letter yesterday. . . . You did not say that you intended to stay in Washington for the opening of Congress as I rather thought you would do. . . .

I suppose Mamma told you what a pleasant ball we had at Lady Cowper's on Tuesday, where I enjoyed myself particularly. On Wednesday we went to an afternoon party at Grosvenor House, and had a bright day for the pictures and for wandering in the garden. Mrs Hughes and I walked to the end, and on the balcony of their house was a cluster of little heads, and Carrie's voice was heard eagerly demanding if Mr Du

Chaillu could not be seen. The little man, by the way, has got himself into a dreadful scrape which seems likely to increase the prejudice against him. It seems that the other night at some meeting, a man got up and put some questions as to whether Du Chaillu had seen with his own eyes certain musical instruments which he was describing. The way in which the question was put is said to have been very irritating and implying doubts of his veracity. After the meeting was over Du Chaillu rushed up to the man, abused him, and ended by spitting in his face! Of course this has caused much commotion; the man has taken to that usual course for all aggrieved individuals, a long letter to the *Times*, and Du C. publishes one at the same time apologizing for having "forgotten himself." I heard him repeating the story to several people with no particular symptoms of contrition, and exclaiming, "Mais enfin, je suis fatigué, moi, d'être appelé un imposteur." Mr Murray, whom we saw for a moment this morning, says that the man is an ill-conditioned fellow and was undoubtedly very irritating, but still the retaliation was uncivilized to say the least, and cannot be otherwise than an injury to the impetuous gorilla. He has, however, sold between nine and ten thousand copies of his book, a solid advantage of which his enemies cannot deprive him, and he is rubbing his hands at his good fortune in being in England instead of America in the present

state of things. We have demanded the book three separate times at Mudie's without being able to obtain it. He has still his faithful supporter too, and can shout, "Murchison to the rescue," on all occasions with little fear of his champions not obeying the summons. We went yesterday to inspect his hideous beasts, and found a variety of people inspecting them likewise. Mamma said to Lord Robert Cecil: "I must try to convert you Tories to the right views of America," upon which he answered: "Well, there is one way to convert us all—*Win the battles*, and we shall come round at once."

Wednesday we dined at the de Grey's with the Holfords, Prinseps, Higford Burr, Mr Doyle, Mr Layard, etc. My neighbour, a young Mr Osborne, said that he thought Lady de Grey as near perfection as it was possible to be, in which I fully agreed with him. We finished the evening by a *turkish bath* in the L.'s house, where, as usual, people inquired affectionately after you. Your letters have been read by the Argylls, Lord de Grey, Lord Stratford, and Mr Forster, and have now gone to Mr Layard. On Thursday we had the great treat to which we had been looking forward so eagerly, namely, Jenny Lind's concert. Lord Dudley lent his beautiful house for the occasion, and, of course, everybody went who could manage it. She sang various airs from the "Sonnambula," "Elisir d'Amore," and other operas,

“John Anderson my Jo,” and the Echo song. I cannot believe that her voice can have changed much, for if so it must have been *superhuman*. I do not think I ever felt so happy as I did while she was singing, and I can't imagine any higher enjoyment than hearing her in an opera. I cannot quite see how she can justify it to herself hiding her light under a bushel, as she does, when she knows what delight she might give to thousands of people. This afternoon we go to the Crystal Palace, but I cannot say I anticipate any great pleasure from the expedition as I have no desire to see Blondin. However, Lady Dufferin is to be with us which will make a great difference. By the way, the last time I saw Lord Dufferin he asked after you with great interest and begged to be particularly remembered. He has been as pleasant and nice as possible on the few occasions when we have met him. We were extremely shocked last evening by Mrs Norton's telling us of Mrs Browning's death. We see nothing of it in the paper this morning, and the report seems to need confirmation though, after all, from the bad accounts of her lately it is hardly surprising that she should die. I think a woman of genius and a great poetess has passed away.

LILY.

*From Miss Lily Motley to Mr J. L. M.*

31 HERTFORD STREET, *July 7th*, 1861.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—. . . The season has been gradually dying out since the beginning of the month and now seems at its last gasp. After this week I think we shall be at home every evening. Last Sunday we had such a charming dinner at the Wensleydales. Mr and Mrs Lowther, Mr Charles Howard and his son,<sup>1</sup> Sir Matthew Ridley and *his* son, the young man of whose triumphs at Harrow Lady Wensleydale is so proud. He is a handsome youth of about 19, and is, they say, very promising in every way. My other neighbour was George Howard, who is a charming boy, and as agreeable as any man of twice his years. He wants your photograph very much, but I have none for him. . . .

Monday was the annual concert at Landsdowne House, the crush which usually precedes it has been omitted this year. We had Grisi, Mario, Didiée, Graziani, etc., to sing, and the usual crowd to listen from the Duchess of Cambridge down to the Flea.<sup>2</sup> The people in our part of the room were all in a state of agitation to find out who two very handsome women in unmistakeably French toilettes were, and

<sup>1</sup> Now Earl of Carlisle.

<sup>2</sup> Mr Fleming.



speculating thereon kept us alive between the songs. They were at last ascertained to be people from Alsace, with lots of money made in the stocking trade, which, as Lady Dufferin says, puts them at once on a good footing in society. Sir William Alexander told me he had seen Mr Gladstone that day, who said he had just been reading a long and very interesting statement from you about America. Sir Wm. thought it had been given to him at the Cabinet meeting that morning, and we infer it to be your letter to the Duke of Argyll. We took your long letter from Washington and Woodland Hill to Lord Lyndhurst a day or two since, and found him at home. He was very kind and nice as he always is, and said he hoped you would come back, you were such a favourite, everybody liked you, etc. Yesterday he returned the letters with a note which I copy :

“ My DEAR MRS MOTLEY,—I have just finished Mr M.'s very interesting letter, and feel most grateful for his endeavours to soothe the irritation existing in the Northern States towards this country. I hope when you write you will remember me kindly to him. Accept my best thanks for the communication from which I have derived a much better account of the state of affairs on the other side of the water than from all the other channels of information from

which I have from time to time had access. I remain, etc."

Yesterday we had such a charming day at Dufferin Lodge. We all drove out there about two, and found dear Lady Dufferin in the midst of her Greek colony. She said that Lord D., when he heard what a quantity of crinolines there were to be, said that he must come and introduce a male element. Accordingly, he arrived just after we did, accompanied by the same Hungarian General, whose name I do not remember, who dined with us at Argyll Lodge and who was, they say, the real defender of Kars, although General Williams has the credit of it. It only rained three times in the course of the afternoon, so we were able to go in the grounds after luncheon. Lord D. won Susie's heart by swinging her with the other children for a long time, and then by sitting down in a wheelbarrow under the trees and talking nonsense for our amusement. They say that there are to be various changes in the Government. Lord John's removal to the Upper House is one and Lord Herbert's place will probably go—not to Lord de Grey but to Sir George Lewis. . . .

I have plunged into Palfrey's "New England," which I find very interesting. I think that the first founding of Plymouth Colony was one of the grandest things in all history, and I don't believe that the great tree which grew from such a germ is destined to wither

yet. I suppose state or sectional loyalty is not a good feeling, but still one cannot help feeling proud of New England. The paper containing your speech has arrived in safety. I am so glad you have seen the Agassiz.—Ever, dearest Papa, yr. loving

LILY.

### CHAPTER III

APPOINTED MINISTER TO THE COURT OF AUSTRIA  
—VIENNA—VISIT TO AMERICA OF MISS LILY MOTLEY  
—HER MARRIAGE

**P**RESIDENT LINCOLN appointed Mr Motley United States Minister to the Court of Austria, in August 1861, a position he occupied for six years.

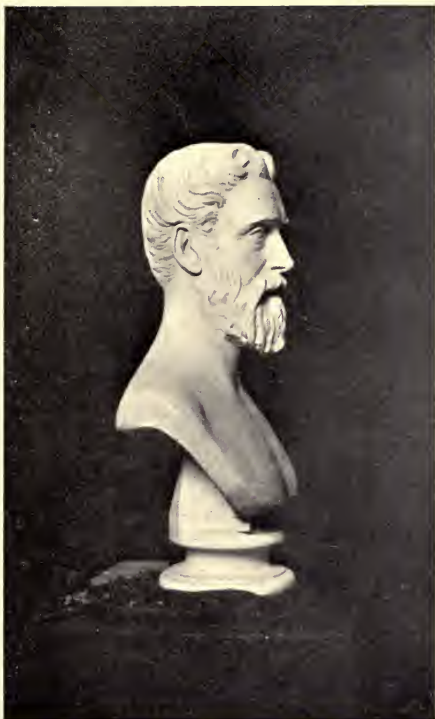
Before his return to England, to join his family, previously to taking up his post, Mrs Motley decided to let her second daughter, Mary, go to America to visit her grandparents, and she went there under the care of Mr and Mrs John Sturgis. During her stay in that country, which lasted till June 1863, she was remarkable for her untiring philanthropic labours for the Sanitary Commission.

On the way to Vienna, in 1861, Mr and Mrs Motley with two daughters were for a brief period in Paris where they met an old and very valued friend, Mrs Wm. Wadsworth, and it was settled that she should take the youngest girl, Susan, then a child, to Rome for the winter, promising to bring her to Venice in the ensuing spring, where her parents would meet her.



EMPERESS OF AUSTRIA WITH CROWN PRINCE  
RUDOLPH AND ARCHDUCHESS GISELA,  
VENICE, 1861





J. L. MOTLEY  
*Bust by Mr. W. W. Story*





In those days the Empress of Austria passed the winters at Venice, and it was there that the little picture was taken representing her in a gondola with her children, the Crown Prince Rudolph, and the Arch-Duchess Gisela.

Walking one day in Venice with the little Crown Prince a sentry failed to salute, and on being afterwards reprimanded for this, replied that he did not mind not having saluted the Empress as she was only a woman, but was heartily ashamed at not having recognized his Colonel.

Many of the following letters were written by Mr, Mrs, and Miss Lily Motley to Mary in America, some from England in 1861, and others from Vienna in 1862 and 1863. One in 1862 is from Mary to her mother. Mr Motley also wrote to Prince Bismarck, Lady William Russell, and Mr Hughes, and the last letter is a charming one from Dr Holmes to Miss Lily Motley.

*From Mrs J. L. Motley to Miss Mary Motley.*

FRYSTON HALL, YORKSHIRE,

*August 30th, 1861.*

MY DEAREST MARY,— . . . You can imagine how much excited we all were upon receiving a telegram from Mr Sturgis telling us of your father's appointment

to the Vienna mission. . . . I am very much afraid that he will be hurried to go to his post at once so that our stay in England will be shortened. This I should regret, as every day that is left to us here seems to be made of gold, for I can't tell you how sorry I am to leave England and our many friends. Of course I am very thankful for the appointment on your father's account, as it is a means of reconciling conflicting duties and combines many advantages. He will now be able to serve his country, which he individually can do much better abroad than at home, and at the same time to go on with his work. His position too, as a diplomatic agent, will be of great advantage to him as an author in opening to him many closed doors, and for this I value it more than for any other advantage it may possess. . . . .

As for the outside life which belongs to the profession it is to me simply a bore, particularly in Germany the headquarters of etiquette. . . . Vienna itself is not objectionable and has the advantage of being in the heart of a beautiful country. The idea of a home, too, for a few years has its attractions, for I know what a comfort and necessity it is to your father to have a permanent abode where he can have his books and working materials about him, arranged to his satisfaction. I am told that the Vienna society is very fine and exclusive, and even if this were not the case, I am afraid we have been too much spoiled by

England to derive much pleasure from foreign society. Lord Somers was saying the other day at Cromer (he is just from Vienna) that the Bloomfields (he is the English Ambassador) had just received their first invitation to dinner after having been in the place 18 months! This does not sound very hospitable, does it? Certainly not according to English ideas; . . . . Odo Russell, who has lived there a good deal, and who likes the place, was not surprised at the accounts about the Bloomfields, for he says that dinners are almost unknown there among the natives who go to the Opera or play every night and receive afterwards and entertain otherwise in the shape of hops and balls. This will be more amusing for you "giggling young things," than for such antiques as Papa and I are. Of course the place is dear as we are to live in it but not nearly as much so as Paris or London. I dread the court business presentations, stupid, diplomatic etiquette, and only wish I could look forward to being as *au fait* at it all in three months as Mrs Adams was here in a week. I daresay I shall make it out after a fashion, and we shall contrive to shake into our places before the end of the winter, but at first it seems dismal to go among strangers in a strange place where one has literally not a single acquaintance to begin with. I hope it will please Providence, as Miss Buchberger would say, to "erect a home" for us in time. . . .

Now that the first excitement of this new plan has passed away, I find I am really disappointed not to go home, which I had looked upon for the last few weeks as such a certainty that my thoughts and anticipations had all run in that direction, and I could not deny myself the happiness of anticipating the meeting with so many friends. Alas! years must now pass before I look upon their dear faces and receive their welcome greetings. . . . Your poor father must have been terribly cut up by the news that awaited him at Washington of our fresh misfortunes and at the irreparable loss the country has sustained in the death of the gallant General Lyons. I feel sick at heart when I think of the bloodshed and consequent misery that must be in store for so many people if this war goes on, and yet it seems impossible to stop until we have achieved something for the good cause—as yet no light seems to come out of the darkness. . . .

Everybody, or almost everybody I talk with believes a separation of the country to be inevitable, but even if they are right, I don't see how the result is going to mend matters for there never was anything that seemed so hopeless whatever way you look at it. I never have been sanguine as you know and certainly thus far my fears have been confirmed. . . . We were so fortunate as to meet the deGrey's<sup>1</sup> on the way yesterday and were 3 hours in the same railway carriage until we

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon.

got out at Knottingley, which is Mr Milnes' station. Our host and hostess are as kind as possible, and the place is a fine one, and the life enjoyable as English country life always is. There are a great many people in the house, nice and stupid mixed together. Lady William Russell would not be enticed away from her house in London, but Arthur and Odo are here and both of them as charming as ever. They are very much pleased at your father's diplomatic prospects and so were the de Greys, and so is Mr Milnes and everybody else. I had such a kind note of congratulation this morning from our devoted friend Mr Layard. We hope that your father will join us immediately at Studley on his arrival which, however, will interfere a little with our proposed plan of visits. . . .

*From Miss Lily Motley to Miss Mary Motley.*

STUDLEY, *Sept. 12th*, 1861.

MY DEAREST MARY,— . . . I believe Mamma wrote you last from the Forsters, where we passed two very pleasant days and then came on here on Saturday. Lord and Lady Bury and their little boy were in the train with us bound for the same destination. We found this house very much improved by a new entrance since last year, and the park of course as beautiful as ever.

Lord and Lady de Grey are, of course, as kind and charming as ever, and I am fully convinced that she is as near an angel as any mortal can be. . . .

Papa was obliged to rush off to Scotland the day after we arrived in order to see Lord John or rather Lord Russell who is at Abergeldie. . . . It is very melancholy to think that our days in England are numbered, and will so soon be at an end. . . .—Ever afftly.,

LILY.

*From Mrs J. L. M. to Miss Mary Motley.*

MAURIGY'S HOTEL,  
LONDON, *Sept. 20th*, 1861.

DEAREST MARY,—I was so sorry that I was not able to write to you by the last week's steamer. Lily told you why I had not done so. I was not seriously ill but weak and good for nothing. I am all right again, however, although I regretted every hour at Studley that was not passed in enjoyment. The de Greys were more charming if possible than ever, and possess the secret of making everybody happy about them. I think I never saw three people who had greater sources of happiness in each other as well as everything that the world can give in the shape of prosperity. When I think of them and of other dear English friends my heart warms to the whole nation in spite of their want

of sympathy with the great national struggle in which our unhappy country is involved. It is quite true what Mrs Browning said, we must learn to do without sympathy and we shall come out of the fiery furnace of our affliction all the better and stronger for not having had it. I wish we cared less than we do about what other nations think of us, we must possess our souls in patience and await the moving and the result of great events to speak for themselves, and if *success* ever comes to us we shall have more sympathy and applause than we care about. I try to keep your father as quiet as possible although the task is not an easy one. . . . He is certainly a great favourite in England and always influences the opinions of people, more or less, by what he says, although even he finds it impossible to convince even those who are best disposed towards us of the necessity of fighting. They have had such losses themselves and so much suffering from war that they look with horror upon the certainty of a long and bloody conflict in America and can see no good in any possible result. There is certainly no danger at present of England's recognizing the Southern Confederacy or of her interference in our blockade; neither do I believe that they are as much appalled by the danger of a cotton famine as they might naturally be supposed to be. The Government want to let us alone and I firmly believe intend to do so. I can't help fearing that there is more danger that

threatens us from France than from England. I hear a great many sensible people say this although your father is not disposed to attach much importance to such opinions. He had a delightful visit to Abergeldie, Lord Russell's, and came back in better spirits than he went. They were as kind as possible to him and as they always are and have been to him and to all of us. Your father was summoned to Balmoral Castle (which is in the neighbourhood of Abergeldie) and had an hour's interview with the Prince Consort. In the midst of the conversation the door opened and in walked Her Majesty the Queen. She was very gracious and confined herself in conversation principally to the topic of the visit of the Prince of Wales to America. After the ceremony of introduction was over her first remark was: "We already know Mr Motley from his fine writings." I was very glad that he had this chance of seeing the Queen, for after having been so long in the country I wished him to do so as a matter of respect, and as a diplomatic personage it was quite important that he should be able to say that he had had an introduction to the Sovereign here. He is very busy to-day writing despatches and I fear will not have a chance of writing to you or to his mother, which I know he intended to do.

Lord Lyndhurst was charming as he always is, and so kind and even affectionate to your father and saying agreeable things which he evidently felt. I am sorry



to say that I thought him looking anything but well, and I can't help feeling somewhat anxious about him, he came to London from Tunbridge Wells for advice and change of air. I seemed to realize for the first time yesterday that he really was an old man. He was more feeble than I had ever seen him but his mind is as vivid and bright as ever. He is deeply interested in all your father had to say about America, and all his sympathies are with us.

*From Mrs Motley to Miss Mary Motley.*

VIENNA, Jan. 27th, 1862.

MY DEAREST MARY,—It is a good while since I have written to you. . . . I dare say in time I shall get accustomed to the way of life here. It is not an easy thing for a person at my age to plunge into new things and people with a foreign language as a medium of communication. I get on, however, better than I expected, and Lily's German makes all the difference in the world to her in society. . . . It is by far the most exclusive society I ever saw, and the lines are so sharply drawn that there is no mistaking them. It must necessarily be a small society where the girls can and do "tutoyer" each other, and a very pretty sight is a ball-room, when you see them as it were forming one group, laughing and talking and rushing about at their own sweet wills between the dances.

They are most of them very well bred and natural. . . . At the balls, which always last between five and six hours (for dancing here in carnival time is the business of life with the young), I cultivate my acquaintance with the Mamas, some of whom I like particularly, those who speak English, which they seem to like to speak when they have an opportunity of so doing. Some of our colleagues are also very nice and I should say that the diplomatic corps contains as few bores as it would be possible to find anywhere. The Bloomfields are just as nice and kind and good as they can be, and the English secretaries and attachés charming. Oh!—Mary there is no denying the fact that English people *are* charming, and I defy the most furious of patriots to resist some of the natives of perfidious Albion. We had such a delightful dinner the other day at Baron Rothschild's, and why? because it was so like a London dinner being composed almost entirely of English people. Lady Bloomfield is heart and soul in favour of the North, and your father was pouring into her willing ear the story of the great rebellion. She told me after dinner how much interested she had been in his conversation and how much she enjoyed his enthusiasm, which, as she very justly remarked, was the great want of the age.

Your father and Lord B. have had the most frank and friendly relations since the beginning of the Trent business, and I don't know which was the most ardent

in their expressions of their desire for peace. Lady B. came up to us after church the first Sunday after the good news came from home, pressed my hand, and murmured a fervent "Thank God." The Duc de Gramont, too, has been most kind and friendly to your father, and expressed his satisfaction at having him as a colleague. He told your father weeks before the decision of our Government came that he (the Duc) had taken the liberty of mentioning him (your father) in his despatches to the French Government, and of expressing his satisfaction and approval of the tone he assumed in relation to our unhappy troubles with England. Lord Bloomfield told me the other day he had said the same thing in writing to the English Government.

Since your father has known from Lord B. that Lord Russell's despatch was couched in civil and courteous language, he has had no hesitation in assuring his colleagues and the Austrians that he could almost vouch for what the answer of our Government would be, and that in giving up these prisoners it would improve the opportunity by showing its respect for international law, and vindicate its own principles of the rights of neutrals. The Diplomatic people came almost in a body to congratulate him upon the good sense and moderation shown by our Government in its wise decision and added :—

" You know you have always said how it would be,

and we sympathize with you in the satisfaction you must feel that your predictions have been so happily verified. . . .”

The old Empress mother is not well and does not receive, and I have only one more Court visit to make to the Archduchess Marie, who everybody says is so sweet and amiable.

These visits are made by your father in uniform and by me (accompanied and introduced by the Doyenne of the diplomatic corps) in a dress with a train. This appendage is made in the skirt itself and is not a separate garment as it is in England and elsewhere. We were ushered into a room where the Archduchess was not, and received by one of her ladies. After five minutes the doors of the next room were thrown open and there the Archduchess was. We all three made sweeping curtsies and then she waved us to seats and began to talk first to me and then to my companion, Mde. Bille-Brahe. The most interesting part of the conversation I have already related to you. . . .

—Ever your loving,

M. E. M.

*From Miss Lily Motley to Miss Mary Motley.*

VIENNA, Feb. 11th, 1862.

MY DEAREST MARY,—I am sorry to tell you that you will again be obliged to put up with one of my letters. . . . This morning came two letters from dear Susy,

one of the 1st and the other of 4th of Feb., giving us the sad intelligence of a very dangerous attack of dear Lady William's<sup>1</sup> of angina pectoris, attended by a trouble something like paralysis. It happened the night of the very day Susy had seen her, apparently well and in good spirits. In the letter of the 4th she reports Lady W. as *better* and says that Mrs Story has great hopes of her recovery, at first the doctors did not think she could possibly recover and she thought so herself, and gave her last directions to her sons, but three days after she was herself again and able to listen to Odo's despatches, which he read to her. Susy said that Arthur was very much overcome which seems to be quite natural in the face of the great danger to his mother and such a mother. If ever children had a right to reverence a parent those young men have, for what has she not been to them? Dear Lady William, I did not know how much I loved her until I heard that her precious life was in danger. God grant that it may be spared yet for many a year. She is very fond of your father, and seems to feel for him the same kind of tender affection that she does for her own boys. She keeps his photograph (or several of them) on the table by her bedside and amuses herself making up names for him. She wrote him the other day such a kind and characteristic letter full of fun, but so sad. . . . After your father's appoint-

<sup>1</sup> Lady William Russell.

ment to this place she wrote me such a loving letter which I shall always cherish in memory of the kind heart that dictated it. . . .

Your father had a most kind letter to-day from dear old Lord Wensleydale from which I send you some extracts.

He writes from Ampthill and begins :—

“MY DEAR MOTLEY,—My dear wife and myself have had for weeks past a great longing to hear something about you and your belongings, and as I do not know how to gain information in that not uninteresting subject from any other quarter I must ask myself how you are all going on.”

He then goes on to talk of Vienna and his friends here, and afterwards gets on American matters as follows :—

“I was in deep anxiety at the time of the unfortunate affair of the Trent. How I should have hated to be at war with your free and great country ! How unfeignedly I rejoiced to hear the almost unexpected news that the dispute was settled, and how sincerely I hope that no other event will occur to prevent us remaining at peace with each other forever. . . .”

I hope you have all read John Stuart Mill’s magnificent article in *Fraser’s Magazine* on the American struggle, and he is universally acknowledged to be the great *thinker* of England and cannot fail to impress

his views sooner or later in a greater or less degree upon the national mind. . . .

There was a magnificent ball at Marquise Pallavicini's on Sunday which lasted till 7 in the morning, when people breakfasted before going home to sleep. Of course we did not go, but I confess it was a great trial to our principles to resist the temptation. . . .

*From Hon. J. L. Motley to Prince Bismarck.*

LEGATION OF THE  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,  
VIENNA, *Aug. 29th, 1862.*

MY DEAR BISMARCK,—I have been at this post now about eight months, and ever since I came here I have been most desirous of opening communications with you. But for a long time you seemed to be so much on the move between Berlin, Petersburg and Paris, that, even if I should succeed in getting a letter to you, it appeared doubtful whether I should be lucky enough to receive a reply.

Perhaps I shall be no more successful now—for the newspapers inform me that you are in some watering place in the South of France—so I shall write but a very brief note, merely to express my great desire to hear from you again, and my hope that in an idle moment, if you ever have such, you will send me a line

to tell me of yourself, your prospects, and of your wife and children.

Pray give my sincerest regards to Mad. de Bismarck, and allow me to add those of my wife, altho' personally still unknown to you both—alas !

I don't know whether you have observed in any newspaper that I was appointed, about a year ago, minister plenip., etc., etc. to this Court. I arrived here from America about the beginning of November. I much fear that this is the very last place in Europe where I shall ever have the good luck of seeing you. Nevertheless, whether you remain in Paris, or go—as seems most likely from all I can gather from private and public sources—to Berlin this autumn, to form a ministry, in either case there is some chance of our meeting, some time or other, while there would have been none, so long as you remained in St Petersburg. Pray let me have a private line from you. You can't imagine how much pleasure it will give me. My meeting with you in Frankfort, and thus renewing the friendship of our youth, will remain one of the most agreeable and brightest chapters of my life. And it is painful to think that already that *renewed* friendship is beginning to belong to the Past, and that year after year is adding a fold to the curtain.

Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,  
Labuntur Anni.

However you *must* write to me and tell me where



we can meet next summer—if no sooner. I wish you would let me know whether, and how soon you are to make a Cabinet in Berlin. Remember that when you write to me, it is as if you write to some one in the planet Jupiter. *Personally* I am always deeply interested in what concerns *you*. But politically I am a mere spectator of European affairs, and wherever, and whatever my sympathies in other times than these might be, I am too entirely engrossed with the portentous events, now transacting in my own country, to be likely to intermeddle or make mischief in the doings of this hemisphere—save in so far as they may have bearing on our own politics. You can say anything you like to me then, as freely as when you were talking to me in your own house about the “Pig-Doggery.”

The cardinal principle of American diplomacy has always been to abstain from all intervention or participation in European affairs. This has always seemed to me the most enlightened view to take of our exceptional and therefore fortunate, political, and geographical position. I need not say how earnest we are in maintaining that principle, at this moment, when we are all determined to resist to the death any interference on the part of Europe in our affairs.

I wish by the way you would let me know anything you can pick up in regard to the French Emperor's intentions or intrigues in regard to our Civil war.

Of course I don't suggest to you, for an instant, any violation of confidence, but many things might be said with great openness to you that would not, from reserve, or politeness, or a hundred of other reasons, be said to an American diplomatist.

I suppose there is no doubt whatever that L. N. has been perpetually, during the last six months, provoking, soliciting, or teasing the English Cabinet to unite with him in some kind of intervention. And that the English ministers have steadily refused to participate in the contemplated crime. Of course they know, and he knows, that intervention means war with the United States Government and people on behalf of the rebel slaveholders—but I have good reason to know that the English Government refuses—and that Ld. Palmerston even ridicules the idea as preposterous. Not that the English love us. On the contrary, they hate us, but they can't understand how it will help the condition of their starving populations in the manufacturing districts to put up the price of cotton 500 per cent., which a war with America would do, and to cause an advance in corn in the same proportion. There is no doubt that the harvest in England is a very bad one, and that they must buy some 30 million sterling worth of foreign corn. On the other hand, the harvest in America is the most fruitful ever known since that continent was discovered.

Unless lunatics were at the head of affairs in England

they would not seize this opportunity of going to war with the granary of corn and cotton without a cause.

But it may be different with France. She is fond of "la gloire," and she is sending out an expedition to Mexico, altho' she seems likely to have her hands full in Italy just now. Moreover L. N. is the Heaven appointed arbiter of all sublunary affairs, and he doubtless considers it his mission to "save civilization" in our continent, as he has so often been good enough to do in the rest of the world.

What do you think is his real design? How far do you believe he has gone in holding out definite encouragement to the secessionist agents in France? Do you think he has any secret plot with them to assist them against us in the gulf of Mexico? Will he attempt anything of this kind without the knowledge and connivance of England? I say no more except to repeat that perhaps you may give me a useful hint or two from time to time of what you hear and know. It is unnecessary for me to say that I shall keep sacredly confidential anything you may say to me as such.

I shall not go into the subject of our war at all, save to say that it is to me an inconceivable idea that any man of average intellect or love of right can possibly justify this insurrection of the slaveholders. The attempt to destroy a prosperous, powerful, and happy commonwealth like ours, merely that on its ruins might be constructed a slavebreeding, slaveholding

confederacy, is one of the greatest crimes that history has recorded. In regard to the issue of the war, I don't entertain the slightest doubt, if foreign interference is kept off. If the slaveholders obtain the alliance of France, the war will of course be indefinitely protracted. If we are left to ourselves, I think, with the *million of men* that we shall have in the field in the course of the month of October, and with a fleet of 12 or 15 first-class ironclad frigates, which will be ready by that time, that the insurrection cannot hold out a great while longer. However of that I am not sure. . . . When I see how the telegraph and the European press has been constantly worked for the interest of the secessionists, it does not surprise me to see the difficulty which honest people have of arriving at the truth, either in fact or in theory. Do you know your colleague, Mr Dayton, U.S. Minister in Paris? Let me recommend him to you as a most excellent and honourable man.

Renewing all my kindest regards to you and yours, believe me, my dear Bismarck, always most sincerely your old friend,

J. L. MOTLEY.

*From Miss Mary Motley to her Mother.*

RIVERDALE, Sept. 28th, 1862.

MY DEAREST MAMMA,—Your dear letter of Sept. 11th reached me Wednesday evening. I am sorry you should

be feeling so blue, but I suppose it is natural enough. One cannot hear of so many brave youths being killed, wounded, or taken prisoner, without feeling heart-sick. The question now seems to be, not who will be shot, but who will be spared. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, and the less we look into the future the better. God only knows whether we shall prevail in the end. . . . One thing is certain, the end is not yet. . . . Was there ever a great nation so badly off for good generals as we are? Would the Southerners have got on and done as well as they have, had they Fremont, Pope and Macdowell instead of Johnston Lee, Jeff Davis, Jackson & Co. They manage to have the most talented ones in the highest places and, consequently, do some work. I rather think Franklin, Porter, Burnside, Sumner, Sedgwick, and a few others, are good generals and might fill higher positions than those they occupy, with honour. Kearney was the most splendid fighter, I should say, perfectly bold and reckless, but perfectly indifferent as to the sufferings and feelings of his officers and men. Some time before Harry Sturgis resigned he was in Kearney's brigade, and being quite ill, he once applied to this general for a short furlough, to go no further than Fortress Monroe. The answer Kearney sent him was "that he didn't care a d—— whether he died or not, that one live man was worth two dead ones, and he might stay where he was." For all that he fought with the

impetuosity of a demon and must have inspired his men with courage, for all the soldiers I used to see in the Washington Hospital belonging to his brigade used to speak of him with the greatest admiration. He and Lauder must have been alike in many respects, and it seems a pity they both should have been killed. . . .

On Thursday I drove over the Brookline with Aunt Annie to go to poor Wilder Dwight's funeral. When we got to the church we found it already so crowded that we could procure but one seat very near one of the doors for Aunt Annie, and that, of course, she left when we went to see the escort. We returned to the church during the funeral service, and then went out again to see the procession move slowly along on its way to the graveyard. First came six companies of the 44th regiment, the men marching silently along with arms reversed and to the sound of solemn music and muffled drums. Next came the hearse drawn by four black horses. The coffin was covered with the American flag on which were wreaths of flowers and the cap, coat and sword the Colonel had worn when he was shot. The pall bearers, among whom were Judge Abbott and Col. Stevenson, and the carriages containing friends and relations closed the procession. The whole was most solemn, but the most touching thing of all was the horse which was led after the hearse. The empty saddle told the whole tale more

eloquently than any words could express. We then went to the graveyard and heard Dr Quint, the chaplain of the 2nd Mass, who had been with Wilder in his last moments, make a most eloquent address, after which a beautiful hymn was sung, and then some time afterwards the customary three volleys were fired. The men of the 4th battalion had only had their muskets three days, but the volleys were fired as evenly as if they had been practising every day since they enlisted. . . .

I saw Mrs Holmes at the Sanitary on Tuesday. She was very pleasant and as chipper as possible at the prospect of seeing her dearly beloved boy so soon. . . . I hope we shall have some good news for you when I begin my next letter. By the way what do you think of the Emancipation Bill? . . .

*From Mr J. L. M. to Lady William Russell.*

VIENNA, Jan. 7th, 1863.

DEAR LADY WILLIAM,—I was on the point of writing you, on the very morning on which I received your kind note.

Most fervently do I return your New Year wishes and I pray that there may be healing and strength for you in the coming year. How often do we think of you and talk of you. How ardently do I wish that I could transport myself to Audley Square and take

my humble corner among the troops of friends that cluster around your little cream bottle. Alas for perfidious Albion—"Felix Austria" makes me no amends for her loss. I might live here for the rest of the century and never take root; while I am still bleeding from my eternal extirpation from your hostile but congenial soil. The Austrians are charming people—sing and play and dance divinely—but they don't like strangers, I fancy. These may disport themselves on the periphery, but—so my colleagues say—rarely become naturalised in the interior.

You they adore—but how could they help that? All delight to talk of you—and indeed my only art *pour me faire valoir* is to boast of your friendship.

I am thinking of having an official card engraved thus :—

Mr M.....

ami de Milady W. R.....

No. 20 Favoriten Strass.

I hope you won't object to my putting this little halo around my head.

I can't say that I have done my part and have been thus far but the merest "looker on in Vienna." My heart is always heavy within me. I won't bore you with our political affairs for one moment. But you with your sympathetic nature will feel with us when I tell you in what anxiety we are in at this instant expecting, daily, detailed news from North Carolina.



Our union general, as we learn from meagre telegrams, has had four battles there, in all of which he was victorious, but with considerable loss. Now my favorite nephew (a young Captain Stackpole)<sup>1</sup> is on the general's staff, and we don't know whether he is dead or alive and shall not for some days. He is more like a son than a nephew, having been brought up in my family since his childhood with my own children, his father being dead.

He is a very fine young fellow, full of talent, culture, scholarship—but ready, as all our young men are, to lay everything on this dread issue, whether our great commonwealth is to be saved, or to be blotted out for ever by the slave holders' conspiracy.

Truth, when it does get on its boots, muddles along, pede claudo—and never overtakes the antecedent, until the public interest is over.

But then what does it signify? A calculation was once made, during the early wars of this century, that the number of men killed, according to Napoleon's bulletins, in his various battles, amounted to a little more than the whole population of Europe. *Weiter nichts*. Now if one, quick at figures, should attempt to count the number of union troops slain during the past year, he would find the whole people of the U. States exterminated, I don't doubt.

<sup>1</sup> Son of Mrs Motley's sister and afterwards Colonel Joseph Lewis Stackpole.

I have seen grave assertions quoted from your paper, that we lost 37,000 men in the late battle of Fredericksburg. Our general in command, who is as truthful as he is brave, says officially that he had 1100 killed, and less than 7000 wounded, the greater part not severely.

We made a daring, but unsuccessful assault on an impregnable position, kept it up till night-fall—then remained two days on the field of battle—buried our dead—removed our wounded—and then, as the river behind us was fast rising, we withdrew on our pontoon bridges, the third night, without losing a man or a wagon. This is the unvarnished fact. Yet all Europe believes it was a Berezina. Well, if that amuses them—why not? We have had a bit of ill-luck—and our only consolation is that, according to friends and foes, no soldiers ever fought more heroically. The army is at this moment much stronger than it was before. . . .

Peccavi—Peccavi—I didn't mean to say one word of all this. Forgive me.

*Paulo majora canamus.* Let me speak of Prince Paul. I grieve to say that he is again ill, having surmounted his broken ankle most admirably, but, of late, having had a cold and fever. Yesterday, however, he was better. Count Waldstein, whom I met yesterday, and who gave me many details of his London visit, and of your ladyship, spoke of him with some anxiety.

The last time I saw him (P. P. Esterhazy) he was in

good spirits and in excellent health—had just won £2000 in a race. I shall go and enquire this afternoon again.

Do you know the minister of the departed Otto the great, at this court—Baron Sina, the Vienna billionaire? Why doesn't Lord Palmerston make him King of Greece?

Best of references from his last place—speaks Greek and German—belongs to the Greek Church—salary no object—etc. etc.

The Alfred coup is much admired here. Whether the annexation by Greece of the Ionian Islands is as much to the taste of this government may be doubted.

Also the theory that Kings may be discharged, like butlers, with a fortnight's notice, which Lord John has been so calmly laying down, doesn't meet with favor. But then Austria is only beginning to be a constitutional country.

I wonder if you know the house which we have taken. It is a pleasant one, *entre cour* and *jardin*, and the garden is a very large one. It is a *separate* house too, which I like so much better having no *profanum vulgus* under the same roof.

My proprietor is a Polish Countess, Husarzewska by name, who says she is *intimately acquainted with you*.

The young Count (who is a gentleman-like youth) was in London for a few days this summer, and said he heard you were not in town.

There are also two daughters whom I have not yet seen. The house is in the faubourg called the Wieden—Street called the Favoriten St. They have now gone to Cracow.

I wish I wasn't so stupid. I am afraid you will deprive me of my family name—Varius<sup>1</sup>—Horace couples my epical ancestor with Virgil as his best friends.

Varius Sinuessae, Virgiliusque  
Occurrunt; animae quales neque candidiores  
Terra tulit.

By the way, Sinnessa, which seems to have been the seat of the Roman branch of my family, was in Campania, and famous for its wine. I hope this letter will have better luck than those I wrote from Rome, which seem to be *spurlos verschwunden*.

I send the best photograph I have, I am much honoured by the request. But it is a *titre de revanche*. Lily has none at this moment, but she is to have one done immediately and it will be an excuse for me to write again to send it. Her mother has never been done.

Once more I pray the New Year to bring you its choicest blessings.—Most sincerely yours,

VARIUS MISERRIMUS.

P.S.—Pray remember me kindly to your sons and to any one else who may remember me.

<sup>1</sup> Lady William Russell's name for Mr Motley.



HUSARZEWSKI PALAIS, VIENNA  
*American Legation during Mr. Motley's Mission*



*From Miss Lily Motley to Miss Mary Motley.*

VIENNA, *Jany.* 19<sup>th</sup>, 1863.

DEAREST MARY,—I am going to add a sheet to Papa's letter. . . . We were delighted to receive the copy of Lewis' letter and feel very thankful that he is safe. I do not like to speak of military operations which I know nothing about whatever, but in all humility the thought will suggest itself whether "two miles of rail," were not rather dear at the price of "three battles and a fight and their necessary losses. If you see Lucy<sup>1</sup> please tell her I do not know whether to congratulate her most on Colonel Codman's safety or his gallantry. We saw by the paper that poor Russell Sturgis had returned to Newberne. His life must be dreary enough now, but I trust that he will be spared for the sake of those little motherless children. I have heard him blamed for going originally, but I cannot see the justice of such a view. If a man feels that in such a time as this his first duty is to his country, and has the courage to leave his wife and children, however painful the sacrifice, I can only feel admiration and sympathy for him. After all the manner in which personal interests are cast aside for the sake of a great principle is the grandest and most heroic feature in the whole war, and therein lies the real strength of the American people. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Charles Codman.

We had a dinner on Saturday, the Ayllons, the buried Majesty of Denmark, that is to say, the deposed minister and his wife, the Borsch's, the representative of that great potentate, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who, by a political fiction confined to the Emperor of Austria and himself, is supposed to be still reigning, the Dutch minister and his secretary, Mr Lytton, and various other people. Do you know that I was seriously asked the other day if *Faust* was not written by *Shakespeare*, and by a German too.—Ever most affectionately,

LILY.

*From Miss Lily Motley to Miss Mary Motley.*

VIENNA, 3rd Feb., 1863.

MY DEAREST MARY,—I must contrive to scribble something for you to-day. Since your family were last heard from they have undergone various trying scenes with Spartan fortitude, and are beginning to congratulate themselves that the end of Carnival is not far distant. Tuesday last we had a dinner of nineteen gentlemen. The twentieth guest, Prince Charles Liechtenstein, who was rather the *motif* of the occasion than otherwise, sent an apology the day before because he was invited to one of the Archdukes. When he got there, however, he did *not* sit in a chair because his host had just been summoned to the



Emperor. So the unfortunate man, between his two dinners and an invitation from Lord Bloomfield *par dessus le marché* got nothing to eat! Wednesday was the battle of the Burg, otherwise the Court Ball. We had to be at the Palace at 8 o'clock, where, of course, everybody assembled in full uniforms and court dress, in a big ball-room. The *corps diplomatique* were arranged in a large circle at one end, and there we stood for two mortal hours. A little while after we had formed, the Emperor and Empress appeared upon the scene followed by various Archdukes and Archduchesses. The Empress wore a white tulle (sweeping the ground, with a tunic of light silver net-work. Bodice and skirt were half covered with diamonds, of immense size, some of them. A crown of the same was on the most beautiful chestnut hair that I almost ever saw. She is a magnificent creature, moves with grace and dignity and carries off her great height with perfect ease. Indeed, instead of appearing tall herself, she has the effect of making others look small. She is far handsomer than her photographs which, of course, cannot convey the impression of youth and bloom, which is one of the first effects she produces. Her figure is beautiful, her complexion that sort of *mat* white that is so brilliant in the evening. Her eyes are dark and her whole expression singularly gentle with even a shade of timidity. She spoke English to us which she knows very well, in a very low voice.

What her remarks were, I am really unable to remember exactly, but I believe that to me they had reference chiefly to balls and dancing. When she had moved on and was beginning to make the gentlemen happy with the light of her countenance, the various Archduchesses indulged us with a little small talk. One of them, the Archduchess Marie, is the most agreeable person in Vienna, full of fun and fond of talking to people. Another is a pretty girl of eighteen, who wore a charming wreath of real camelias mixed with sheafs of diamond wheat. Last of all came the Emperor, who begins at the gentlemen's end. He is by no means bad looking, in fact rather attractive in appearance than otherwise, with a very good erect figure, but I thought he looked at Elizabeth Bülow and me as if he considered young ladies an embarrassing invention. However, he contrived to screw out a remark or two and then departed, looking relieved. At last the "cercle" came to an end and we were allowed to dance instead of standing, but I was so tired that I was very glad when twelve o'clock arrived, when the Court vanished, and we all waited for an hour or so on the staircase for our carriages. The scene was brilliant as far as uniforms and an immense display of diamonds were concerned, but otherwise it was much like other balls only that there was not a great deal of dancing. Last night there was the usual great ball at Marquis Pallavicini's. It is certainly a very beautiful

house, and there is no doubt that they can do the thing in style when they please, which is not often. I danced from ten till about half-past two, which is enough for any reasonable mortal. I wish I were working with you instead of going to balls. . . .

Any amount of love. . . .—Ever lovingly,

LILY.

*From Mr J. M. to Mr T. Hughes.*

VIENNA, *February 9th, '63.*

MY DEAR HUGHES—I have never written to thank you for your kind note from Venice. The truth is my letters are of necessity not worth reading—for the only subject which can interest full grown men just now, is our civil war, and on that topic, you being so much nearer the other coast of the Atlantic than I am, get fresher information. I enjoyed—more than I can tell—our long talks together in those summer days—alas too quickly flown—at Vöslau—and I feel so much obliged to you and your wife and Miss Stanley<sup>1</sup> for your kindness in making us that visit, that I can't find it in my heart to reproach you for its brevity, altho' we had counted on a much longer one. But what is an insipid piece of note-paper like this, to the unlimited power of the human tongue, provided the human ear

<sup>1</sup> Miss Mary Stanley, sister of the Dean of Westminster.

has the requisite capacity of endurance. I always feel, here, that if I speak more than thirty seconds about America, I am becoming an intolerable bore—whereas I flatter myself that I didn't quite exhaust your patience with all my prosings at Vöslau. It is a great pleasure to me to reflect that men like you sympathise with this great noble cause, for which so many heroes are laying down their lives. If ever in human history a war was holy, then certainly is this great revolt of the free people of America against the slave-power a sacred conflict. My motive in writing to you is to thank you for your eloquent and manly and plucky speech at the great Exeter Hall meeting. I am very glad that the masses of England are stirring themselves in the right direction, because I think a moral alliance between the liberal and enlightened portions of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family necessary for the progress of civilization and the best interests of humanity.

For myself, I have long since outgrown any tendency to irritation at the pro-slavery slaves of journals like the *London Times* or the *New York Herald*, or of pro-slavery orators like Gregory and Lindsay on one side of the ocean, or of Vallandigham and John van Buren on the other.

I have lived to see the most populous and important of Slave States (Missouri) passing voluntary emancipation, and the United States congress voting more

money, per slave, compensation money to that State than was done by the West India emancipation act. And the same thing will be done in Maryland and Kentucky—the moment they accept it—which they very soon *must* do. A man who had hazarded the prophecy of such an event in 1862, five years ago, would have been put in a strait jacket. I am satisfied with the condition of affairs in America—politically speaking. I have never contemplated the *possibility* of a permanent separation, since the war fairly began. Up to that time I had not properly honoured my countrymen, and had under-rated their courage and their wisdom, as I confess to my shame. I have become a democrat heart and soul, by the results of this war. I mean of course the very reverse of the “democrat” in its party sense. I never honoured any individual whose deeds have been recorded in history as I now reverence the American people—I mean of course that great majority of them which is fighting out this great fight.

If the Devil is not beaten it will be because he is too strong and too subtle for humanity. But I believe he will go down at last. I regard this war as simply a struggle with the power of evil. It is freedom in its most advanced and beneficent organization—as represented by the free states in their developed civilization of free speech, free press, free church, free schools, popular self-government—taking final issue with

oligarchy in the most offensive form it has ever assumed—based as it *avowedly* is on the eternal bondage of the blacks, and the necessary degradation of the vast majority of the whites.

It is all fudge to talk about separation. The question is whether the oligarchy (which is a very potent organization) shall rule our whole continent, or whether it shall now get its brains beaten out, and die the death.

It *must be aut Cæsar aut nihil*—I am so confident of this, that I won't argue it with any man. Either Slavery dies now, for ever, through this war, so that a slave-holder will be to the coming generations as fanciful and traditional a figure as a red Indian in his war paint, or he will govern the continent from the Canada line to Mexico, as he has been doing the last forty years. There is no doubt whatever that this is a struggle for "independence on one side and empire on the other," as was remarked by Lord John. The trifling mistake in this statement, however, is that it is the slave-holder that is fighting for his old empire, and the American people for their independence. *You* will feel the truth of this—I don't expect many other people "in society" to feel it. Of course the South is "genteel"—and the North are "mud sills"—and it was very weak in us of the North to be whining for an impossible sympathy. But I believe the true heart of the English people beats in unison with what is

noblest and best in America, at this great world-epoch.

Politically speaking, I say I am satisfied. I don't think human wit could devise a more reasonable scheme for destroying slavery than that which is now laid down by our honest plain conscientious Abraham.

To offer and urge compensated emancipation on the loyal Slave States, and to proclaim, by the war power, abolition in the rebellious ones, is the legitimate and necessary result, thus far, of the war. I can conceive of nothing more sensible or more likely to succeed. I don't know and don't care for the rubbish written or spouted against him, by idiots on either side of the Atlantic.

Wendell Phillips, Mrs Stowe, Charles Sumner and others enthusiastically appear to be sure—but then they don't know so much of the Slavery question in America as the foreigners who are so kind as to enlighten our ignorance on our own affairs.

I can't say I think we are getting on very well just now in the field. I most sincerely hope it is true that Butler is to be restored to his command. It was a great mistake to recall him. A telegram just received here says that Hooker is to supersede Burnside. I am inclined to think that a good measure. Burnside always honestly disliked his position and its responsibility. "Fighting Joe" has long been said to be anxious for it. He is a Massachusetts man and an abolitionist.

It may be worth while, by way of change, to be beaten under him. We have had enough of masterly retreats under pro-slavery generals, in Virginia.

Perhaps Joseph, believing in his cause, and writing "thorough" on his shield, may even indulge us with the variety of a success or two. But the roads are awfully bad for campaigning just now. After all the Mississippi valley is the true theatre of the war. That Vicksburg nut must be cracked, or we are nowhere. I have also much hope from the ironclad expedition to the Southern ports. If we could only open the Mississippi and get possession of Charleston and Mobile, the confederacy would become an impossibility and we might wait "till famine cling them."

I can only repeat after this long rigmarole that peace just now seems an impossibility. The United States can never, under republican or democratic rule, recognize the slave confederacy—because to do so, would be to establish a *permanent standing army* of at least 400,000 men, a navy of its present proportions, and to have spent 1500 million dollars simply to arrive at an absurdity—I say nothing of the thousand other physical inconveniences or impossibilities. But I assert as a necessary moral deduction, that the war must go on till it dies out by the physical exhaustion of one side or the other.

If foreign intrigue, the resistance of the slave-holders, and the slavery dry-rot in the North should bring about



a premature peace now, it would be the greatest calamity that could befall the world. Its result would be secession ordinances and civil war in the Free States, and the ultimate conversion of the whole republic except perhaps New England into the slave confederacy. If the war goes on to its legitimate conclusion, slavery and the oligarchy corner-stoned upon it must be squashed for ever. In neither case is a permanent separation possible. The hatred now so furious between North and South will last for a generation. But this passion, which has been as intense within every nation that has a history as in ours, never yet split a country into pieces. Things are looking pretty dark over our way just now and it is very jolly for the "bloated" and their flunkeys to contemplate from the shore the great Republic going down as they hope in the storm. Well, we must endure the contumely of Jeems and his master until the sun shines on us again. Then we shall be again assured of their distinguished consideration. These things trouble me little. I am much more vexed by our dough-faced copper-heads at home. By the way I have received the February Atlantic, with the last Biglow, since I began this letter. I wish we could read it together. Isn't it magnificent?

My wife and Lily join me in warmest regards to Mrs Hughes and yourself, and I remain,—Ever my dear Hughes, Most sincerely yours,

J. L. MOTLEY.

*From Mrs J. L. Motley to Miss Mary Motley.*

VIENNA, Feb. 24th, 1863.

DEAREST MARY,—I was just about to begin a letter to you yesterday, in order not to be obliged to write in a hurry, when on going into your father's room, I heard a piece of news that filled me with horror and paralyzed my hands as well as my mind for the day. A great friend of ours, such a nice fellow, Count R., the secretary of the Dutch Legation, was killed in a duel, on Sunday, with a vaurien by name of M., and secretary of the Spanish Legation. We know him and when we meet him, which is rare, as he does not affect good company, he is civil and rather agreeable than otherwise, but the d'Ayllons disliked him and never mentioned his name when they could help it, and it seems now that they have been trying, but in vain, to get rid of him. . . .

Poor dear R. was of another order of being, and deserved a better fate. With an earnest purpose his life might have been anything and everything, for God had given him fine powers of mind and as kind a heart as ever beat. By birth and breeding he was a gentleman *au fond*, and it was impossible to know him and not to feel a deep interest and true affection for him. What a pity that such powers and qualities should have been perverted by an idle life and wasted

upon the pursuit of what the world calls pleasure! He was above it, and his outraged nature cried aloud for better things and higher ends and aims, for he was anything but happy, poor fellow! I would not defend the offence, but I pity the offender more than tongue can tell. Never was a precious human life so thrown away for absolutely nothing, or worse than nothing, a weak, vain, silly woman. I cannot trust myself to speak of her for my heart hardens into stone when I think of the wicked way she has behaved. Her name is P., and she is a young and extremely pretty woman, and a mother too. She has been the incessant topic of gossip to the society here for the past year, and made herself very conspicuous and notorious in public in the Prater and elsewhere by her train of admirers, composed as they were of various members of the diplomatic corps. Most of them got tired of it and dropped off one after the other, but poor R. really cared for her, and his impetuous and proud nature could not brook a rival and so at last, finding himself alone with M., he told her that she must choose between them, for that unless M. stopped coming to the house, he should.

Whereupon Mr P., the husband, the greatest fool that ever lived, told M. that R. did not like his coming to the house, and although he and his wife regretted to give him up, he supposed they should have to do so. Whereupon M. said very naturally that R. had no

right to dictate to Mde. P. what company she should keep, and denounced his conduct as base and cowardly towards himself. This P. repeats to R., who forthwith challenges M. R.'s conduct cannot be defended, even by a worldly code, for he seemed to be determined either to have the life of his adversary or to yield up his own as his bloodthirsty demands proved. He insisted upon four shots each and the use of hair triggers, and could with difficulty be persuaded by his seconds to consent to half the number of shots and common pistols. Then he dresses himself in light clothes, in order, it would seem, to make himself a certain mark, and on Sunday at 2 o'clock in the day, did those two wretched creatures go to a place by the river side near one of the public gardens and in the presence of the seconds, doctors, and even spectators, proceed to their dread work. R. had the first shot, and his ball passed within an inch of M.'s ear, who disclaimed any wish to injure the other, and seems to have intended to wound R. in the leg by firing low. In this direction he pointed his pistol and then raised it and fired. R. dropped on one knee then got up and fell flat. He had been shot through the heart. One of the physicians, M.'s, it is said, remained with him to administer remedies, but in vain, and there left him to call the police who took him to the hospital where he lies now, poor fellow, awaiting his grave. He has got a father, mother, and six sisters, but he, alas ! was an

only son. They have telegraphed for his father and poor Baron Heekeren, the Dutch minister here and a relation, must be dreading his arrival. He adored this boy, and is a proud, high strung, impetuous man, and quite capable, they say, of doing as his son did. . . .

You may imagine what a stir such an event must make in the diplomatic corps and in society generally. M. was no favourite . . . but everybody liked R., and of course he is pitied and regretted, and anathemas are heaped upon the other who, in this case, justice compels me to admit was the least to blame of the two. . . .

I have no heart to talk about politics except to say that we try to keep up our courage, and an abiding faith that the end will satisfy us. Our interests now are painfully with Lewis who is in the midst of danger. . . .

*From Miss Lily Motley to Miss Mary Motley.*

VIENNA, *March 1st*, 1863.

. . . . .

I am glad that your friend Mr Stanton continues so devoted and I entirely agree with you about him and feel indignant at the trash that people talk about him and other public men. I have a great respect for people who are placed in important public positions and do their best according to their lights, for I think they have such a very hard time of it! All the same

there is no use getting up any faith in people until they have been tried unless one wishes to be disappointed. We all believed very much in Banks, but I can't say that we feel enchanted at this pro-slavery game he appears to be playing in New Orleans.

I have just been interrupted by a visit from that dear little duck Patti. She came with Mr Strakosch to call and was as natural, affectionate and nice as possible. She is to dine with us but probably not until after Holy Week. On Thursday last she sang at a private Concert at Baron Sina's.<sup>1</sup> He paid, they say, to her about one thousand florins (about five hundred dollars) and two thousand more to the rest of the Italian artists who sang at his house—an expensive amusement. The day after he sent Patti a bracelet of emeralds and diamonds and pearl earrings as she told me with great glee. He certainly is very princely with his millions and entertains us all in great style. We go there again on Wednesday to meet the fair Adelina at dinner. She was all in white at the Concert, with a camelia in her splendid dark hair, and shone among all the rest of us who were enjoying a court mourning of the most rigid description—she sang like a mocking bird and enchanted everybody as usual.

On Friday we went to survey the carrousel in the imperial manège. This entertainment consists of a

<sup>1</sup> Greek Minister to Austria.

sort of mock tournament—knightly games on horseback, riding at rings with a lance, leaping, riding quadrilles, etc. The performers were the Archdukes and a number of Princes, Counts and eight or ten ladies of the *crème de la crème*. Half of the number wore the dress of knights, the rest were Saracens. The entrance of the whole company attended by heralds and men-at-arms, all in the most correct costumes of the Middle Ages—chain armour, waving plumes, brilliant colours and sparkling jewels was certainly a magnificent *coup d'œil*. After riding round once or twice the ladies dismounted and were escorted to their gallery where they seated themselves in a row. Just above them was the imperial box in which were most of the I. family who were not taking part in the proceedings—with the Empress in the midst.

“ Anzuschauen das Turnei  
Sassen hundert Frauen oben ;  
Diese waren nur das Laub :  
Meine Fürstin war die Rose.”

She was all in black of course, but she looked as beautiful as she always does. The ladies in costume were, I suppose, selected partly for their equestrian powers, and were not all beauties. Still the dresses were as a rule very becoming, and one or two of the plainer ones looked unusually well. The star of the evening was Princess Kinsky, a very beautiful young woman, whom the eastern style became wonderfully.

She was very magnificent in some sort of cloth of gold, with a turban and her breast entirely covered with diamonds and emeralds of enormous size. I did not know that in days of old the Christian and Moslem ladies were in the habit of fraternising side by side, and the *opera glasses* used by some of them struck me as a slight anachronism. Also all the equestrian quadrilles were performed to the music of Strauss' waltzes, but with these slight exceptions, I thought the scene a very pretty one. I have no doubt it gives intense satisfaction to these good people to assume the garb of their ancestors and imagine themselves back in the days when they had it even more their own way than they do now, and when people never thought of Constitutions, Reichsraths and such revolutionary things. I confess, however, that in these days I don't seem to care so much about the Middle Ages as I once did, and with the great drama of the present, to absorb one's interest, my imagination does not take fire at the idea of knights and ladies as it once would have done. Perhaps in the nineteenth century in a new world unknown in the days of crusaders we might find some who,—without the external trappings, are striving to keep the old knightly vow “to serve God and the ladies, to speak the truth, to maintain the right to protect the distressed, to despise the allurements of ease and safety, to vindicate in every perilous adventure the honour of their character.” That is



the definition of a true knight which I once copied from Gibbon, and I think I could put more than one name to it if necessary.

Saturday, Princess Khevenhüller had a party where I mourned the absence of her pretty daughter, who used to shed the light of her eyes on the Comtessen Zimmer, but who is now married.

We have been and gone and done it, that is to say we have invited some two hundred mortals to come, eat ices, and talk small talk here on Wednesday. They are such queer people here in Vienna that it is perfectly uncertain whether they will take it into their heads that this faubourg is within visiting distance or they may not. If they do condescend to appear I suppose it will be about as stupid as other parties. . . . Mamma is under the impression that Thursday will never come. If it does we shall go to Baron Sina's last party with a mind at ease. . . .

I had a long and very nice letter from Susie (Minturn) by the last steamer speaking with equal satisfaction of the future marriage<sup>1</sup> and of the future regiment—also of Major Russell's choice. Papa had another of dear Dr Holmes' letters this last week which was as thoroughly satisfactory and delightful as usual. How I should like to see him and hear him talk! The Union Club must be hailed with delight by the loyal members of the community. You may tell him if you

<sup>1</sup> Her brother, Robert Shaw, to Miss Haggerty.

like that there are no "copper-heads" among the young ladies of Vienna. We hear of powder in other parts of the world, but it has not been adopted as yet by the *élégantes* here. Otherwise our heads are as ugly and senseless as those of our neighbours, and I could not help thinking the other evening how infinitely prettier and more graceful Patti looked with her hair only brushed back, without any *crépons*, on each side of her face, and twisted into a simple heavy coil behind, which showed its beauty, did not ruin it, and preserved the shape of her head. . . .

As to the "Misérables" I was allowed to read it omitting all the parts called Fantine—I should think you might do the same. The usual amount of love to be divided between you and the rest of the family.—  
Most lovingly, LILY.

*From Miss Lily Motley to Miss Mary Motley.*

VIENNA, 2nd March, 1863.

DEAREST MARY,—There is no particular necessity of my beginning upon a letter to you as I have abundance of time, but I feel in the vein this morning, so it can do no harm. I am inspired partly by a most satisfactory letter from you from Washington, and partly by the fact that Thursday morning has come in spite of mamma's forebodings. Yesterday was such a fine day, that I must embark upon the account of it first,

and so travel backwards like a crab. In the first place the house was very uncomfortable all the morning with servants tumbling about moving furniture, and the gardener building up all sorts of bowers of bliss, and really making some very pretty floral arrangements. At dinner-time we were very glad to get out of it, and we went off to dine at Baron Sina's. There we found a party of some eight and twenty people, all assembled to look at Patti and to tell each other what a dear little duck she was ! She is the most affectionate little creature, says she is so fond of me, and embraces me as if we had loved each other from our cradle. After dinner she sang us an air from " Linda " and then gave us " Home, sweet Home " most charmingly—she said it was to make me home-sick. She would have liked to come to us in the evening, but was engaged to a party at the editors of one of the principal papers here, so of course, she was obliged to go there. She says, however, that she does not care for newspapers, and seldom reads them—if there is anything very pleasant some of her friends let her know. Then we returned in time to see the house lighted, and to wait until I was tired to death and wanted to go to bed. At last a gallant General and his very small wife led on the charge. As they entered, Papa, who, finding the rooms in which there was little or no fire very cool, had wrapped himself in a great coat, had to make a rush for his dressing-room.

After his ignominious retreat he emerged and entered on his duties. People came dropping in so slowly at first that a cold shudder came over me at the fearful possibility of their all staying away. However, when the tide once set in the rooms were crowded enough, if that was all that was needed to make them happy. When eight or ten girls were assembled I headed the band and bore them off as usual to the Comtessen Zimmer. The separation of young and old is really total and complete. I had to play hostess in my domain, as much as if mamma were not in existence, and until this morning I had no idea who was in the other rooms, except that I saw mammas come to the door when they wanted to carry off their daughters. Of course, I don't know whether they were bored or not, but I didn't have a bad time, and as soon as they all began to make a noise, I felt easy in my mind! There were no less than three promising flirtations in full blast, of which I do not suppose it would afford you as much amusement to hear as it did me to watch. One couple are what is called in London "a case," and I am thinking of having a tablet let into the wall near which they sat *all* the evening, "Sacred to the memory of Count — and Countess —". In my own little room where I am now writing, two other amiable young creatures enjoyed themselves, which makes it quite interesting this morning! It is all very fine and I am ready to take a benignant interest in them

all—if, when they are once fairly married, they would not retire into the country which deprives us of half the nicest people in this place. Susie was not invited to the festivity, but led a wandering existence on the outskirts of society, sometimes looking out into the courtyard and enjoying the feuds between rival coachmen and then taking a bird's-eye view of the interior scene behind a glass door. At this latter post of observation she was at last detected, and, I believe, ended, by receiving select parties of gentlemen with whom she conversed through the key-hole! At least she condescended to tell me that she had had a long talk with her *friend the tuscan Minister*. When we returned from the dinner, she was occupied with the mysterious apparition of an unknown fat man who had looked into the drawing-room, declared the arrangements “famos,” and had then vanished like a ghost in a pantomime. . . .

There was a most flourishing account of Mrs Hooper's party in the *Tribune*, with the Minister from Hayti, “this true American gentlewoman,” etc., all described. The only disagreeable thing about your epistle was the announcement that you were to leave Washington. I am so glad that your visit was successfully accomplished—that you would enjoy it I felt sure beforehand. The Hoopers are the dearest, kindest friends in the world, and we do not know how to be sufficiently grateful to them. . . .

I should like of all things to see a presidential reception, even if I did not like it when I got there. I have seen so many gilded saloons where the proprieties were strictly observed that it would be fun to survey a crowd of promiscuous free and enlightened by way of variety. There is something soothing and agreeable in the idea that every man in that crowd is expected by the institutions of his country to have a mind and soul of his own, and not to be merely one of a herd! As my letter is long, I will conclude with the assurance of my distinguished consideration and much love from all to all—ever devotedly,

LILY.

*P.S.*—My letter has been ready for a day or two but has not yet been despatched. . . .

We had a cheerful little fall of snow last night, merely a capriccio executed by the spiteful spirit of winter, who has not been allowed to show his face hitherto. . . .

I enclose a tiny photograph, not of myself, but of Bernardine,<sup>1</sup> got up with a mantilla like an Andalusian maid, which, considering that she knows about as much about Spain as I do, is charming and appropriate. She is decidedly like you, not so much in looks as in ways. I should like to send you the monkey "Luiserl" likewise, but I have only one

<sup>1</sup> Bernardine, Luiserl, daughters of M. de la Torre Ayllon, Spanish Minister to Austria; Luiserl, Austrian diminutive for Louisa.

of her, and although she promised me more and made a note of it in the most *wichtig* (important) manner in her carnet, of course I have never received any. Goodbye—"No more at present from yours truly," as Mrs Grote always says.

*From Miss Lily Motley to Miss Mary Motley.*

VIENNA, April 12th, 1863.

BY the way did you ever read a book by Charles Reade called "Love me little, love me long?" because it contains a letter from a small boy which I am always on the verge of quoting from to you as it contains various household words in use by the family just now. Papa is always quoting it although he broke down in an attempt to read the rest of the book, and I recommend the youth, Mr Reginald Bazalgette by name, to your attention as one of the most "exquisite creations" of modern fiction. We have done nothing whatever this week and I have not even the smallest of beer to chronicle, so I don't know how you can expect me to write a letter. Now that parties are at an end we have only glimpses of the world from an opera box, which are necessarily limited to the people who sit on the other side of the house. We also walk in the Prater which has been cool and dreary of late, and

sigh for the soft breezes and genial sunshine of January. Madame d'Ayllon came here the other day, and not knowing a mild and shy young man who happened to be calling, distinguished herself by announcing his *own engagement* to him, greatly to his discomfiture. Fortunately she took a telegraphic hint in time and did not "proceed to tell him that he had murdered his grandmother," as Sidney Smith would say. The gentleman is Prince Loewenstein who is going to carry off the one I think the nicest of the amiable family of Liechtenstein, who, besides being of sovereign rank, have King Saul's royal attribute of being head and shoulders higher than the people. The young ladies are each of them six feet high, so that the "carrying off" must be understood as a figurative term. I take still greater interest in another marriage, Count —, a great parti, and Countess L. S., partly because I like both the parties and partly because it is a touching instance of the triumph of true affection. It is said that the young lady's quarterings not being quite equal to those of the gentleman, he will have to renounce wearing the order of something or other after his marriage. In spite of this tremendous obstacle he has persevered and walks about with his *fiancée* looking as if there were no dead ancestors to haunt him for his want of family pride. Isn't this a wonderful world.



*From Mr J. L. M. to Lady William Russell.*

VIENNA, *May 31st*, 1863.

DEAR LADY WILLIAM,—It needed not your kind note, received a few days ago with much pleasure, to spur the sides of my intent to write to you. You can't suppose that we ever forget you, or that your name is not constantly upon our lips. If I were living in London, I don't think that there would be one of your familiar demons more perpetually basking in your presence than I should be. I am most distressed to hear you give so bad an account of yourself. I have been constantly hoping to learn that you had been set free from your arrest and were yourself again. If I have not written of late, it is simply and purely because I am so very stupid. I don't know whether you ever read a very favourite author of mine, Charles Lamb. He says somewhere, "I have lived to find myself a disreputable character." Now I don't know (nor very much care) whether I am disreputable or not. But I am conscious of being a bore—both to myself and others. It has been growing steadily upon me. I always had a natural tendency that way, and the development in the Vienna atmosphere has been rapid. As I know you hate bores worse than any thing else human (if they are human) I have been disposed to suppress myself.

What can I say to you about Vienna? I don't wish to say anything against people who have civilly interested me, who are kindly in manner, and are certainly as well dressed, as well bred, as good looking as could be desired. A Vienna salon, with its "Comtessen Zimmer" adjoining,<sup>1</sup> full of young beauties, with their worshippers buzzing about them like great golden bumble bees, is as good a specimen of the human tropical conservatory sort of thing, as exists.

But I must look at it all objectively, not subjectively. The society is very small in number—as you know. One soon gets to know everyone—gets a radiant smile from the fair women and a pressure of the hand from the brave men—exchanges a heart-felt word or two about the Prater or the last piece at the Burg, groans aloud over the badness of the Opera and the prevalence of the dust—*und damit Punktum*.

They are all related to each other, ten deep. It is one great family party of 3 or 400. No wonder they hold by slender threads to outside barbarians who are not Liechtensteins nor Esterhazys, and who can't call them, as they call each other, by their Christian names, nor are learned about all their little family gossip.

It isn't *their* fault if the great traveller Smelfungus, or the courteous stranger Plankenbergius, or the

<sup>1</sup> In Vienna a salon is always reserved for young ladies at a party, in which they assemble and are not accompanied by their chaperons.

envoy from New Zealand were not born on the Danube.

We have a charming English Embassy here. I don't know if you know the Bloomfields. The Gramonts of course are your old friends. What do you think of the Duchess going over to the Catholic Church? What *will* Mrs Gr——anville Vernon say? She took her first communion along with Mlle. Corise,<sup>1</sup> her little girl, the other day. I think she is right. What a painful position to be alone in her own family, isolated from her own children and husband.

Perhaps being something of a Freigeist, *Parcus cultor et infrequens*, like yourself, I take too mundane a view of the matter, as I am sure that the Duchess is as conscientious and good a person as ever lived. I like them both more than ever, and they are great favourites here. The children come here often and play in our garden and are very charming natural creatures. We have also a couple of very sweet little girls, daughters of M. d'Ayllon, the Spanish Minister, who are also great allies of my youngest daughter, who is thus very well off for companionship, and it is always most agreeable to me to hear the merry voices and chatter of children.

Your friend Prince Paul<sup>2</sup> is better of late. But he has been shut up all winter.

<sup>1</sup> Now Comtesse de Brigode.

<sup>2</sup> Prince Paul Esterhazy.

A few nights ago, we saw him at the opera. There is a new *danseuse* here—a Mademoiselle Friedberg—a tall, large, strenuous, vehement figurante—and his son Nicholas says that his papa never omits going to the opera whenever she dances. Her engagement has come to its close however. The opera has shut up for vacation and P.P. is going to Carlsbad again, he tells me. He looked well and seemed in good spirits.

His grandson, Paul the younger, for whom the property is saving up, until on his 30th birthday, it will be about £400,000 a year, they say—is a handsome young fellow of 18, always driving a four-in-hand. He may be called the Paulo-post-future.

You are at the headquarters of intelligence, so you know better than I do whether you are going to war about Poland. I take it for granted that no sharper instrument than the pen will be used by the two “great powers”—and that they will shed nothing more precious than ink this year—which can be manufactured very cheap in all countries. At any rate, people talk very pacifically here (except in the newspapers). The Duc de Gramont has gone to Carlsbad to drink the waters for six weeks—the first Secretary of his Embassy is absent. Lord Bloomfield has gone into the country. Count Rechberg has been ailing for some weeks, and meantime, we are informed this morning by telegraph, that engineer-officers in

London and Paris have arranged the plan of the campaign. Finland is at once to be occupied, a great battle is to be fought in which the allies are to be victorious, after which St Petersburg is to be immediately captured. Simple *comme bon jour*. The newspapers give you this telegram, all of them, exactly as I state it. Ah, if campaigning in the field were only as easy and as bloodless as in the newspapers.

But the poor Poles are shedding something warmer than ink, and I can't say it seems very fair to encourage them to go on, if you are going to help them with nothing harder than fine phrases which have small effect on Cossacks or parsnips.

What is called in the jargon of the day "moral influence" (whatever it may be) is no doubt a very valuable dispensation, but gunpowder comes nearer to the mark.

There seems something very grand in this occult power called the Committee of public safety at Warsaw—a new *Vehm Gericht*.

I am told that General Berg, on being asked the other day by Grand Duke Constantine if he had made any discoveries yet as to the people who composed the Committee, replied in the affirmative.

Who are they? said G. D. Let me first tell you who don't belong to it, said the General. I don't, for one. Your Imperial Highness, I think, does not for another. But for *all the rest of Warsaw* I can't say.

A comfortable situation for a Grand Duke.

This invisible Committee send as far as Vienna for recruits, and men start off without a murmur, go and get themselves shot, or come back again, as the case may be—and nobody knows who sent for them or how. I have heard of several instances of this occurring in high and well-known families.

I am just now much interested in watching the set-to between Crown and Parliament in Berlin. By the way, Bismarck Schönhausen is one of my oldest and most intimate friends. We lived together almost in the same rooms for two years—some ages ago when we were both *juvenes imberbes*, and have renewed our friendship since. He is a man of great talent, and most undaunted courage. He is the most abused man by the English newspapers I believe just now going, and I like him all the better for that.

Don't believe a word of all the rubbish you read. He is a frank *reactionnaire* and makes no secret of it. Supports the King in his view that House of Commons majority is not the Prussian form of government whatever may be the case in England.

I know nothing of what your papers say not having seen the *Times* for nearly a year, I am happy to say, but I can easily imagine their noble rage and strict and accurate representation of facts.

I am a great Liberal myself, but I believe that Prussia is by the necessary conditions of its existence

a military monarchy, and when it ceases to be that, it is nothing.

You, as a despot, ought to sympathize with Bismarck. We have got a little parliament here, which we call a Reichsrath, and are as proud as Punch of it. It has worked two years admirably well, only the opposition members, who make up two-thirds of it, have never come, which makes it easier for the administration.

I don't believe much in continental constitutionalism. Didn't I tell you what a bore I was. What can I say to interest you ?

You were kind enough to ask for our photographs. Mine you have already I believe. My wife has steadily refused ever to have one made. I enclose one of Lily.

Pray send us one of yourself. You have often promised and never sent one.

My wife and daughter join me in warmest regards and most fervent wishes for your happiness and restoration to health. And I remain,

Most sincerely and devotedly yours,

VARIUS VARIORUM.

*From Mr J. L. M. to Mr Tom Hughes.*

*4th August, '63.*

MY DEAR HUGHES,—Your letter from Brighton gave me very great pleasure. As you speak so very lightly of your illness, I suppose that there can be no doubt of your complete recovery long ago, and I daresay

the breezes of Brighton will have done more in setting you up than so mild a smallpox could do towards knocking you down. But your vacation is coming soon, and I am sorry indeed that there is no chance of your paying us another visit, but I envy you the delightful days, which you will doubtless pass at Studley. Pray remember us all most kindly to the De Greys whenever you see them. We should much grieve to be entirely forgotten there, for we never forget all their kindness and hospitality, but treasure them among our golden memories. Our feelings to our English friends can never, never vary, even when we feel most bitterly towards England since the attitude that she has chosen to maintain in regard to America.

I notice all you say about your up-hill fight in the cause. How I wish I could *talk* with you about our affairs. It is nonsense for me to attempt to write, unless I were to send a volume instead of a letter. I can't tell you how much pleasure I derived from our long talks in your short, far too short visit, at Vöslau last summer. I daresay I bored you, but I don't care if I did. *You* have been on our side through the darkest days, at the time when the cause seemed desperate to all who hadn't faith in the people. But, on the other hand, Americans can warmly appreciate the men, like yourself, who have shown such a manly front in the storm. I wish you could make a short visit to the other side that you might see how much



they would make of you—too much, I fear, for your comfort. Your name was a household word there before, but they know what you have been saying and doing since. Goldwin Smith, too, and Mill, and John Bright, how nobly have their voices cried in the wilderness, with a few others whose names you know as well as I do.

Well, I am sure you are glad that the Mississippi is in the hands of its rightful owners. Wasn't Grant's campaign a splendid one?—his sending his whole army down past the batteries, the march to the rear, the series of battles, the sweeping the rebels all into the town, the investment for 45 days, and the surrender on the 4th July.

The fourth of July 1863, will be remembered as long as the 4th July '76.

One founded, the other saved the Republic. The fellow has taken in his two months' campaign, two hundred and odd guns and forty odd thousand prisoners, to say nothing of small arms and such things.

Rosecranz—if he has really taken Chattanooga, for I haven't seen it confirmed—has done an immense job. The blessed slave-mongers' confederacy is sawed into three pieces, and if they can put it together again they are better joiners than I take them for.

I am a little afraid of our going too fast now, and although a few checks and defeats would be mortifying, yet they would do good. The real object now is

not to save the confederacy, but to save slavery. If the counter revolution sets in too rapidly by the return to the Union of Louisiana, and Tennessee, N. Carolina this year, with no provision for amending their constitutions in regard to slavery, or of the U.S. Constitution as to the fugitive slave clause and the  $\frac{3}{5}$  slave representation, the work will be all to do over again after a few years. For this reason, I am more afraid of peace than of war. The real danger of the tempest is not so much on the roaring ocean as when you are making the land. I never feared the military power of the slave-holders beyond a certain length of time, but I fear the copperhead venom of the north.

Therefore I, for one, don't object to continuing the "wicked, miserable, hopeless, causeless war" (that, I believe, is the classic formula for all aristocratic stump speeches)—I say I don't object to its going on a year or two longer—I don't want any more compromising. In this respect the Irish row in New York will do good. The poor negroes, who have been murdered by those brutes, will make more abolitionists even than the black soldiers did in the storming of Port Hudson.

When we do regain peace I hope it will be upon a basis which will make another slave-holders' meeting for ever impossible.

How nobly your working classes have behaved during those trials. It speaks more for their intellig-

ence and virtue not to have yielded to the solicitation of the high-born demagogues and their flunkeys than anything else that have been urged on behalf of the English people.

I can't help thinking that cotton will begin ere long to move in considerable quantities on the Mississippi under convoy. I see nothing to prevent good shipments soon from New Orleans. I hope I haven't riled you by what I have said about England's attitude. I could not honour you, and those who think and act with you, as I do, unless I held strong opinions about our enemies. Pray abuse in return the "democratic peace-mongers," the Fernando Woods, Seymours, Vallandighams, and New York *Heralds* as much as you like. Those journalists, politicians, and stump speakers are quite as profligate as their allies on the other side of the water.

The strange thing is that Englishmen don't see that their deadliest enemies in the whole world are the very men whom they are caressing and covering with fulsome laudation, and that, moreover, these fellows only wish to protect slavery, and Jeff Davisdom, in order to reconstruct the Union on the most dangerous basis to Europe. You see that the *N.Y. Herald*, which is as much an organ of the slave-holders as the *London Times* is, is now blustering about war with France and England at once! Heaven save the mark! As if the slave-holders weren't giving us

enough trouble, without the alliance of those two powers.

I wish you would tell me—whenever you can find time to write again—whether you think Pollock's decision is likely to stand, and if so, how do our friends in England think that this fearful complication can be got over? No man in the world more deprecates war between England and the United States than I do, but if war vessels in indefinite numbers can be fitted out and manned in your ports (merely making use of the three-mile dodge) to plunder and burn our shipping and sweep our flag from the seas (a result which is literally owing to the burnings and the high insurance is becoming probable) what *can* we do. Is not England forcing us into war, by making war upon us under the mask of neutrality. I don't say this in the way of objurgation. I should really very much like your opinion in the matter. I feel sure that our government will do all they can to avoid a rupture, but it seems to me sometimes as if Pam were determined to push us to the wall and make us fight. Would a war for the sake of Laird & Co. be really popular in England? You can tell better than I. Pray give all our kindest regards to Mrs Hughes, and accept them for yourself. How I wish you could all come this way again.

Pray give the kindest love of all of us to Lady William when you next see her. I wish I could make

a little visit to her in Audley Square.—Ever sincerely  
your friend, J. L. M.

Julian Fane desires kindest remembrances to Mrs  
Hughes and yourself.

*From Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes to Miss Lily Motley.*

BOSTON, Aug. 28th, 1863.

MY DEAR MISS LILY,—I should have answered your charming letter by last Wednesday's steamer, if I had not been demoralized, like everybody else, by the moist heat, which has made this summer unendurable to all meteorologists. I should have told you sooner, what I delight to tell you now, that your warm, cordial, outspoken kindness for my 4th of July oration (how it sounds!), filled my heart up with pleasure as a wine skin that swells with new wine. The photograph brought a part of your little group before me, and I filled the blanks from a very faithful memory, so that like Uhland's ferry-passenger I felt that I owed the photographer for five portraits in place of three. Your face and your sister's came back to me with that sweet confusion of reminiscences we so often find in the features of those whose fathers and mothers have both been among our dear friends. Miss Lily Cleveland, a little foreshortened, yet recalled to me my first impression when I asked who she was, because I liked

her looks so much, and started to find that the young lady in the necklace of golden oats, or some such charming cereal, was the bearer of a name so long familiar to me. I have thanked you for your kind words, but I must return to my thanks and spread them out a little, or I shall not do justice to my gratitude. It is so pleasant to please young persons! It is so gratifying to win the smiles of young ladies! But when their mothers sit by and approve—mothers who are always young in the memory of those who have known them—and the sound of their gracious voices reaches me in this far-off house, stirring at once as in this instance, his friendship and his patriotic sensibilities—is it not enough to overpay the trouble of writing a dozen of such orations? Be sure that you have done just the right thing in sitting down at once and writing in the first movement of sympathetic feeling. Nothing in the world does so much good as these hearty expressions of liking or more than liking that flow of themselves before the after-thought of criticism. I owe a great deal of such poor, inspiration as I may have felt to acts of generous frankness like this.

Yes, my dear girls, I tried to write a good oration. I thought I could encourage the timid and confirm the hesitating; that I could be plain speaking without violence and cover up sound doctrine with rhetoric so as to cheat an audience into listening, however, their beliefs might differ. I succeeded. Too many persons

have told me so to let me question that I did as well as could be reasonably expected.

“Age and advantages considered,” as the Rewards of Merit used to say. It is enough to say that I was honoured by becoming a mark for the dull malignity of the *Courier*, and the low-bred impertinences of the *Post*. If there is any better proof to be had in Boston that one has uttered a true or a generous thought effectively, I do not know where to look for it. If it only pleases your father I shall be fully satisfied, for the praise of the best and the abuse of the worst are both necessary to convince us that we have spoken the right word at the right time. You must not think that the letter with which you have favoured me is the first of yours which I have seen. I have had a good many peeps at your (Miss Lily’s) most agreeable descriptions of persons and places, of manners and scenes, and have often thought that if you had a taste for authorship you would find the talent plenty enough under your papillotes, or *rats*, as our demoiselles would be more like to say. As for Miss Mary, we know her chiefly in her philanthropic capacity, in which Mrs H. considers her one of the most effective of all the young persons who have been her fellow-workers.<sup>1</sup> I do not mean (this to Miss Mary) to let her—Mrs H.—work so much another winter. It is too much, especially on account of the wear and tear of the

<sup>1</sup> On the U.S. Sanitary Commission.

responsibility connected with the charge of so extensive an organization. It is only fair to her to insist that she shall shift some of her burdens on to other shoulders, and I know you will think I counsel her rightly after the hard work she has done. Captain Holmes has made a jump over the "Majority," as they call it, and is now Lieut.-Colonel Holmes of the *Mass 20th*, an honourable title won by stern trials and faithful service. His regiment is one of those which has suffered most. Very very few of those whom we saw drawn up in line at Readville answer to the roll-call now. The last great battle (Gettysburg) took Henry Ropes, of whom W. was very fond, Summer Paine, my wife's nephew and a fine young fellow, from a humble sphere of that family which, for three-quarters of a century, has been connected with our household and who left our old house at Cambridge to follow the Captain to the wars, besides many another who could ill be spared from their scanty ranks. No price is too dear to pay for National existence, honour, security, and true freedom. Whatever any of us can do by word or act to help on the cause, not of America only, but of mankind, we must do with all our might. We are full of hope in this time of our successes, but also not unmindful of the danger that threatens us from that quarter which your father has so long looked upon with profound distrust—*Sursum corda.*



Pray remember me most affectionately to your father and mother, and let my wife's love find its place in this little corner which is too small for it.—Yrs. always afftly.,

O. W. HOLMES.

Mr Motley and his family were very cordially received in Vienna, where they formed close friendships, that, with the survivors, have continued ever since ; but delightful as was the aristocratic society of that town there yet chanced to be some of its members not remarkable for general knowledge, and an amusing incident illustrative of this happened to Mrs Motley.

She was sitting on the chaperon's bench at a subscription ball next to a certain Princess, who, seeing a young man pass who was unknown to her, turned to Mrs Motley and asked if she knew who he was. Mrs Motley rather surprised at being asked by an Austrian to identify a man who not only was an inhabitant of Vienna, but also bore an illustrious name, answered : " C'est M. de Goethe," the youth in question being the grandson of the greatest of German poets. " Goethe, Goethe," said the high-born lady, " je ne connais pas ce nom."

After some thought she, however, recollected that a man of that name had written the libretto of Gounod's opera *Faust* with which she was familiar from hearing it at the Kärnthner Thor.

This is on a par with what Miss Lily Motley writes to

her sister in her letter of 19th January 1863: "Do you know that I was seriously asked the other day, if *Faust* was not written by Shakespeare, and by a German too."

The letters of 1864 begin with two from Miss Lily Motley to her grandmother.

*From Miss Lily Motley to Mrs Thos. Motley.*

VIENNA, *Jany.* 19th, 1864.

MY DEAREST GRANDMAMMA,—I shall try to scribble a few lines to you in time for this week's steamer. . . .

I suppose you would like to hear something about our dance last Tuesday. . . . Our house is a very good one for dancing, as we have rooms on each side of the largest drawing-room, so that the circulation is always easy. The beautiful inlaid floors of Vienna are admirably adapted for the purpose, being both smooth and elastic. We had a military band which discoursed sweet music in a doorway leading into an ante-chamber, and who now, alas, for their own comfort and for those who like to dance to their strains, are ordered off to Schleswig Holstein with their regiment. Dancing began about ten and was kept up until about two, when there was a sit-down supper after the cotillon, and then another waltz and gallop, which concluded the performances a little after three in the morning.

We had all the *corps diplomatique*, and all the dancing set among the Austrians, the various Princesses and Countesses, who have daughters to chaperon, and the necessary number of young men in various gay and brilliant uniforms. Mary declares the waltzing of the latter (I mean the youths within the uniforms) to be divine, and she enjoyed herself very much, which was one of the essential points, the ball being given for her. We were favoured also with the presence of the Emperor's youngest brother, the Archduke Louis Victor, who being extremely fond of dancing likes to be present at all the balls which are given. He waltzed with me, as in duty bound, took Mary out in the Cotillon or German, as we call it in America. The latter dance was led by my partner Prince Lothar Metternich, who had, moreover, charge of all the dancing arrangements during the evening, and who was most good-natured and amiable in helping us. The girls here are most of them fresh and *distinguées* in appearance, and some of them extremely well dressed, but with the exception of two exquisitely pretty sisters,<sup>1</sup> there is not a great deal of positive beauty among them. Yesterday we had a large dinner at the d'Ayllons. To-night the Duc de Gramont gives a ball at the French Embassy to which we are going. The Court Ball is vaguely talked of. There is very likely to be a ball at

<sup>1</sup> Countess Fanny and Hanna Erdödy, afterwards respectively Countess Aloys Karolyi and Countess Bela Szechenyi.

Prince Schwartzberg's next week. On the 10th February all will be over, and we shall subside into soirées during Lent. The round of society in Vienna is the same and unchanging from year to year. It is nearly two o'clock, and I must take this downstairs at once.—Ever most lovingly,

LILY.

*From Miss Lily Motley to Mrs Thos. Motley.*

VIENNA, Feb. 22nd, 1864.

MY DEAREST GRANDMAMMA,—. . . Carnival is quite over. . . . There was a large party a week ago at the Duke of Coburg's, who has a beautiful house, and whose wife, a daughter of Louis Phillippe, is a most amiable, charming person. There is a very pretty, sweet young daughter too, who is to be married to one of the Austrian Archdukes, of whom there are countless numbers living about in various parts of the Empire. Mary is much amused at the manners of engaged couples in Vienna. It is *de rigueur* for the happy pair when they appear in the world to sit or stand side by side during the entire evening linked together, as it were, by a large bouquet, which is the symbol of a fiancée. Fortunately, however, the period between the announcement of a marriage and the wedding does not often extend over six weeks. There was also a small musical soirée at the Swedish Minister's last Wednesday,

at which there was more singing than conversation, and Saturday all the world were assembled in the brilliant salons of the Minister of Police, as the newspapers have it. The deposed Grand Duke of Tuscany shed the light of his countenance on the scene, and being a young man, with a fat clumsy figure, surmounted by a fat, far from handsome face, he is not prepossessing in his exterior. This week there is not a single party of any kind announced, and as far as I know our amusements will be limited to the Opera. They say that the season is dull on account of the war, but as the parties at this season are generally at diplomatic houses, I can't see why that should make much difference. One does not feel much sympathy for all the boasting and self-congratulation of which the papers have been full for the last week or two since the evacuation by the Danes of the Dännewerk. It is difficult to see what "glory" can be obtained when two large and powerful armies like those of Austria and Prussia contrive to obtain advantages over a small country like Denmark. That a general European war may grow out of the question seems not at all impossible. . . .

From the point of view of private selfishness it would be dreadful to have both the English and French Embassies withdrawn from Vienna. We are on such good terms with both, that, socially speaking, the blow would be a severe one, but it is not at all an

improbable calamity. People here begin to be rather frightened, which is not strange, for a general war must be a bad thing for Austria, who was just recovering from the effects of the Italian campaign and who is always surrounded by volcanoes. Mamma is just packing a box of Vienna specialités to send to Mrs Dayton who asked us for contributions of the New York Fair. The shops of leather-work and such things here have very tempting displays but their prices are enormous like everything else that is sold in Vienna. I see, however, by the prospectus that the Fair is conducted on the severely virtuous principle of selling everything at its market value. There may be some excellent reason for this system, but it does not appear on the surface, as I imagined, that the avowed object of Fairs was to force as much money out of everybody's pocket as possible, and to sell a glass of water for its weight in gold. But you must be tired of the subject of Fairs. . . .—I am, as ever, most lovingly,

LILY.

In May of 1864 Miss Lily Motley started for America, with Mrs William Wadsworth, to visit her grandmother. At Paris they received the sad news of the death of General Wadsworth, brother-in-law of Mrs Wm. Wadsworth.

Mr Motley writing of it to Lady William Russell, says: "The very day after their arrival in Paris

came the news that General Wadsworth was killed, the bravest of the brave, the noblest of the noble, a man of princely fortune, heroic sentiments, the most generous and genial of friends."

Letters of this period contain chiefly references to the great Civil War, or accounts of Viennese society, and most of those of 1864, are to or from Miss Lily Motley, but one of 28 May, is from Mr Motley to Prince Bismarck, and that of 30 June to Mr Tom Hughes.

*From Mrs J. L. M. to Miss Lily Motley.*

VIENNA, *May 26th*, 1864.

DEAREST LILY,—I feel so shattered in body and mind, that I hardly know how I shall be able to guide my pen, much less to put down my thoughts on paper. Such a morning we have had of it! reading the American papers and letters from home. Your father pouring over these at his library table. Lippett, with the papers open, trying to collect *facts* and if possible comfort from them. I, in the midst of my misery, reading your letter so touching from its ignorance of what a few hours was to bring forth, and Mary, poor Mary, weeping bitterly over the death of her friends, sweet Henry Abbott and Julius Lothrop.<sup>1</sup> It is now past two. Lippett has gone home. I am at my table

<sup>1</sup> He was killed at the battle of Cane River in that infernal expedition of Banks. The paper in which we read it said that Captain Lothrop was the idol of his regiment.

in the blue room and Mary and Susy are reading Emma's and Maria's letters (from which I shall send you extracts), before the d'Ayllons come to dinner. No croquet, for the weather is cloudy, rainy, and dismal, and in harmony with our feelings. I am submissive to the will of God, but prostrated, anything but nerved to what may be still to come. I saw in one of the *Tribunes* a list of Butlers' staff who were with him, and *Lewis's name was there*.

Maria writes that of course they are terribly anxious about Lawrence, who was in the thickest of the fight. The letters in the *Tribune* giving a consecutive account of all the battles are most interesting. . . .

Of General Wadsworth's death there can be no doubt, as it is confirmed in an official report by Stanton.

Thank God that his precious body is in our hands and will be restored to his family and laid in a hero's grave. "Shot through the brain in the front of all." A glorious death like this must send a thrill through every loyal heart—but we who knew and loved him, and had so much cause to honour him, know what we have lost.

One can never repeat too often the hacknied phrase that man proposes and God disposes, for I am sure in times like these it comes true every hour of the day. We are the living witnesses and actors in the greatest tragedy that the world ever saw, and what folly to



frame our own petty personal schemes and projects when we cannot tell what a single hour may bring forth. What your father says is true. We have no right to talk of happiness or to hope for anything but strength to bear what is sent. I am satisfied that I have been permitted to live and to see the salvation of my country begun.

Your two eyes may be gladdened by seeing the glories of our redemption, which can only come to me in vision. The very thought of Lewis makes me shake with apprehension, for why should he escape when all seem to go. Lawrence,<sup>1</sup> too, and Wendell Holmes, who must now be in command of his regiment as his Colonel is wounded. Poor Mrs Lothrop—don't you pity her? What a fine fellow Julius was, and what a loss to his poor widowed mother. How do you feel about your grandmother's health? Her lamp of life seems to be flickering, but it may yet burn up and endure for some time to come. . . .

To-day is Friday, 27th. This morning's telegraph to the 14th evening was certainly favourable. Grant seems to come up smiling after every battle, and is still pressing upon Lee. Sherman has taken Dalton, guns, and prisoners. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Lawrence Motley, son of Mr J. L. Motley's eldest brother Thomas. He became Colonel, and died in December 1909.

*P.S. to Letter of M. E. M., May 26th.*

*Friday, May 27th, 1864.*

MY DARLING LILY,—As there is this scrap of unoccupied paper, I will fill it up by telling you that I miss you awfully—awfully. . . .

I shall not trust myself at this moment to say a word of James Wadsworth. If I can moderate my feelings about him, I shall try and write to his wife. I have always had a special admiration for him and his career ever since the war began, when he was one of the few heroic spirits who saved our drowning honour in the fatal day of Bull Run. I have so often been so proud to speak of him and boast of him. He will always remain one of the noblest figures in this long but sublime tragedy, typifying the very highest kind of public virtue and his name will be guarded by the nation in the long years to come among its most sacred treasures. Those two beautiful deaths, that of young Shaw in the flower of his youth and that of Wadsworth in the full maturity of vigorous and honoured and useful life—both laying down all that can endear man to life, for the highest purpose by which men can be inspired will never be forgotten as long as Americans remember anything. Alas, these reflections are nothing to the mourners. . . .

I really felt when I read his death as if it were a matter

of course. I have always felt, I know not why, as if he was doomed—as if such an ending was the necessary result of all that had preceded, that he was one of the chief actors in a great historical tragedy, and that it was written down in his past that he was to die on the battlefield. Certainly for him it was euthanasia—to pass thus away like a flash of lightning in the very flush of victory, in the noble discharge of duty. . . .

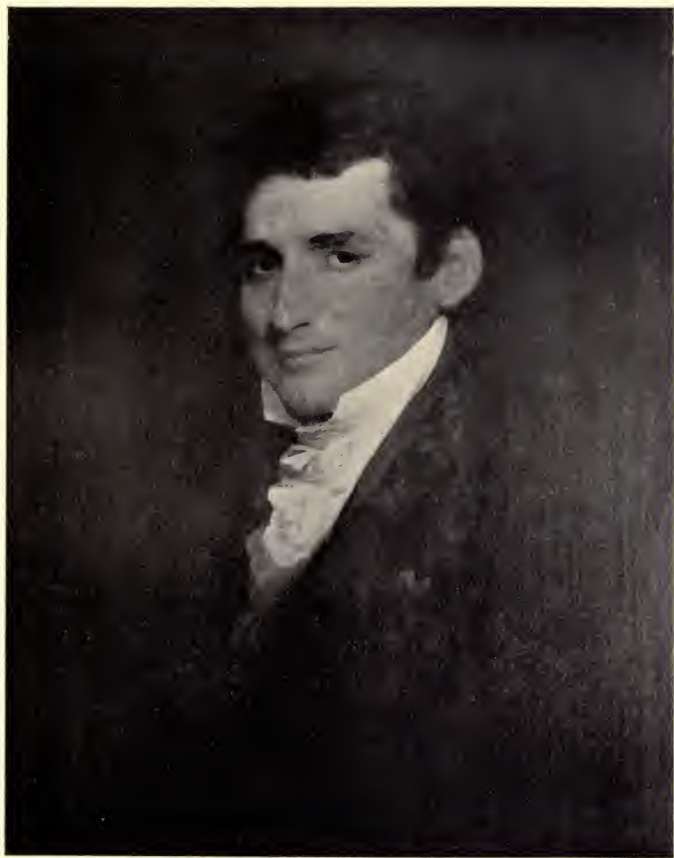
*From Mr J. L. M. to Prince Bismarck.*

VIENNA, 28th May, 1864.

MY DEAR OLD BISMARCK,—It was a very great pleasure to hear from you again. It is from *modesty* alone that I haven't written; I thought that your time was so taken up with Schleswig-Holstein, and such trifles, that you wouldn't be able to find a moment to read a line from me. So I refrained from principle. Certainly, I mean to come to see you in Berlin as soon as I can find a good opportunity. It isn't quite fair however, for you to think me such a lazy fellow as you do. It is quite true that the relations between the United States and Austria are not very complicated, and I haven't therefore an overwhelming amount of diplomatic business on my hands just now—but you must remember that I am also a historical *gratte-*

*papier* by profession and that I write a big octavo volume every two years. I am like one of the *Kunst Reiter* in Renz's circus, always astride of two horses at once going at full gallop. One of my steeds is called the Sixteenth Century, the other the Nineteenth, and I have a good deal of trouble to keep one leg firm on each.

About coming to Berlin. Hardly a week goes by, but my wife is trying to send me off to see my old friend Bismarck. God knows that it would be the greatest delight to me to do so, and I certainly shall contrive it sooner or later. Just at this moment I am sad. A little while ago I received the intelligence of the death of my father and altho' he was a very old man (nearly eighty-three) yet he was healthy, and vigorous, and might have lived several years longer. We all know that such events are in the course of nature, yet when they come they are great afflictions. You may well suppose too that the great war in our country does not tend to make us very gay. Every post brings news of some dear friend killed. My eldest daughter left us a few days ago with an intimate friend of ours, Mrs Wadsworth, on her way to make a year's visit to America. On the morning of their arrival in Paris, they read in the telegrams the death of General Wadsworth, her husband's brother, and the head of the family, killed at the head of his division in the battle of the 6th May. We have many near relatives



THOMAS MOTLEY, FATHER OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY



and friends in the Potomac army now, fighting sanguinary battles every day, so that we almost shrink from looking at the lists of killed and wounded in the American papers when they arrive.

I feel very hopeful however, that this year may be the last of the war on a great scale.

You asked me in the last letter, before the present one, "if we knew what we were fighting for"—I can't let the question go unanswered. We are fighting to preserve the existence of a magnificent commonwealth—and to annihilate the loathsome institution of negro slavery. If men can't fight for *such a cause* they had better stop fighting furthermore. Certainly since mankind ever had a history and amused themselves with cutting each other's throats, there never in the course of all the ages was better cause for war than we have.

There—I suppose I had better throw this letter into the fire—I have bored you unmercifully—when you would much prefer that I should chaff.

What are your plans for the summer? You have got it all your way in the North Sea.—By the way I consider myself as the real founder of the Austro-Prussian Alliance, as I told Werther the other day. Now that you have nothing to do but amuse yourself are you going to any watering place? My wife says to me every day: "Bless me, did I ever, no I never saw a fellow grown so yellow, how's your liver?" and

wishes to send me off to Carlsbad or the Devil knows where, to drink waters—I hate watering places. I hate dyspeptic broken down diplomats pottering about and cackling of the ailments of their own and their countries constitutions. But if *you* were going anywhere—Don't you go to Gastein again—and are you likely to come through Vienna.

Rechberg will probably be at the station waiting to fall upon your neck and embrace you with tears of joy.

And my *Wenigkeit* will not be far off—But I forget. You are such a swell that you always take your king with you. *Ego et Rex meus*—like Cardinal Wolsey and this is an impediment to smaller mortals like me.

It would give me infinite pleasure to be with you all again. Pray give my kindest regards to Madame de Bismarck. I never forget all her kindness and hospitality in those, to me, delightful visits at Frankfort. Alas, that that period too should be melting into the past.

As to Logier I am sure that his ghost still haunts the Friedrich Strasse, No. 161, and will not be laid until you and I go up into the first floor front together and exorcise him. After that we will proceed to C——, and put our legs on all the chairs in the restaurant.

Goodbye my dear friend—I will write again soon, without waiting for a reply—for I know how tremendously hard at work you are. It will always be a great



pleasure, however, to get a line if ever so short a one. My wife ventures to greet you and yours without yet having a personal acquaintance. Where is Keyserling? Do let me know if you ever hear of him, I haven't had any news of him since we parted in Frankfort.—Ever most affectionately yrs,

J. L. MOTLEY.

*From Mr J. L. M. to Miss Lily Motley.*

VIENNA, 3rd June, 1864.

DEAREST LILY,—Your mother leaves me this space for a few words of wisdom. I don't mean to say anything of painful topics. Let them rest for a moment. We know they are quite safe and won't get away even if we try to forget them occasionally. As for the campaign, I see no reason whatever to alter my opinion. This letter may reach you before the telegram by the steamer from Boston and Halifax, 25th and 27th which will soon bring something important. If there has been no disaster by that time, I shall consider the absence of it a quasi-success, for we have more time to lose than the Rebels. Thus far, we have done quite as well as I expected. It is an immense progress to have turned Lee's famous position which he has been fortifying for months long, on the Rapidan and which now might as well be in

Texas for all the good it does him. It is also a great pull to have those blood-stained heights of Fredericksburgh behind us, and that important city in our possession as the basis of our operations. I don't see why we shouldn't push Lee steadily back by flanking and raiding on his lines and goading generally and unless he can defeat Grant overwhelmingly in a decisive general action (which is impossible to judge by the eight days' battle), he must ultimately succumb. Before the 4th July, I should say that he must be used up—unless Butler makes some awful fiasco. But as Abou-Ben has Smith the Bold and Gilmore the Indefatigable to help him, I have strong hopes that the trio will yet undermine Fort Darling and get the gun-boats up to Richmond. Meantime Sherman and Johnston are running a sharp race for Atalanta—which by the way, is something like Mrs Gamp's wishing "Ankworks package" in Jonadge's belly, for the swift footed Atalanta as you remember, was one of the competitors in the classic race. However, as Atalanta was herself to be the prize and to marry the winner, the allegory is not so bad after all. Let us hope to hear of Sherman at Atalanta *junction*. He has gone more than half way. Capville, where he was by last accounts, is farther from Chattanooga than Atalanta. It is very bold of me to be putting down on paper what perhaps on the day you read it, or next morning may prove absurd. . . . I have really nothing to tell

you. . . . I have seen no one except the regular inhabitants of the household save Mr d'Ayllon once and once Lord Bloomfield. By the way, I had the other day a most comical chaffing letter from Bismarck bullying me for never writing and never coming to Berlin. It begins, "Jack my dear—I am working all day from morn to night, like a nigger, but you lazy old chap have nothing at all to do, etc., etc., etc."

I should like amazingly to make him a visit and wouldn't there be a row in our papers if they should hear of the U. S. Minister to Austria, being domesticated with the great chief of the *Kreuz Partei*. There is a German emigrant secretary of our Legation too, in Berlin who would probably go into convulsions. These would be inducements for going, but I am too lazy. I shall beg Bismarck to come and stay with me and promise to invite Rechberg<sup>1</sup> to meet him and have pistols and coffee in the garden. . . .

Goodbye my darling. . . . Don't write too often because your letters are so charming that I am afraid that you will break down if you write too much when you must have so much fatigue. Otherwise, I will gladly devote the whole contingent fund of the Legation to pay for them.—Ever yr affectionate,

P.

<sup>1</sup> Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs.

*From Mr J. L. M. to Mr Tom Hughes.*

VIENNA, *June 30th, 1864.*

I don't know whether we have mentioned that Lily has left us, and will soon be on her way to America with our friend Mrs Wadsworth. She will pass through London, I suppose, on her way to the steamer at Liverpool, and I feel sure will find the path to your door when I hope that she will be so fortunate as to see you and Mrs Hughes, once more.

We miss her as you may suppose immensely. But I am willing that she should take this opportunity of visiting her country, in which she is so deeply interested and the few friends who still remember her. Her journey did not begin under very serene auspices, for they were met in Paris by the news of General Wadsworth's death. He was the brother-in-law of the lady with whom Lily is, and the head of a very distinguished family.

I don't know whether I spoke to you in Vöslau about Wadsworth. He was a very old friend of mine—one for whom I had personally the greatest admiration and the deepest regard. His career has interested me exceedingly ever since the opening of the war. A man of splendid fortune, possessing one of the greatest estates ever inherited by an American, with the highest social position, with a wife who twenty

years ago was the most beautiful woman in the country and as agreeable and accomplished as beautiful. He threw himself at the very commencement of this Revolution into the war, actuated by the very highest principles which can govern human conduct. His loss is a national one. His name will be treasured in our history as long and as fondly as that of Hampden is in yours.

He was a firm believer in democracy, he had as abiding a faith in that principle as the proudest English Duke has in privilege, and he hated slavery as cordially as the Bishop of Oxford or Lord Brougham love it.

I have often talked with him on these great subjects in calmer times and know well his sentiments. The manner in which his character expanded in those trying times, from the agreeable and genial man of the world, the generous and useful landed proprietor, the frank, unaffected, delightful companion into the hero and the patriot has always impressed me deeply. I should write many pages were I to attempt to recount the acts of munificence and the deeds of daring which have come to my knowledge, but which no man would have ever learned from his lips, for he was the most modest and simple of men.

He behaved with conspicuous gallantry in the first battle of Bull Run and was one of the few who saved our drowning honour on that darkest day in our

history—and ever since with his two sons and his son-in-law he has been fighting to save the Republic and to destroy slavery. In the battle of the Wilderness, he commanded a division, and had two horses killed under him and was on foot waving his cap and cheering on his men when a bullet went through his head.

He fell into the enemy's hands and lived a day or two—I believe unconsciously—General Lee, I say it to his credit, sent a surgeon to him. When he died he was buried by a rebel soldier whom he had befriended when a prisoner in Washington. His body has been subsequently exhumed and placed in the family tomb at Geneseo. The whole country around turned out spontaneously and came to the little country town from far and near.

I wish you would tell me what you think of the German-Danish war. I mean what you think will be or ought to be England's position—what you think and feel yourself—and what is the prevailing sentiment in England.

This is your subject—not mine—and therefore I don't venture an opinion, but I should be extremely interested to hear you. I wish I had you to talk with—What is letter writing? Here have I gone on—with an egotistical monologue—boring you and not knowing whether you agree with me or not—Why don't you come to Vienna again for your vacation tour?

I live in the profoundest retirement now. The Vienna world and his wife are out of town—The city is as dead as your West End in September. This is my gain as my garden is rural enough for me and I have long days to work in—and there are no parties.

I wish you would tell me something of Stirling. Lady William Russell in her last letter to me spoke of him as ill. I feel the warmest attachment to him and the greatest interest in him. Do let me know something about him.

By the way, can you tell me the exact address of Goldwin Smith? I don't even know whether it should be London or Oxford. Goodbye, my wife unites with me in kindest regards to Mrs Hughes and yourself, and I remain,—Ever most faithfully your friend,

J. L. MOTLEY.

T. HUGHES, ESQRE.

*From Mrs J. L. M. to Miss Lily Motley.*

VIENNA, 1st August, 1864.

. . . . I must tell you something about Bismarck who has at last I believe taken his departure after having “squeezed the poor Danes,” as he says himself out of Schleswig Holstein and Laxemberg. Thus much was accomplished in the first conference yesterday, but what they are to do with their ill-gotten gains

remains to be decided upon. I believe there is no doubt that Prussia is like the old woman who, if she knows her own heart, wants all she can get, but whether she will be allowed to take the lion's share for herself remains to be seen. I am afraid however, that England is not destined to be gratified in seeing Germany come to loggerheads. I never felt your absence more keenly or longed for your presence more ardently, than I have done during the past week. Baron Werther was really cross about it, and asked me how I could ever consent to let you go. He said he felt proud of you and wanted Bismarck to see you. The great minister said, he had heard so much about you and regretted not to be able to make your acquaintance. . . . He came to see us with Werther on Sunday, the second evening after his arrival. Your father got a hug from him on the stairs, and then he came into the blue room where we were with the Bowditchs' and gave me three hearty shakes of the hand. I felt in three minutes as if I had known him all my life and formed a deep attachment for him on the spot which has not diminished on a further acquaintance. He looks like the photograph your father has of him, and like some of the caricatures, is very tall and stoutish but not the least heavy, a well made man with very handsome hands. He is possessed of a wonderful physical and mental organization and eats and drinks and works without feeling it, like a young





PRINCE BISMARCK AS A STUDENT.  
*From a Silhouette.*



man of five-and-twenty instead of one of fifty, or nearly so. He said, of course, he should come to see us whenever he found the time to do so and begged your father to let him come to dinner entirely *en famille*, so that they might be able to talk over old times together at their ease. Accordingly the following Tuesday the next day but one, at 5 o'clock, was appointed. We waited with what patience we might, until six, when he and Baron Werther made their appearance, they having been detained, as we supposed, by the Conference. Werther said Bismarck was talking away until 5½, when he (W.), wrote on a card, "Motley," and sent it round to him which luckily had the effect of stopping him. We never left the table until 9, and although the mild diplomat Werther behaved remarkably well, you can imagine how he must have suffered in his endurance of such an outrage upon Vienna habits and customs. It would have done your heart good, as it did mine, to witness Bismarck's affectionate demonstrations to your father. He was lavish in recollections of their young days of which not the smallest details seemed to have escaped his colossal memory. He talked English all the time perfectly well, and as fast as I do and impressed and fascinated me as much by the charm of his manner as by the power of his mind. I could well understand how the Emperor (our Emperor) should have been so bewitched by him as they say he was in their inter-

views at Carlsbad, calling him "ein ganzer Kerl," and doubtless he wishes he belonged to him and that this giant intellect and iron-will could be used in his service. Wouldn't "the constitution" have to take it? One may think as one likes about Bismarck's politics, but I defy any one who knows him not to respect him, for a more sincere man never lived. He has no belief in the liberal element in Germany and treats democracy in Europe with the same contempt your father does aristocracy in America, and I don't feel sure, *au fond*, that he is not right; at all events their ideas of self-government are very different from ours and history is against them. Prussia for instance always has been a military despotism and is likely to be one to the end. We shall soon see which principle will triumph, or rather, we shall see that Bismarck will have his own way and carry all Germany with him during the lifetime of the present King.

It was very funny to hear him talk of this individual: "I want to remain here, but you see I must go to Gastein to my King, who is already getting into mischief without me, with so many military people about him." And when we were talking about newspapers, he said, he was obliged to read a few in order to talk with the King about certain things in them. "Other people too would give him a quantity of papers and then he comes to me to ask questions and I say to him, 'you must give me time to read them and

then I will tell you what to think.' ” He does not care a fig what they say about him, personally, on the contrary, I think it rather amuses him to be abused, but he can't stand having his country maligned. . . . Your father gave him, at his request, a brief but graphic sketch of our affairs, the causes of the war and the sole conditions upon which it would terminate, etc., etc., He was listened to with the greatest interest and respect, and Bismarck told him he was very glad to know his opinions which he accepted unequivocally and adopted and should use as his own when occasion required.

After dinner the three gentlemen walked in the garden with their cigars for an hour and then came in for tea when the Bowditchs' came to say Goodbye. On Thursday, we all dined at the Gramont's at Baden, and the Spiegels, d'Ayllons, Brays, Stockhausens and other young and old dips, as well as Austrians came in the afternoon.

The next day we gave Bismarck a dinner, composed of the Ambassadors, Saxony, Bavaria, Prussia, Hanover and Mosbourg who had just returned and described his surprise at meeting you in Paris. By some misunderstanding M. d'Ayllon did not come. . . . They all stayed in the garden until after ten, and then dispersed, poor tired Werther, it is to be hoped to his bed, and Bismarck to his telegrams and work your father called them *Telemachus* and *Mentor*.

Yesterday, Monday, we had a long, pleasant, hot day at the kind d'Ayllons, and the Spiegels' came to dinner. Ctss. S. was pleasant as she always is. . . .

We shall see our dear Bismarck again who is to return with his King in a week or two. The dreadful possibility is before us of a "théâtre paré," at Schönbrunn, which they say is to be given by the Court for the amusement of our Royal brother, and his favourite Couqui<sup>1</sup> is to delight his eyes, who (Couqui, not the King) has been to make an examination of the boards to see if she can dance upon them. I have given you but a feeble impression of Bismarck who is worthy of something better than my pen. It is quite true what your father says of him, he is a real man. When you come back and when we break up and before leaving Germany, I am determined to go to Berlin to see his wife as well as himself, so you may look forward to the pleasure of knowing him. He said a great deal about our coming to Berlin, which I told him I could not see my way to doing this year, but I hoped your father would take a vacation later for that purpose. "If Motley comes alone, we shall have room, for he must come to my house where I shall be able to see him every moment I am not engaged, which I could not do if he stayed at a hotel." I told him that after finishing his work here, I supposed he would have something to do at home. He said he did not

<sup>1</sup> Italian opera dancer.

care for that. Individually he liked all those troublesome fellows but collectively he always told them: "You are a fool." Charles Hale is going to dine here to-morrow so I shall have a good Boston talk. I was glad to see that dear Mary Wadsworth had been looking up the details of the last hours of her dead hero, with Craig. . . . —Yr. loving mother,

M. E. M.

*From Mrs J. L. M. to Miss Lily Motley.*

VIENNA, Nov. 22nd, 1864.

MY DARLING LILY,—Thank God—the victory is ours and our hearts are quieted within us. I need not say how rejoiced we feel at the brilliant result of the elections which surpassed my wildest hopes. Your father always said it would be so, for his faith in the great American people as you well know has never faltered and now he feels more proud of them than ever and more confident (if possible) of their will and power to conquer the rebellion. In the re-election of Mr Lincoln, the candidate of republican principles, the nation has spoken in lines that the rebels at the South and copperheads at the North cannot mistake. The war is to go on until the Union is restored and terrible as the alternative is we must meet it and future generations will call us blessed. Your father says that

this election is the greatest moral spectacle ever presented to the world if it turns out to be true as the telegram states that it passed off without any rows or indignant demonstrations in the cities which he could not help feeling nervous about.

However, there is no use in my feeble talk—he will tell you himself, what he feels and thinks of this greatest victory ever yet achieved by mortal man, the victory of right over wrong, of loyalty over treason. . . . I never like to triumph as you know, and even now I feel more sorrow than anger that so many brave men should have allowed their bad passions to obscure their moral sense and their hatred and jealousy of individuals to triumph over their perception of great principles. . . . We have been in such a state of excitement that I feel prostrated by the reaction and very dumb. It was such a relief this morning to wake up to the certainty of our success. I told your father I supposed we should now be obliged to fall back upon the tame war for excitement. . . .

The d'Ayllons are of course full of sympathy, and he is as enthusiastic for Lincoln and rejoices in his re-election as much as we do. He said the other day, "when he is elected we must dine together and drink his health." He walked up with Bernardine last night, after he saw the telegram, to congratulate us and tomorrow they are coming to dine, and we shall send for old Heekeren too, who is always very friendly about



our side. If anybody else beside Werther is civil enough to say anything kind on the subject, I will let you know. . . .

I don't know that I have any news to tell you. . . .

I hope you will be in Washington for the inauguration.

Goodbye and God bless you. . . .—Ever yr. loving mother.

*From Mrs J. L. M. to Miss Lily Motley.*

VIENNA, Dec. 19th, 1864.

MY DARLING LILY,—I meant to have written you yesterday on your birthday, but did not get a chance to do so. You were fondly remembered by all. . . . We went to the d'Ayllons after church to give Bernardine our good wishes and kisses and a fan on the same occasion. They both grow prettier and if possible are greater darlings than ever. . . . We also went to see the Spiegels yesterday who came from Wischenau the evening before. It was a real pleasure to greet their dear kind faces once more and their being in Vienna makes all the difference in the world to us, particularly to Mary and Susy. I never knew a more angelic creature than Tiny.<sup>1</sup> It is impossible to know her and not to love her. . . .

They say the Carnival is to be a gay one—of course

<sup>1</sup> Countess Christine Spiegel, now Dowager Princess Salm und Dyck.

they do, they always say so but the only certainty about it is that it is a long one, the 1st of March being Ash Wednesday, The Spiegels give a rout before Carnival begins and dance twice in it and the inevitable balls at the Schwarzenberg's and Pallavicini's will take place and the Austrians as usual will be surfeited with Kammer-balls and we diplomats will get our usual plum at Court, but beyond this, I doubt whether there will be anything very exciting unless Gramont and Sina do something. The much talked of doings of the new Foreign Minister have dwindled down to a great reception the evening of New Year's day—of course we must go as it will be an official reception. . . . We had a delightful concert at the Banffys' on Saturday at which Artot sang in a most enchanting manner. I wish you could see her Marguerite which is a most exquisite impersonation, both in acting and singing. . . .

Isn't it too bad the way the English Embassy has been spoilt? I think on the whole, sending away "Bill" <sup>1</sup> was the most profligate thing Lord John has done.

Rumours are going about to the effect that Lord Bloomfield is to resign or go to Constantinople, Lord Lyons to come here, Sir H. Bulwer to retire or to have Lord Cowley's place at Paris. I doubt whether there is a word of truth in these rumours, although they are circulated in London, as well as Vienna, and Prince

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Sir William Barrington.

Esterhazy had them in letters from his English correspondents. Mr Thurlow and Lady Elma are both very nice. Mr Thurlow has the impression that his wife's uncle, Sir Fred Bruce, is to be sent to America, in which case he says they mean to go too. Mrs Ford<sup>1</sup> is enjoying herself with her family in Naples. . . .

Your father had a letter from Lady Gifford a few weeks ago, which I will copy if it is to be found. Among other letters, he has been writing one to the Duke of Argyll to express his sympathy for the death of poor Lord Carlisle who certainly is a great loss to his family and friends. . . . I am sure that your visit to Fortress Munroe will be a life-long pleasure for you to look back upon, only I *do* wish you could have gone to the front which that wretched rain prevented you from doing. I doubt whether you were as much disappointed as your father was, who had been looking forward with the most intense interest to your pen pictures of men and things. . . .

*From Miss Lily Motley to Miss Mary Motley.*

WOLFERT'S DELL,  
CHRISTMAS DAY—1864.

MY DEAREST MARY,—I had a very kind and cordial invitation from Julia Bowdoin to come on and pass

<sup>1</sup> Wife of the English Secretary of Legation at Vienna, afterwards Sir Clare Ford.

Christmas week on the North river, and although I had promised to go out to Woodland Hill, I thought that my relations saw enough of me to bear my loss with fortitude, and so I accepted with pleasure. *Me voici*— On arrival in New York, by Norwich boat, Susie Minturn<sup>1</sup> sent a servant with a hack to meet me, and I made my way up to 16 West 17th Street, where I arrived about 8 A.M. She came out to meet me, looking as fair as an angel in her black dress, and handsomer than ever. She retains all her old beauty of complexion and colouring, while her face had to me a sentiment and expression which it had not before.

In the afternoon I went to a Christmas tree for a school of German children, partly supported by Mrs Minturn the elder. Susie showed me the memorial book which they have just had privately printed in honour of her brother's memory,<sup>2</sup> containing all the letters from officials and others relating to his memory, the numerous obituaries, etc.

We had an hour's rail from New York along the banks of the river all the way, then a short drive. The house is beautiful beyond my expectations, the view of the hills and river lovely even at this snowy and leafless season. I had a warm and cordial reception of which I felt sure beforehand. There is no one here

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Robert Minturn.

<sup>2</sup> Col. Robert Shaw.

at present except I—— and J——<sup>1</sup> and Mrs Grinnell's cousin, Mr Van Wart. We went to Church this morning and afterwards took a delightful sleigh ride, the sky being as clear and soft as in the Indian summer, and the sun warm and bright. We saw the spot where André was arrested and searched, passed over the road the scene of Ichabod Crane's midnight ride, passed the entrance to Sleepy Hollow, and ended by the quaint little Dutch church in the beautiful cemetery where Washington Irving lies buried.

Monday, Dec. 26. I must finish this this afternoon so that it may be ready for the gentlemen to take to town to-morrow. The news of Sherman's "Xmas gift" to the nation greeted us at breakfast and rejoiced our hearts. Was there ever anything like that wonderful march and bloodless victory. I bought photographs of Sherman and Sheridan for you, and in the confusion of the last moment contrived to leave them behind, so you will have to wait a little longer. Mr Grinnell is as staunch as ever. Walter Burns is here, amusing and pleasant. J—— is such a dear little woman, caressing, affectionate, and as bright as a bird. They all seem so fond of her.

Goodbye, an ocean of love to you all.—Ever lovingly,

LILY.

In the beginning of 1865, the letters to and from

<sup>1</sup> Mr and Mrs J. Grinnell.

Miss Lily Motley continue, but towards the end of April she landed in England on her way to rejoin her parents. She writes from a London hotel on the 1st May, and of the same date there is a beautiful letter of condolence from Mr Motley to Mrs Lincoln on the death of the great President.

*From Miss Lily Motley to Miss Mary Motley.*

WASHINGTON, 6th Janry. 1865.

MY DEAREST MARY,—Here I am actually in the flesh beginning a new chapter in my varied adventures, and as I expect to subside meekly into your sister while at the seat of Government,<sup>1</sup> it seems appropriate to open my campaign by dedicating it to you.

Thursday evening Mrs Hooper arrived, and I passed the night at the Brevoort House with her as we had to start at an unearthly hour. Eight o'clock saw us crossing that eternal ferry at Jersey City, and in the Washington train. It is a long stupid pull, and the discomfort of bad ventilation and windows that won't open is great, but I am a philosophical traveller. It was raining and dark when we arrived, and we plunged into a scene of wild confusion at the station, found that through the non-receipt of a telegram there was

<sup>1</sup> Reference is here made to Miss Mary Motley's philanthropic work during the war.

nobody to meet us. However, we were safely landed at our door at last, found Mr Hooper, our rooms, and dinner, which latter was peculiarly acceptable. Since then I have been waiting for my trunks, which amusement still remains to me. The fact that I sat for some two hours after luncheon with my things still on from Church, meaning to go up to write and staying to talk, is as good a sign as I can give that Mrs S. H.<sup>1</sup> and I are likely to get on harmoniously. I went with Mrs Hooper yesterday morning to the hospital to see Miss Anna Lowell, who has a ward and devotes herself to the work, to the injury of her own health. Mrs Hooper held her hands and kissed her when she went away, asking her if there was nothing in the world she could do for her personally, as well as for the men ; said she should bring some jelly to-morrow, and told me afterwards that she should never let more than a day or two pass without going there. She nursed in the same hospital herself last summer, and told me how fond she became of the other nurse, Miss Lowe, and expressed her reverence for Miss Lowell. The ward was freshly white-washed and looked clean and nice, but it was a saddening spectacle to see the sick, weary-looking men, although it was a convalescent ward, and of course this is a comparatively easy time as there has been no severe fighting lately. Afterwards we drove to the Capitol which, in my humble opinion, is a very

<sup>1</sup> Sturgis Hooper.

fine building, and went into the diplomatic gallery of the House, for, as in Austria, those privileged seats seem to be chiefly occupied by people for whom they were not intended. They were speaking on the Amendment to the Constitution, and although I had been often told of it, I was very much struck at the way in which nobody listened to anybody. A man would get up and gesticulate vehemently, pouring forth a stream of eloquence to which nobody paid the smallest attention. I confess that they were a somewhat uncombed-looking assembly as a general rule, though there were exceptions. I don't know why I am giving you this information except that you may compare your impressions with mine. I gave your message to Mr Hay<sup>1</sup> who was there and he promised obedience to your wishes. He likewise pointed out General Farnsworth which, he said, he shortened your life by doing. Mr Agassiz has come here to stay for a few days, which is satisfactory. We had likewise at dinner Mr Barney, and Mr Colfax, the Speaker, who seems simple and genuine, and who told me that Papa's name was fully known and appreciated at the West, and Mr Sumner. To-morrow is the first public reception at the White House, but as I have not yet heard of any lady to go with, I shall probably defer the pleasure and think that it will keep. I suppose I shall try a few receptions for the sake of studying human

<sup>1</sup> Hon. John Hay.



nature in queer aspects, but I doubt if I shall care for many of them. It is less trouble and more amusing to hear what is going on from the gentlemen who come to dine. There is very little society I imagine, and I don't regret it as I didn't come to America to go to parties which I can have in the old world. It is pleasant to be in a country which belongs to you, and in which you feel alive all over. With all her faults and short-comings America claims the Future, and that promised land with its dim vista of heights to be scaled is a more invigorating possession than a dead and finished Past. At least "them's my sentiments," and I am very glad that "my bright home is in the setting Sun." After such spread-eagle sentiments, which are probably inspired by the atmosphere, any more remarks would be irrelevant, and as the hour is late I shall retire to rest.

*Gute Nacht, gute Nacht, Du mein herziges Kind.*

An ocean of love to you all.

*From Mr J. L. M. to Miss Lily Motley.*

VIENNA, 18th Jany. 1865.

MY DEAREST LILY,—I am sorry that both your mother and Mary—to say nothing of Susie—have faded out in the epistolary line this week, and now suddenly, on the Wednesday morning, I am calmly

ordered to write to you. I hate to write on Wednesday. The very fact that I must do or die, that now's the day and now the hour, stultifies me.

Our small beer chronicle for the week ought to have been entrusted to the womankind. I don't know why I was ever born to set before you the startling facts in our recent family history, nor that we had a great *raout* and a great dinner last week. The *raout* was on Thursday. There came exactly one hundred and fifty. The youthful Archduke was beaming, and enquired kindly after you as usual. Then there was the usual set of Serenities, Durchlaughts and Erlaughts, Liechtensteins, Esterhazys, and Pallavicinis, and Fürstenbergs, and all the Dips from the Duke and the Nuncio down to the youngest born attaché. A great lot of *jeunesse* filled the Comtessen Zimmer (which was the blue Saloon) and there were more youthful pandours and fierce hussars than could have been expected where there was no dancing. We had the Mensdorffs, and Schmerling, Plener, and the Burgers (!) by way of ministers—and in short, you know all about it just as if you had been there. As we are all in mourning for the Gd. Duchess of Tuscany, the scene was lugubriously gay—the gorgeous dames wrapped in their sable garbs of woe absorbing altogether too much of the candle light. I regret to say that old Count Hartig died the day before this party. He was an excellent, intelligent old man. He made

me a long visit one Sunday afternoon about a fortnight ago, and it was the last time I ever saw him. There was a tremendous funeral in the Michaeler Church—next door to his own house. All the Court and the Reichsrath and most of the Dips were present. He was much respected and beloved in Vienna.

On Saturday last we had a dinner for the Mensdorffs. The guests were eighteen including ourselves, as you know that our dining-room is very limited. There were the Spiegels (3), the Ayllons (2), the Bille-Brahes, Heeckeren, Stockhausens, Winspeare, Provinzali, Koenneritz, and Brays. As it was for the Minister of Foreign Affairs we thought it better not to invite Ambassadors. The pas is always a bore, and although they give it of course, they don't enjoy being second. Last summer when Bismarck was here we had both Ld. Bloomfield and the D. de Gramont with him, and we found that out of Prussia he had no right to precede. But the two conferred together and good-naturedly asked your mother to take Bismarck (who was, of course, the motif of the dinner), on the ground that it was an unofficial and very private occasion. By the way there was a very knotty point at the Nuncio's dinner the other day, and long were the conferences for several days, primarily whether Prince Schwartzenberg or Count Kuefstein in his capacity of Grand Maitre provisoire vice Prince Karl Liechtenstein, should sit on the right

hand of the excellent Archbishop of Athens. D'Ayllon was sent to for advice among others, and the debate lasted as long and became as intensely interesting as the famous dispute between eyes and nose about the spectacles. I lament my inability to tell you how it was finally adjusted. I heard but have quite forgotten. I emerge from my parenthesis to tell you of our own dinner. Of course, Ctss. Mensdorff sat on my right, and Ctss. Spiegel on my left. Equally, of course, your mamma was flanked by the corresponding Counts. The rest being Dips arranged themselves according to seniority, and all the fossils were put in their proper places. The foreign Minister is handsome, agreeable, and a little shy, wears a white uniform, being a Field Marshal. Your mother got on very pleasantly with him. My right hand neighbour is very unlike in manner the general run of suave, prattling, radiant grandes dames of Vienna. She is daughter to the last Prince Dietrichstein. Her mother lives in that beautiful palace *entre cour et jardin* which we pass so often in our summer drives. Countess Mensdorff herself owns the Weidlingau Villa where the Bloomfields live in summer. I really don't know that I can extract anything more out of the reminiscence of this banquet. You would fill three pages about it and be amusing, while I have already bored you and myself by what I have said. I didn't take notes of my own conversation nor of anybody

else's. Madame de Spiegel was delightful as she always is. She always talks much of you, and is one of those who thoroughly appreciates you. Everybody speaks often of you, and your admirer-in-chief Winspeare is as faithful as ever. Countess Bray has been very ill, so much so that her life was despaired of, but she is now convalescent and Bray dined with us, but he is still very anxious about her. Next Monday we have a dinner of twenty, your mother and the Tischler having screwed in an addl. leaf to the table. The Gramonts are the guests of honour. There are to be no Austrians save Meysenbug and Rothschild. Schmerling<sup>1</sup> was invited but was engaged. But I will say nothing of this festivity as it will serve for stuff for next week's letter from the other parties in the household. After this we are to have one more tuckout—for the Nuncio, and think of inviting the Pallavicinis and the Boucquoys—but this is in the dim distance of a fortnight hence.

Something too much of this. Ah, how I long for my beloved sixteenth century. I should be ashamed to be occupied with such colossal littlenesses, while on the other side of the ocean men are doing men's work so heroically and so triumphantly—but there is no need of my telling you that my thoughts are always there, and that is only my pale shambling Doppelgänger that is occupied with the solemn trifling of

<sup>1</sup> Austrian Prime Minister.

Europe, whether political or social. I am determined, however, not to say a word of American affairs to-day. I am more than satisfied with the military prospect despite the fiasco of Wilmington, and I am afraid of exaggeration if I speak of Sherman, so I will hold my tongue for the moment.

A jolly snowstorm is descending upon the earth. In the beginning of December there fell about half a foot and it lay unmelted in the garden until the New Year, then came a thaw, and yesterday the streets were as clean as in July. Now we are in for another stadium of slop. So much for weather.

As for my scribblings—I have pretty well finished Volume III. of the “Un. Nds.” Fourth and lastly is on the stocks. I had the pleasure of killing Philip II. a few weeks ago, and didn't I serve him out in his obituary.

I shall be obliged to bring this skimble skamble stuff to a close, my dear child, for the hour is almost come when I to the sulphurous and tormenting duties of the Chancery must render up myself. A man has written to me that he has invented gunpowder or something of the kind, which he wishes to offer to the U. States, and an eminent brewer insists on my sending a cask of what he calls “Maltz Extract” to the President, in order that Abraham may immediately order several hundred hogsheads for the U.S. armies. I believe these idiots are all under the impression that firearms

and malt liquor are unknown in America, and that our war is waged with bows and arrows.

Good-bye and God bless you. I don't know where you are and with whom, so don't know to whom to send my greetings, so please give my love to the whole American nation.—Ever your affectionate Parient.

*From Miss Lily Motley to Miss Mary Motley.*

WASHINGTON, *Febry. 10th*, 1865.

. . . . By the way, I rather hope that you keep my letters, not that I consider them valuable as literary performances, as Papa does, but as they are my only journals I shall like to refer to them hereafter to refresh my memory of this year of life, when I am settled down in the Pyramids among the mummies again. Washington is *the* place in these days. Boston is not a vast metropolis but it is in the land of the living, and you can get at some sort of interest, . . . and are not in Reuter's power. In Washington the country is everything, and the war takes hold of your heart more intensely than elsewhere. I wish that I could talk to Papa for an hour or two, for I feel as if I could convey a good deal in words which I have not mind enough to put into a written form. I do my best, but it requires a larger capacity and more power of expression than I possess to give anything but a faint reflection of the life that I feel about me. . . .

Did I write you last week of the little visit that A. and I paid to Mr Stanton at the War Office one snowy morning? He was very benignant, and showed us the flag which waved over Fort Fisher a few weeks ago, and many other captured flags, one of them stained with blood. We sat some time in the secretary's private room, where there is a photograph of General Wadsworth, and an imposing array of bells, telegrams, and maps. He looks rather overworked and weary of the world, and A. says he is not as jolly as he used to be. When we came in we found large cards of invitation for a dinner at the White House next day. A. of course excusing herself on the ground of her deep mourning, although otherwise the invitation is an order as at *other Courts*. (Did you ever hear of the chaplain, who after praying for Mrs Lincoln when her child died, offered up a petition for her *widowed sister of England*?) The guests assembled in the blue room. There was Mrs General Hunter, the Post-master and Mrs Denison, the Attorney-General, the Judge-Advocate, General Holt, a Miss Kenney, General and Mrs Hancock, and Farragut the well-beloved with his pleasant wife. Govr. Holt took me into dinner, and he began before we went in by remarking that he should not like to travel in Europe, "now that the prestige of the country was gone!" . . . My spirits rose however when I found the brilliant Hancock on my other side, and the President next but one. Old



Farragut was far off across a large table. . . . I caught his eye and he reproached Mrs Lincoln vehemently for separating us. Hancock is a tall, fair, handsome man, apparently about five-and-thirty, with a light moustache and imperial straight features and cheeks which are a little inclined to be heavy. He talks and makes himself agreeable, but is very quiet in manner, showing very little entrain or fun. I found it difficult to realise him as the man whose splendid exploits we all read with so much admiration in the terrible campaign of the Wilderness last summer. I hear that he always praises Mass's troops, and he spoke to me of one or two of our regiments which had served under him, particularly the 20th. Of Henry Abbott he could not say enough, and repeated once or twice that he might have been anything if he had lived. I thought that the President was sufficiently jolly, but they all said afterwards that he was not in force. Mrs Lincoln told me that she had intended to place me next to him, but that he had had a slight chill before dinner and was not well, and he thought that I might want somebody else more talkative. He enquired affectionately after Papa and wanted to know what I heard from him. His smile is very kind and gentle, and lights up his rugged lined grotesque face which is so worn in repose. Talking of the powder boat, he said that he could afford to laugh about it, because as he had consented to it, it told partly against himself,

but really there was something very absurd in 250 tons of gunpowder being exploded close to the enemy without their even being aware of it. Did I ever write you that the idea was taken partly from the powder boat described by Papa at the Siege of Antwerp which did so much damage, but it did not seem to work better in modern warfare than Susie's favourite suggestion of the wooden horse to be copied from that of Troy would probably do. Mr Robert Lincoln had "heard of you so often from Major Hay" (who breaks out into buttons every now and then, and then subsides into plain clothes) and is himself going on to Grant's staff. After dinner I talked to the Admiral of course, and when we had to leave, Mr Hooper suggested that we should follow the rest of the company to the Willes reception. As we all stood waiting for our carriages, the tall form of the President wrapped in a shawl appeared among us and passed out towards the War Office. We went to "Grandmothers" as Nelson is respectfully called, he wagged his white beard in a meek and friendly manner and enquired tenderly for Papa. The reception would have been slow had not Admiral Farragut been with me all the time, and when I thought that he had had enough of me, I signalled Mr Hooper and we came home. This is about the end of my adventures.

*From Miss Lily Motley to Mr J. L. M.*

MAURIGY'S, *May 1st, 1865.*

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I shall write a few lines this morning. . . .

. . . Your note came this morning, and was just what I expected you to write. I echo your "Thank God," that we always appreciated him<sup>1</sup> before he was taken from us. I am so happy too to remember that I had the honour of knowing him and of sitting at his table this winter. He was so kind and gentle and spoke so warmly of you. I went to Portland Place yesterday and was shown into the small sitting-room upstairs to wait for Mr Adams. There I found Mr Forster whom I was glad to see. He said that he was sorry not to have known of my being here a day earlier as I could have gone with Mrs Forster to the *English* meeting, which he said was everything that could be desired in the way of a demonstration. . . . Mr Adams came in after a time and I had a very pleasant though short interview with him as I knew that he was very busy about his meeting, and I did not like to detain him. He was cordial and wise and satisfactory, and it was the greatest possible satisfaction to have a little light. He said that this was the hardest week that he had lived

<sup>1</sup> President Lincoln had just been assassinated.

through, and Heaven knows that he has had hard weeks enough since he has been in England. I have just been interrupted by a visit from Lyulph Stanley<sup>1</sup> who was very nice and sympathetic, and whom I was very glad to see. My faithful friends the Vyners called yesterday while I was out, and I called at Lady William's yesterday afternoon and found her looking pretty well and as affectionate as ever and sending you all sorts of messages. Old Sir Roderick came in of course, I never knew him fail, and Madam Apponyi was there so exactly like a piece of Vienna, that it all came back to me with a rush. . . . We shall see American papers to-day I hope, the People seems to have behaved so far as the People always does behave, and great as our loss is I believe that they will weather any storm. . . .

I hear the Queen has written an autograph letter to Mrs Lincoln.

Good-bye love, to all. I shall be rejoiced to be *en route*.—Ever lovingly,

LILY.

*From Mr J. L. M. to Mrs Lincoln.*

VIENNA, *May 1st*, 1865.

MADAM,—I make no apology for venturing to intrude upon the sacredness of your grief, for I cannot help feeling that every loyal American, whether at

<sup>1</sup> Now Lord Sheffield.

home or abroad, has the right to mingle his tears with yours. For alas! we are all stricken to the heart by the blow which has deprived the nation of its wise tender and benignant father. I do not affect to offer words of consolation, for I know that the comfort comes only from God, whose will it was that this blow should descend upon you and upon us, all through the hand of the vilest of assassins. Here in this isolated American household there has been grief such as is only felt for the loss of the nearest personal relatives. My wife who had never had the happiness of looking on the President's face, weeps and laments as if for the dearest of friends. Most truly then can we understand what the misery must be in your heart and in those of your children. I know that with time the proud consciousness of having belonged by the closest of ties to one whom not only America but the whole world reverences will bring solace to your mind but these consolations are now premature. Yet there must be something grateful in the thought that a whole great nation is unaffectedly weeping with you—sincerely bewailing its own loss as well as your own. I am afraid to trust myself to speak of him, lest, even to you, I should seem over enthusiastic in his praises. But as I have never hesitated whilst he was living to express on all proper occasions my sense of his character I do not see why I should be silent now, when he has become one of the blessed martyrs of history. It

has always seemed to me that he was the good angel of our country. I had never the honour of much personal intercourse with him, but on the very first interview I was impressed with that great characteristic of his, the noblest with which a man can be endowed, a constant determination to do his duty. A single phrase of his inaugural address of this year—"firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right"—is as good a summary of his own characteristics from his own lips as could be made by a lengthened eulogy. And truly God gave him to see the right whilst on the earth and what innumerable benefits have flowed to our nation from that simple persistence in the right, that devotion to duty which marked his whole career.

I should trespass on your attention for more than I have the right to do should I express even a very slight portion of the thoughts and the emotions which the name Abraham Lincoln excites within me. No country has ever been blessed with a more virtuous chief magistrate. Most painfully have I studied almost his every act and utterance during the momentous period in which his name has been identified with that of his country, and day by day has my veneration increased for his integrity, his directness of purpose, his transparent almost childlike sincerity and truth. So much firmness has rarely been united with such tenderness of heart. And whilst these moral endow-

ments never so remarkable in him, it was an additional course of pride for us all to watch how his intellect seemed daily to expand and to become more and more robust as the load upon it in such an unparalleled epoch became ever more severe. And this is the surest test of a great mind. Truly in his case statesmanship might seem an easy lesson to learn, for with him "simple truth was highest skill," yet, how much nobler a world it would be if all rulers and lawgivers had studied in the same school.

I do not hesitate to say that his power of placid deliberation in the midst of a sea of troubles, the rare sagacity which ever seemed to divine the right course amidst conflicting opinions and passions, the gift to compare the judgments of the wisest and the best informed, and yet to retain his own—that this was political genius, and inspiration from above, which could no more be acquired by education than could his gentleness of nature and his truth of heart.

I dare not contemplate the possible consequences to the country, and to the world, of his loss at such a time. Just as his whole soul was filled with thoughts of reconciliation, of amnesty, of kindness towards those who have plunged the country into all this bloodshed and misery, he is murdered by the vilest of assassins and traitors.

How much good might have been effected if the

misguided population of the South, the masses who have been the dupes and the victims of ambitions, and desperate leaders, could have learned to know him as we of the loyal states have long known him, could have discovered how his pure and lofty nature had been systematically traduced.

It was for this reason that although I shuddered at the possible consequences of his personal safety I was glad of his visit to Richmond, for it seemed to me that the sooner the enemies of the country could see and hear the man who had been so maligned, and who was to represent for several years to come the government of the whole American people, the better for us all.

How often in ages to come will the picture of that entrance of the President of the Union into the Capital of the Confederacy be dwelt upon by all who love the great Republic and the human race.

Abraham Lincoln, in the plainest of citizens' costume walking up from the landing-place, holding his little boy by the hand, attended by a friend or two and shaking hands and exchanging kind words with all he met, and followed by a throng of grateful blacks who almost worshipped him as their deliverer, such was the entrance of the Conqueror and the Tyrant into the vanquished capital: I hope that you will pardon me for saying so much at such a time. God knows that I



would not willingly intrude upon your grief. As I know, from what I have seen of his public career, how large a share of his nature was occupied by the affections I can well understand how he must have been idolized within the sanctity of his own household.

Praying that God may support you and your children in this your hour of trial and of the nation's trial.

I pray you to believe me, Madam, most sincerely and respectfully yours,

J. LOTHROP MOTLEY.

*P.S.*—Although writing from abroad I have not thought it necessary to dwell upon the horror felt throughout the civilized world at the crime which has been committed. The universal respect and admiration felt for Mr Lincoln, and the distress at his death, are only inferior to what is felt in America.

*From Miss Mary Motley to Miss Lily Motley.*

VIENNA, *July 10th*, 1865.

DEAREST LILY,— . . . I had such a wildly exciting and delightful day yesterday, that I must immediately plunge into an account of it. . . . Yesterday morning, when I first got up, it was pouring, and I returned to bed to bemoan my disappointment at the prospect of a

second time postponing our visit to the Spiegels. However, the rain ceased, and although the wind blew—the air was raw and the clouds were threatening—we determined to brave the elements, and started for Ebreichsdorf rather before twelve o'clock. It is about two hours from Vienna, and when we had got as far as Laxenburg it began to pour, and we turned round. . . . However, as we were pausing under an archway to have the carriage shut, the shower passed, and we decided to push on, although the weather did not seem disposed to clear. We arrived at Ebreichsdorf without further drawbacks, and you would have been as much delighted with the place as we all were. The most fascinating and delightful old castle, with a flag floating from its tower and surrounded by a broad moat. One could have fancied one's self back in the Middle Ages, and invented a charming romance on the spot, had not the assembled family, waving us a welcome from the balcony, dispelled all such delusions. The girls with their bright coloured modern dresses certainly did not look as if belonging to the fifteenth century. They were so cordial and charming, and were so glad to see us! . . . The d'Ayllons arrived when we had almost given them up, and you can imagine that when we sat down to dinner we nearly filled the room, big as it was. The younger children, with their tutor, governess and priest, sat at a different table. The castle is as charming inside as outside,

and the girls took us over no end of beautiful large rooms. They have a delightful little theatre upstairs, and one wonders why they ever stop acting private theatricals. There is a pretty little chapel which inspires one with a desire to be a Roman Catholic. After looking at the house we went out on the bridge, and Susy and the Ayllon girls fished for some time, and Susy was the only one who triumphantly brought up a small specimen. . . .

Two carriage loads of the Gramonts arrived in the course of the afternoon. The Duke has shortly returned from Carlsbad, and I never saw him looking so well and handsome. . . . They brought de l'Aigle with them, who was, if possible, more amusing than ever. The time for leaving came only too soon, and after seeing the Ayllons drive off we departed, the Spiegels warmly urging us to come again soon. . . . The Spiegels are the most charming, delightful people in the world, and one likes them better each time one sees them. Tiny is a darling pet, and I love her dearly. She spoke most affectionately of you, sends you her love, and begs you to write to her before you leave England. . . . Yr. loving

MARY.

In October 1865 Miss Lily Motley was married at the Legation in Vienna to Captain Thomas Poynton Ives, of the American Navy. A month after the marriage the young husband died, and his widow went

to America to join her mother-in-law<sup>1</sup> at Rhode Island, Providence, where she remained some time.

<sup>1</sup> Both this lady and her only daughter, Mrs Henry G. Russell (who survived until June 1909), worthily continued by the exercise of private virtues as conspicuous as their modesty, the traditions of the honourable families to whom, both by birth and relationship, they belonged in Rhode Islands.

## CHAPTER IV

END OF MISSION TO AUSTRIA—RETURN OF FAMILY TO AMERICA—MINISTER TO COURT OF ST JAMES—M. SARDOU—HOLLAND—DEATH OF MR MOTLEY—COMTE DE PARIS—DR<sup>R</sup>HOLMES

**A** LETTER from Mr Motley to Prince Bismarck begins the correspondence of 1866, and now war's alarms are the subject of some of Mrs Motley's letters to her daughter Mrs Ives, for peace between Prussia and Austria was seriously threatened.

*From Mr J. L. M. to Prince Bismarck.*

VIENNA, *Jany.* 15<sup>th</sup>, 1866.

MY DEAR BISMARCK,—I was deterred from writing you a line to wish you and yours a Happy New Year, by reading in the papers the distressing intelligence of the illness of Madame de Bismarck. Werther assures me, however, that now all danger is past, and I write therefore with a lighter heart to congratulate you most sincerely on what I doubt not is her complete recovery. Countess Bismarck was always so kind and gracious

to me, and received me so like an old friend, because I was your old friend, that I have felt keenly anxious about her, and I know full well how much sorrow her danger must have caused you. God grant that she may be fully restored, and that you may be all well and happy together. Pray give to her my most sincere remembrances and best wishes. Your children have long since forgotten my existence, and my little friend Marie is now a young lady going to make her conquests in the great world.

“Des Lebens Mai blüht einmal und nicht wieder.” I suppose you will hardly find a quarter of an hour to write me. Otherwise it would give me great pleasure to hear how your dear wife is, and how you are yourself. I observe, however, that your Abgeordneten are coming together to-day, so that you will have plenty of leisure and nothing to do but to write to me. I fear that the billing and cooing between Prussia and Austria is not now so fervent that there is any chance of your coming here again very soon, and there seems but little prospect of my getting a holiday at present so as to beat up your quarters in Berlin.

Nevertheless, I am determined that I will see you once more before I get too old and crabbed to be fit company for one blessed like you with eternal youth.

I won't talk politics. You hate them, and I look at them with a gentle indifference. You see that I did not mislead you with regard to the American war.

That was the only politics about which I ever pretended to know anything, and I believe you were one of the very few Europeans who ever cared to know my opinion (which was that of every loyal American), and who thought that an American might possibly know something about his own country. Now they have found out at last that the Great Republic—disagreeable as it is—is not dead, but a fact to be dealt with in the coming centuries on this planet. So they are very bilious at being disturbed in all their little combinations. But it does no good. They must try to get over their Katzenjammer as well as they can. I have said much more of politics than I intended. I shall refrain from giving you any advice as to how you are to deal with Schleswig Holstein. Do you remember what the “formal old fop” of a parson in the Antiquary used to say to Miss Griselda, much to the indignation of her brother Jonathan Oldbuck: “Madam, I drink to your inclinations, provided always they be *virtuous*”? Well, I drink to your inclinations without that proviso. I am very busy myself with the politics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and am always amused at seeing how very much they resemble those of this age. The world is a cat always going after its own tail. Do you ever hear of Keyserling? He wrote me a letter about two years ago, and I answered him with another. He asked me about American affairs, and on that hint I spoke—at un-

merciful length—so that I fear he shrinks from bringing another such infliction on himself. Ah me,

When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain.

We are passing here a very retired winter. Vienna society moves round in its preordained zodiac—obeying its elemental laws. There are the same balls, and dinners, and drums as in past years—but we don't go out now. We have a great sorrow, as possibly you may have heard. My eldest daughter was married in this house on the 19th October, and her husband, Captain Ives of the U.S. Navy, died on the 17th November at Havre, where they were about to embark for New York. You may judge what an affliction it is for her. Four weeks a wife—and now a widow. She was devotedly fond of her husband, who was an honourable, excellent young man—whose health was injured in the constant exposure of four years war. She is now in Rhode Island with her husband's mother. She is also a widow, and he was her only son. My other girls are well. They remind me that you promised to send them your photograph. If you ever write—which I hope, but have hardly a right to expect—pray remember the promise. It will give them very great pleasure. If you write your name at the bottom it will make them still happier. We have one of Countess Bismarck which she was kind enough to



give me in Frankfort. If she can spare another, we shall be grateful, and one of your children.

Once more hoping that all will go well with you and yours in this and in the coming years, and that Madame de Bismarck will be entirely re-established in health.— I remain, as ever, my dear Bismarck, your sincere old friend,

J. L. MOTLEY.

My wife desires to be most kindly remembered to you.

COUNT BISMARCK—SCHONHAUSEN,  
etc., etc., etc.

*Mrs J. L. M. to Mrs Ives.*

VIENNA, *April 17th*, 1866.

MY DARLING LILY,

I hoped your father would have been able to write you a political letter to-day, but he is desperately busy with his despatches and has no time for anything else. "The position" is certainly a very grave one just now and even M. d'Ayllon, who refuses to believe in war, begins to shake his head and shrug his shoulders "à la diplomate." About three days ago, Austria, whose patience and forbearance had almost brought upon her the charge of pusillanimity, was aroused by Prussia's last insolent note to send a bumptious one in return, reproaching her, Prussia, with her intrigues

in Italy, and calling her to stop the warlike preparations which she did not deny she was making, but which she pretended she was forced to do by the military measures that were being taken by Austria, although these had been denied over and over again and were untrue. I agree with M. d'Ayllon who said here last night that Mensdorff was truth itself and that it would be impossible for him intentionally to deceive anybody, and he (Mensdorff) told your father that, so far from having made any preparations for war here, the military men were angry that these had been so entirely neglected, as they had been in consequence of his advice and in order to avoid giving Prussia any provocation or excuse for an attack, and that if war came, Austria would be unprepared and deserving of the charge of neglect of duty in this particular. To the above-mentioned note from Austria, Karolyi was ordered to send an immediate answer by telegram, but eleven days have passed and no answer has come, although the newspapers have invented one every day since, and the note itself appeared yesterday, published in a Coburg paper; *why* this was done or by *whom* does not appear, but suspicion here points to Bismarck who is known to want war and to be determined to have it at any price. If Prussia had had one thought of peace, it would have been easy enough (the contents of the note being confined to the knowledge of the two governments) for her without any

sacrifice of dignity to consent to Austria's proposition that Prussia should cease to continue warlike preparations, but the publication of the note makes it very difficult, it is thought here for Prussia to yield to a summons made in terms, as Mensdorff said himself, "si peu conciliants." Thus stands the affair or did last night when I went to bed. I have not seen your father since he has read the papers and know not whether there is anything new. His opinions remain the same as to the improbability of avoiding a conflict, but as he does not profess to be very wise about European politics, he is willing to defer to M. d'Ayllon and others, whose instincts are perhaps more to be trusted in such matters. Even now M. d'Ayllon does not believe in war although he thinks the situation worse than it ever has been, because he feels sure that such a war would not be popular with the world at large, including Italy and Prussia, and that the outside pressure that will be brought to bear upon the King will compel him to recede from his position and throw over Bismarck, for nobody doubts, I believe, that if he stays, war is inevitable. There seems to have been some moral suasion, used by Prussia and Bavaria, and even by that modest, peace-loving power, France, but, as your father says, this may be all very fine, but it isn't going to give the Duchies to Prussia and she is not going to give them up if she knows it. The Austrian blood is well up and the hatred of Prussia is

so great that many people really are wishing for war, mad as such a proceeding would be in the face of bankruptcy itself. The common opinion, I should say, was against the probabilities of war, for ask whom you will, the answer is the same, "oh, there won't be any war—it is impossible—a few individuals, however powerful or unscrupulous they may be, are not going to be permitted, for such a cause, to disturb the peace of Europe and involve it in such a war as this would necessarily be." It does not seem very likely that things will remain as they are much longer. Either some overt act will be committed by Prussia in spite of her assertions to the contrary, or Bismarck will voluntarily make his bow to the King (and some people think this not impossible) or be thrown over by the King, and this, e'er many days, Morier, who is a clever man and whose opinions and judgment are worth something (he having been one of the few Englishmen who was all right about our war from the beginning), and who has lived for some years in diplomatic life in Berlin and knows the King and people, believes there will be no war for that the King will break down before it comes to that. Your father has just been up and says that according to the papers the answer to the last Austrian note has been received but nobody knows as yet what it is. . . . The Prussian answer to Mensdorff's last despatch was received here yesterday. It has of course not been published. Your

father has ascertained, however, its tone and purport. The language is acrimonious enough in parts, but, on the whole, it is considered less violent than former ones, and the door is not closed on further negotiations. In regard to arming, Prussia calls on Austria to take the initiative in disarming. . . .

*From Mrs J. L. M. to Mrs Ives.*

VIENNA, *May 30th*, 1866.

MY DARLING LILY,—After putting myself well in rapport with you by reading over your last letter, I hoped to be able to have a long talk with you, but as usual the last moment for the Cunard steamer has come and my letter is still unwritten. . . .

What do you think of our having a correspondent of the *N.Y. Herald* here, who has come for the purpose of finding some one to write letters for that journal, during the war, or to write them himself, and has decided, I believe, upon the latter course, as he is so much pleased with Vienna, and out of the agricultural Exhibition, here at present, and God knows what else, finds he says more material than he wants? . . . He dined here *en famille* on Sunday, and I confess to feeling more awed than I ever was in my life (the Emperor was nothing to him) and with a good deal of the sensation the old woman described herself as

having when the telegraph wires went by her door, as if every word she spoke was going to be taken up and carried all over the country. Of course we were and really wished to be friendly and polite, but guarded so well our own tongues that I think it will puzzle even a *Herald* correspondent to record much gossip or information that he got out of us, and as he asked no questions about society, I take it for granted that he has no interest in the social system of Vienna and I trust will leave it alone altogether. Of course your father is willing to give him any information he can on the subject of politics (*bien entendu* that he does not quote him), and this fortunately just now is sufficiently interesting to exclude everything else. Your father wrote you last week a hurried sketch of the Mexican business and the week before about the Austro-Prussian difficulty, subjects which were interesting from him and which I purposely left to him—or rather the Mexican affair. This has troubled him a good deal but I think the Govt. at home have cause to be satisfied with the discretion and ability your father has shown in dealing with a very delicate matter, and with the result of the same. It was a piece of folly in the Austrians ever to have gone into the Mexican affair, but you know as well as they do how it all happened, and how ashamed they were of it, and what a loathsome subject it always has been here in spite of the satisfaction they could not help feeling, in having, as

they supposed, disposed of that troublesome Max. They certainly now have shown their sense in stopping those volunteers, although they were hardly as formidable in numbers as Mr Bigelow instructed the Govt. they were, being only 900 in all instead of 10,000. However that may be, it was enough that our people and Government were dissatisfied at the part Austria seemed to be playing, and as you may suppose it was a great relief to your father to have the matter so satisfactorily adjusted instead of being forced, if these troops had gone, to “retire from Vienna and await further orders,” according to his instructions. I hope Mr Seward’s despatch in answer to the one from this Govt. will be as polite and conciliatory. Kind Lord Bloomfield told your father that he had recently seen Count Mensdorff and that they both had sounded his praises (your father’s).

A more loyal American than your father, as you know full well, does not live, but he does not think it necessary, in order to serve his country, to bully others, and particularly this country in a moment of great agony, although there was no lack of plain speaking on the matter in hand. Nobody here, that I hear speak, has any doubt that war is inevitable and must come soon, and the congress or conference to take place next week at Paris is regarded here as simply an act of hostility towards Austria. “Give up Venice,” they say, and “save this war.” But Austria will not give

up Venice, and I doubt whether she will even allow the subject to be discussed. I don't say she does not contemplate the possibility of losing it as the result of a conflict, but she thinks it vital to the honor and safety of her national life to fight for it. She has consented to go to the Conference because she is forced to do so, but without any belief in any good that is to come out of it, for her. In the meantime all three nations go on arming, and this game of war is too expensive a one for Austria and Italy, not to come to something. The papers all over Europe are talking peace and the Bourse is affected by such rumours, and I don't say that some extrication may not be found from the situation by the master of it, Louis Napoleon; but at present the war cloud is black, and there are no signs of its dispersing. Vienna is full of soldiers, and my heart aches for them and yearns towards them in sympathy and compassion—soon the mourners will go about the street and the voice of lamentation will be heard in the land, and all for what? That the ambition of one man may be gratified. . . .

*Mrs J. L. M. to Mrs Ives.*

VIENNA, *July 17th*, 1866.

MY DARLING LILY,—I hope that your father will be able to write you either to-day or to-morrow, but as there is some doubt of this I shall send you a short



letter in order to tell you that we are still in the land of the living. . . .

Never were people so sure of victory (as the Austrians) so sanguine of success, for if they believed in anything, it was in their military prowess and superiority to Prussia, and now such a fall from the top to the bottom has prostrated all their energies and reduced them almost to despair. I say *almost* for as yet they do not show any decided symptoms of knocking under, and during the last few days one sees proof of renewed courage in the Government and people. Military preparations are going on, it seems to me, in every street in the town—the Prater is one vast camp, and even the newspapers to-day, which have been very despairing since their misfortunes, are dead against peace, and say that the conditions upon which it is to be had are inadmissible, for that Austria in consenting to her exclusion from the Bund is sounding her own death-knell. As a great German power, yes, but in every other respect she will be better off and eventually more powerful if she is wise in time and consults her true interests in yielding a position that it is impossible for her to hold. It seems to me that all must admit that in the beginning of this quarrel with Prussia, Austria had right and justice on her side and has been abominably treated by friends as well as foes. I can sympathize with her defeat in arms; I can pity her wounded pride; and although I hate her national

policy, I can bring myself to look on the difficulties which surround her on every side from an Austrian point of view, but what stirs my indignation is her cession of Venetia to Louis Napoleon, the man of all others whom they hate the most with the one exception of Victor Emanuel. It was unworthy of Austria, this spiteful trick which they say was cooked up between the French Emperor and Prince Metternich. The Austrians know L. N. to be their enemy, they know that it is impossible to trust him in word or deed, and yet in the first hour of danger they shrieked to him to come to their rescue. "Help me Cassius or I sink," was the cry of this proud imperious nation to the man who had injured them and that they were never tired of abusing and calling *canaille*. Nobody dreams here that he is going to fight for them because they know that he does not like to encounter the Prussian needle guns any better than they do here. In short, he is not ready for a fight and would not be ready unless he had just as many breach loaders as he would be likely to get in the next two or three months, instead of following up his threats and sending an army to the assistance of Austria against Prussia, and another to confront the Italians on Austrian soil, he finds himself much to his own astonishment taking a leaf out of England's book of moral suasion and trumping Austria's last trick with a Bismarck card. I wonder what is to come of it all! *peace*, I hope, and so does

many an Austrian who believes that enough has been sacrificed by them of honour (God save the mark !) and prefers to accept the best terms she can get from Prussia, instead of risking their all on the result of another battle. The Archduke Albert's soldiers are coming up as fast as it is possible to bring them and in as great numbers as can be spared from the defence of the Quadrilateral, and being a victorious army may infuse new life and courage into their poor vanquished brothers in arms, and it is not impossible that the Austrians may get their revenge in a victory over the Prussians, invulnerable as they have proved themselves to be thus far, they (drunk with success) may find out that they have made a mistake in trying to cross the Danube in the face of the force for defence that Austria can bring against them. The Empress has gone with her children to Pesth, and it is supposed that if the war goes on the Emperor and Mensdorff will remain with the army. If, however, the Prussians as conquerors enter Vienna, and he is forced to join his family, who knows if he will ever return to his capital, poor man ! I have no words to say how much I pity him. I believe he wished to do right and acted up to the lights nature and education had given him, and I believe too he would willingly have laid down his life if by so doing he could have saved the defeat of his army. They say he was on the verge of paralysis when Benedek's fatal telegram reached him, and although

he keeps up and tries to do his duty, I don't believe a more wretched man exists. Poor Austria! I can and do pity her. You must not worry about us for I am sincere when I tell you, coward as I am, that I am not at all frightened—on the other hand, my heroine propensities are not strong enough to make me glory in the position in which I find myself. It is simply a matter of duty with your father to remain, even *I* should be ashamed to have him desert his post at such a time even if we were threatened by real dangers, which in this case do not exist. We must wait with what patience we can for the result of the battle which I fear is inevitable, and then, if it is lost, make up our minds to the Prussians. I don't think they will hurt us or anybody else, and the foreign ministers, protected by their flags, cannot be subjected to any inconvenience except being kept prisoners in Vienna, as I suppose we must be, until peace is made and the conquerors depart. Yesterday there were strong rumours of peace. Benedetti was here, and Gramont was sanguine, but to-day things look blacker than ever. Austria is known to be in a reasonable frame of mind, and ready to yield all that could be expected of her. Mensdorff says the Prussians will never be satisfied unless they instal themselves at Schönbrunn for the prestige of the thing. Like the great Napoleon (how his name-sake must envy them) they want to date despatches from Schönbrunn, which I can't help looking

upon as a doomed spot. Last night on returning from our visit to the Saxon Camp in the Prater, we caught sight among the artillery waggons of Lord Bloomfield's chasseur and then of himself with the Princess Mary and Prince Teck before him. She looked jolly and both very happy. I daresay Susy has told you of the Ayllons' various doings. The girls dine there to-day, and I am going with your father to the Leopoldsberg to see at a distance the fortifications of Floresdorf. My last moment is exhausted, and I must say goodbye in hot haste. . . .—Ever your loving mother.

NOTE BY J. L. M.

P.S.—The battle is not "inevitable." *Au contraire.*

*From Mrs Ives to Miss Mary Motley.*

LENNOX, Aug. 5th, 1866.

MY DEAREST MARY,—Many thanks for your last letter in which you view a possible Prussian invasion with such tranquillity. That hateful old cable has again announced peace, but as poor old Drachenfels used to remark, when that other shade O'Sullivan made a remark, "Ce n'est pas une raison parcequ'il le dit." We began by a lying peace message; since then we have been favoured with various greetings between officials on either side of the water, and for

the rest have to content ourselves with Mr Cyrus Field's assertion that "the cable is working beautifully"; and variations on the *motif* of "What a good boy am I!" Now we are again favoured with a meagre message announcing peace which *may* turn out to be true, and may not. By the time everything has settled down to tranquillity again, if the old humbug has not snapped, we may possibly have some information by it. Please thank Papa for his last letter, which I have not published but have indulged one or two people with a sight of who are not newspaper reporters. I trust that you are all going on well, and I am not quite as much worried as I was at one time. The world is in a remarkably unpleasant state just now, and there is not much satisfaction to be derived from the present aspect of things anywhere, unless the first elections here are good enough to be satisfactory. I feel slightly mortified when I read that "Dr Evans persuaded the Emperor to allow the Prince Imperial to appear at the Bigelows' fête," but as I am not Mr Seward I do not see that I *can do* anything about it. During Mrs Ives' temporary absence we had a strange scene here—there is a little woman married to a German named Kuhnhart, boarding in a succursale of this establishment. Her little boy of four years old was left by his nurse on Thursday afternoon for a short time apparently sound asleep. During her absence he roused himself, caught

sight of a little bottle, took it into his head that it was spiced rhubarb, and drank a quantity of *laudanum* ! The woman very soon returned, was struck by the child's heavy appearance, and then saw the gap in the bottle. I was out at the time but heard about it all on my return later in the afternoon. Mr<sup>1</sup> and Mrs Doane were summoned and contrived to make the child take an emetic and to keep him from sinking asleep before the doctor arrived. When the latter came he could only say that it would be impossible to tell for the next few hours whether the boy would live or not. The emetic was not very efficient ; any liquid poison, particularly laudanum, being almost instantly absorbed into the system. Everything, of course, depended on keeping him awake, which, with so young a child, appeared to be very difficult. The little fellow, however, showed a most wonderful amount of character and docility. Mr Doane asserted an influence over him which never flagged, though he did not seem to wish to have any one else touch him. Strong coffee was given every half hour (the best antidote in such cases) and when I came back Mr Doane was walking him up and down before the house, the poor little fellow obeying and trying to rub his heavy eyes. After a while a croquet mallet was put into his hand, and it was intensely strange to watch his feeble staggering movements and efforts to knock the balls

<sup>1</sup> Now Bishop of Western New York.

and to associate the idea of imminent danger to life, not with a bed and sick-room, but with a child standing before us in his ordinary dress. It was pathetic to hear him, when Mr Doane let him rest for one instant, put out his small hand and say feebly, "Now, another walk." We could see gradual improvement, and when the doctor came again he said the great danger was past, but that he must be kept awake until eight o'clock in the evening, and roused at intervals during the night. This was two days ago, and this afternoon I looked from my window and beheld a very small pair of knickerbockers running past full tilt, in the most triumphant manner. It was a most miraculous escape and revival, and this poor little woman is overflowing with gratitude. The Doanes' and Elliots' children have taken leave of their senses because they are going to act "Old Poz"—I have copied parts and heard recitals. . . .

In October 1866, Mr Motley wrote to Mr William Amory what he called a "begging letter," showing the terrible destitution and suffering of the people in Austria in consequence of the war, and the result, as Mrs Motley informs her daughter in a letter of January 1867, was a most handsome donation from Boston.



*From Mrs J. L. M. to Mrs Ives.*

VIENNA, *Jany. 7th*, 1867.

MY DARLING LILY,—I shall try to make a good beginning of a letter to you to-day, and humbly hope to be able to finish it in time for this week's steamer. It is in vain, however, to talk of a tranquil mind with a dinner at Court hanging over me, to say nothing of a place by the Emperor. When I get my first flurry over I intend to dash at once into the subject of Ischl and its delights, which will carry me half through the dinner, and then I shall trust to Providence for the rest. We are to have the de Jonghes'—old Könnerritz and Falbe—and the usual complement of Austrians.

Wednesday morning, *Jan. 9th*. Yesterday was so broken up into bits that I did not get a chance to sit down and write. Our dinner at Court "passed off very pleasantly," and my embarrassment melted away with the first words of the Emperor.

Poor man! it made my heart ache to see the change that had been made in him by a few short but eventful months, but I never knew him more amiable or talkative. I was somewhat surprised by his praises of the beautiful and *rich* town of Boston, and of his remembrance of the fact that I came therefrom, but the mystery was explained by your father afterwards, who said that immediately on entering the

room, the Emperor came up to him and expressed how much he was touched and gratified by the liberality of his Boston friends. Although they understand that it was a matter almost entirely personal to your father, they are so sore in spirit that they can't help feeling it as an expression of sympathy as well as charity. The Empress was radiant as she always is, and asked all about you as she always does. I told her I should tell you of her kind inquiries, and that you would be pleased to hear that she remembered you. Countess Königsegg asked after you. . . . Afterwards we went to a party at the Bille Brahes, where I was again thanked on all sides. Countess Cavriani grabbed me in passing, and said : " do sit down by me and let me thank you and your friends for their kind gift."

My time is up so goodbye, my darling. . . .—Yr. loving mother.

Mr Motley having resigned his post, the mission to Austria came to an end in the early summer of 1867, when, to the infinite regret of the whole family, they left Vienna, one of the most charming and attractive capitals of Europe.

Mrs Motley and her daughters went to Interlaken, and Mr Motley to London, on literary business, for the last two volumes of the " United Netherlands " were passing through the press.

Many were the honours conferred upon Mr Motley,

and though he valued them all as a recognition of his grand historical work, perhaps what most gratified him was being made D.C.L. by both Oxford and Cambridge, and Corresponding Member of the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences.<sup>1</sup>

*From Mrs J. L. M. to Mr J. L. M.*

INTERLAKEN, *July 22nd*, 1867.

DEAREST LOTHROP,—I have got up at the unearthly hour of six for the sake of getting a little quiet time for a letter to you. Yours of the 17th we received with much delight last night. I was glad to be able to think you are enjoying yourself in the companionship of intelligent and sympathetic human beings, and I hope you won't begin to bore yourself quite yet, for as yet we have nothing to offer you that would tempt you to come. On the contrary, you would be fretted out of your life by the mammoth hotels, which everybody says are good, but which seem to me detestable, overflowing as they are with people. . . . The boat from Thun to this place was literally so crowded that there was scarcely standing room, and made me so wretched that I wanted to cry, and should have done so, unless I had been cheered and excited by Ned's society. We met him and family at Berne. . . . The meeting was a joyful one on both sides after so many years of separation. I can't say

<sup>1</sup> In 1876 Mr Motley was elected Foreign Associate of the French Academy, the highest honour that Academy can confer.

that I found either Ned or Ellen<sup>1</sup> unchanged in looks, although they were so in their kind, affectionate manner, and the children (Jessie I thought lovely) I had never seen before. We are a very jolly party (the Robeson's are here too), and laugh and talk till we are all tired.

Our dear Sturgis's are at the Schweizerhof, at hand, and it is delightful to see their handsome faces once more, and to enjoy their society. Russell is the same old darling, but looking younger and even handsomer than when I saw him last, and is overflowing with affection and interest for us all. Julia is also most affectionate and kind, and is still very handsome. . . . All the children are charming, and it was a real pleasure to see our dear boy Toddles,<sup>2</sup> who, to me, has lost none of his charm. I told them what is true—that they all looked to me one handsomer than the other, and do justice to their good cheer. *The House* has absorbed another firm into itself, rich men and jolly good fellows, Russell says, besides possessing great business capacity. This change pushes up Russell on to a level with Mr Tom Baring, gives him increase of means and the luxury of a great deal more leisure, to which he is richly entitled after his hard-working life of so many years. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Mr and Mrs Edward Motley.

<sup>2</sup> Howard O. Sturgis, author of "All that was Possible," and other well-known books.

*From Mr J. L. Motley to his second daughter.*

MAURIGY'S, 30 July 1867.

MY DEAREST MARY,—I owe you a reply for your very nice, interesting letters from Herschberg, which gave me much amusement. The inside views of the royal, and ducal, and princely households in which you have been disporting yourself are very nicely photographed, and as I never saw much of this sort of country-life—or of any kind of country life, in Germany—I was the more interested in your descriptions. I am very glad that you have enjoyed yourself so much and that the Salms and all their friends have been so kind to you. . . . I was especially amused with your reports of the King of Wurtemberg's conversation with you at dinner, in which he expressed his disgust at the row made about the Sultan in Paris and England. His spleen on this occasion only goes to confirm my theory that jealousy is the great moving principle of the world—and that from a crowned head to a cook-maid all mortals are mainly swayed by this master passion.

I was glad to hear something of the Queen from your personal experience. I remember her at Petersburg as the Grand Duchess Olga in 1842—when she was but eighteen—and a most resplendent beauty, the very image of her father the Czar Nicholas. It amused me to hear that she remembered old —, who certainly was the greatest donkey that ever had

the honour of representing the American eagle at foreign courts. . . . I have been going on during the last week much as before, breakfasting out and dining out pretty much every day, but the thing has wellnigh come to an end. The last sands of a very lingering London season are feebly dribbling away, and the peaceful calm of August is descending upon the town.

I think I told you (that is to say Lily) in my last, of the debate which I was so good as to listen to in the House of Lords on the evening of the 23rd July, and how very successful the Duke of Argyll's speech was.

I came away after it was finished, took a solitary dinner at half-past nine at the Athenæum, and at half-past eleven proceeded in gorgeous array and in a hansom to the Duchess of Cleveland's party. I felt how I should have caught it for being so late, had we been in Vienna and all going together to the festival.

On reaching the house, I observed that silence deep as death was brooding over it, and all St James' Square, and the horrible conviction forced itself upon me that I had mistaken the night. I awakened the Tadmor-like solitude by a thundering rap. The door flew open and a line of flunkeys was visible. I walked upstairs preparing an apology for the lateness of my arrival and found the Duchess entirely alone, who received me very kindly and expressed her satisfaction that she should have the pleasure of a half-hour's quiet conversation with me, as it would be only after that

lapse of time that the company would begin to arrive. Fortunately we were old acquaintances and had something to talk about, otherwise I should have considered it an especial favour if the earth could have opened at once and swallowed us both, together with all London.

However your mother will be pleased to know that I have for once been punctual, and that I have received the company at a London party as gracefully and condescendingly as I ever did the honours of a *soirée* at our own palatial residence in Vienna.

By the way, it turned out to be a *soirée dansante*, which I didn't know before. Compared with a Vienna dance there was certainly an absence of *chic*, partly perhaps from the absence of military uniforms, although Stewart,<sup>1</sup> by a kind of lingering Austrian flavour about him, seemed to shed a reflected glamour over the scene. I found a good many old acquaintances here and there, and enjoyed or "annoyed" myself about as well as I could expect for an hour or so. To a few people I was introduced, but generally didn't hear their names as they were not spoken loud nor in French.

I had a good deal of gossip with Lady Stanhope, then I espied Lady Di,<sup>2</sup> with her hair dyed yellow, after a nasty but prevailing fashion. She looked like

<sup>1</sup> Now Earl of Galloway.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Diana Beauclerk, daughter of the ninth Duke of St Albans, and who afterwards married Baron Huddleston,

a figurine de Saxe as usual, but it is getting to be rather "vieux Saxe" now, and the bergère business is slightly overdone. Lady Stanhope told me that Lady Di was formally engaged to the Prince of Orange, and went about as such, until he was telegraphed out of the country by his distracted parents. She was then as publicly engaged (according to Lady S.), to Paul Esterhazy until he too planted her and went off to parts well known. Alexander Apponyi came up to me and I was glad to see a Vienna face. I haven't yet called on his father and mother, but mean to do so before I go away.

Wednesday morning I had a very pleasant breakfast at Twistleton's. The company were his brother, Lord Say, and Sele, a mild, clerical personage, in a benignant white cravat. Browning, who was in great force, and as full of original stories and ideas as he used to be, Grote, serenely wise and courteously classical, Lord Belper, Lecky, a fair-haired youth of twenty-six, very gentle and pleasing, who has written a wonderful book called the "History of Rationalism." The conversation was promiscuous, learned.

(Rest of letter missing).

Many letters have been published written by Mr Motley, when in England, to his wife and family. The winter of 1867-8 was passed in Rome.

In June 1868, they all went to Boston, established



themselves at No. 2 Park Street, and remained in America till March 1869, when Mr Motley was appointed, by President Grant, Minister to the Court of St James', and with his family he at once went to London to take up his duties.

*From Sir Charles Lyell to Mr J. L. M.*

73 HARLEY STREET,  
30th March 1868.

MY DEAR MR MOTLEY,—I have been so much occupied with the correction of my new edition of the "Principles of Geology," that I have only just finished the reading of your two volumes, which I have been doing steadily and with increasing interest and admiration to the end. I think no history has come out in my time which points the moral in so telling a manner, both in politics, political economy, and matters theological, ecclesiastical, and religious. I am surprised to think how little justice has been done by most of our historical writers, to the part which the Dutch Republic played at the period which you have chronicled. I suppose all our writers cherished a great deal of insular prejudice, against the Hollanders, to say nothing of the jealousy of a rival power in commerce, navigation, and empire, in the East of a people who presumed to dispense so largely with feudal institutions.

The causes of the decay of the military strength and

financial resources of Spain are most clearly pointed out, and the organized mutinies very well described. I never remember to have seen Philip's repudiation of all his pecuniary engagements and the misery to others, and mischief to his own country, which it occasioned, so distinctly set forth. It struck me that in summing up his delinquencies and commenting on the self-congratulations of the dying king that he had injured no man. You almost let him off too easily by not dwelling more on his repudiation. But I am speaking without reading over those comments a second time, which, on the whole, I thought excellent, and I more than half suspect that you are right in supposing that he thought himself a god.

It is well worth while for any reader to contrast your treatment of Henry the 4th's apostacy and Buckle's mode of dealing with the same historical event. There is great eloquence and some philosophical truth in Buckle's mode of viewing this compromise and in his lucubrations on the subject, but in the moral tone, they will not bear companion with your reflections on the same theme. Your pictures of battles and naval fights, are admirably drawn and coloured, and the way in which you have kept up the readers' interest through the long siege of Ostend, shows great skill and knowledge of what to omit and the story of the Polar Expedition, and the freezing up of the ship in the ice, which is so well told, surprises ninety-nine in a hundred

of those who read it in this island, and who imagined that their own Polar voyages were the first to encounter and overcome such perils.

The only pages that I find any one skips are those which refer to those endless negotiations which probably could not be shortened without loss, as they afford an insight into the extraordinary intrigues, corruptions, and bribery of princes, ministers, and nobles. It is clear that publicity must prevent a great deal of this double dealing in diplomacy, so that even if mankind are no better in our days, the mere fact of public men living in glass-houses, will make their practices more honest and straightforward. . . . From Sir Charles Lyell the great geologist.

*From Mrs J. L. M. to Mr J. L. M.*

BOSTON, Feb. 15th, 1869.

DEAREST LOTHROP,— . . . Yesterday, Sunday, Mr and Mrs Winthrop came here between churches (Philips Brooks was preaching at Trinity), and I gave them a lunch, knowing before hand that they were coming. They were as amiable and kind as ever, and made many enquiries after you. . . . Your letters are a great comfort and pleasure to all of us and it is so good of you to write so often. I hope you will write a kind note to Ellie<sup>1</sup> in answer to hers to you telling you

<sup>1</sup> Miss Eloise Rodman, Mr Motley's niece.

of her engagement. . . . S. Weld is quite a charming person, and satisfactory in every particular. His father and mother died within a few weeks of each other last year, and he has been everything to his four sisters and young brothers ever since. He entered college at 14, and afterwards went into the Law School, from which he was summoned to the war. His record there is a noble one, and from the few remarks I heard him make I am sure he has the best of politics. He served four years and saw hard fighting in the Wilderness and elsewhere; his regiment cut almost all to pieces and every officer except himself killed; then a prisoner in Libby. I consider him a most agreeable addition to the family, being what I call the best sort of American man. Ellie is radiant with happiness. . . . Thank Mr Hooper for his speech, which I intend to keep for my evening's reading. . . .

In this same year the great French dramatist, M. Victorien Sardou, dedicated to Mr Motley his historical drama "Patrie."

The dedication runs as follows :—

A

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

L'AUTEUR DE PATRIE

DÉDIE CETTE PIÈCE

Comme un faible témoignage de son admiration  
pour le grand écrivain et l'homme de cœur à qui l'on doit  
L'Histoire de la Révolution des Pays Bas.

In the copy of "Patrie," preserved by the Motley family, is fixed the letter written by M. Sardou, to Mr Motley on the occasion. The handwriting is very minute, and not always easy to read, but the text now given may be accepted as accurate.

44 RUE LAFFITTE,  
*Ce 29 Mai, 1869.*

MONSIEUR,—Mon représentant Mr Delille chargé, par moi de faire représenter en Amérique mon drame, "PATRIE!" joué à Paris avec un succès dont il vous parlera mieux que moi, a mission également de se faire auprès de vous l'interprète de mes sentiments d'admiration et de reconnaissance. J'ai beaucoup étudié dans ma jeunesse l'histoire du XVI<sup>e</sup> siècle, et particulièrement les guerres de religion et je sais apprécier mieux que personne la haute valeur de votre superbe "Histoire des Pays Bas."

Je serais très ingrat, si je ne cherchais pas avec empressement l'occasion de vous dire tout ce que je dois à la lecture de ce beau livre, avec lequel j'ai vécu pendant une année entière et qui n'a pas quitté ma table tandis que j'écrivais ma pièce.

Je souhaite, monsieur, qu'elle ne vous semble pas trop indigne ou de la grandeur du sujet ou du Maître qui a présidé à mon travail et dans cet espoir j'ose vous prier de vouloir bien en accepter la dédicace.

Je serais bien heureux et bien fier le jour ou je l'imprimierai de pouvoir inscrire votre nom avant le mien, dans la première page et vous associer par là à un succès qui vous doit tout.

Daignez agréer monsieur avec la nouvelle expression de mon admiration celle de mon entier dévouement.

(Signed) VICT. SARDOU.

TRANSLATION OF LETTER.

44 RUE LAFFITTE,  
29th May 1869.

SIR,—My representative, Mr Delille, who is entrusted by me with the duty of having my drama "Patrie" performed in America, it having been acted in Paris, with great success of which he will tell you better than I could do, is also instructed to be my interpreter, with regard to you, of my feelings of admiration and gratitude. I have studied a great deal in my youth, the history of the XVIth century, and especially the wars of religion, and I know how to appreciate better than anyone else, the great merit of your superb "History of the Netherlands." I should be very ungrateful if I were not eagerly to endeavour to seize the occasion of telling you all that I owe to the perusal of this fine book, with which I lived during a whole year, and which never left my table while I was writing my play. I wish, Sir, that it may not seem to you too unworthy of

the greatness of the subject or of the Master, who presided over my work. In this hope I venture to request you to be kind enough to accept the dedication of it to you.

I shall be very happy and very proud on the day on which I print it to be able to inscribe your name before mine on the first page and thus to associate you with a success entirely owing to you.

Deign to accept, Sir, with the renewed expression of my admiration, also that of my complete devotion.

(Signed) VICT. SARDOU.

The next five letters are all from Mr Motley to Prince Bismack, that of 1876, being especially important.

*From Mr J. L. M. to Prince Bismarck.*

LONDON, August 2, 1869.

MY DEAR BISMARCK,—I can't resist the impulse to write to you once more, although I am sure that you will never answer me. I don't know how many letters I have written without getting a reply. Nevertheless, I have that confidence in our old friendship as to feel perfectly sure that you have not forgotten me, and that I should find you, whenever I have the good fortune to meet you, the same as of old.

I have been here since June 1st. I think it highly possible that you may have noticed in some of the

newspapers my appointment as minister to this post, and very soon after my arrival here, Count Bernsdorff brought your two sons to me at an evening party, and I assure you it was a great delight to me to see these two young old friends, whom I knew so well when they were children in Frankfort, and the eldest of whom is about the age of ourselves, when we first became friends at Göttingen. They only passed through London, leaving, as they told me, the next morning. I wish that I could have had them under my roof. Alas, at that time, and also at this time, I have *no roof*. Up to this moment, I am houseless in London—living at an hotel, and awfully tired of such a life. We have been house-hunting, without success, two months long.

The Republic which I have the honour to represent does not provide as comfortable quarters as Prussia House, in which our excellent friends the Bernstorff's are so delightfully established. We have no Legation-Hotel, and each new minister on his arrival must provide himself as he best can. My girls are now away at the sea-side—and my wife and myself are going to look at three different houses this morning, probably to decide that not one of them will do. I was extremely distressed at leaving Europe last year, without seeing you. I had made a hundred plans for so doing—but they all failed. I had set my heart on seeing you once more, and looked forward with delight to the possibility of finding you in Berlin, and enjoying



the spectacle of my old friend in the very central point of his power from whence the radiation is so brilliant, so creative, so invigorating to this fatigued and battered old Europe. How I should like to talk with you of all your immense achievements with which the world rings, and of which history will always be proud. You cannot doubt I am sure, with what deep interest and sympathy, I have watched your splendid career. But, I have no idea of taking a flight at this moment into the regions of the *haute politique*. Nor will I say anything of my own task in these eternal Anglo-American matters rolling the stone of Sisyphus. As I once before observed to you, I think grocers never eat figs in private life. I had a letter from Canitz, a few days ago, giving me news of you. I hope sincerely, that you are recruiting your strength in the vacation which you are taking.

Pray give my affectionate regards to Countess Bismarck, altho' she so persistently refuses to answer my letters, and also to Mdllè. Marie, who has long ago forgotten her *oncle d'Amérique*.

Pray try to let me have a line to show me that you have not entirely forgotten me.—Always sincerely  
your old friend,

J. L. MOTLEY.

*From Mr J. L. M. to Prince Bismarck.*

LONDON, 13th Aug., 1869.

MY DEAR BISMARCK,—Alas and alas! Why must everything be impossible which one hungers and thirsts to do?

Entbehren sollst Du, solst entbehren  
 Das ist der ewige Gesang  
 Der täglich in die Ohren klingt  
 u.s.w., u.s.w.

Nothing in the world could be half so tempting as to get into that cab *sammt*, “F. Gemah.,” and plunge into the Pomeranian wilderness, tomahawk and carpet bag in hand.

But first, without “*Urlaub*” I can’t leave my post, and before I could get it, you would be gone from Varzin. Your letter was so friendly in its invitation, and the two charming little postscripts signed, “*Johanna*” and “*Marie*” added so much to its eloquence, that I resisted only with a very severe struggle. But in melancholy seriousness I cannot come this year. But the first step that I make out of this kingdom will be to come to see you. It will be next year at some time, for I mean to write for an *Urlaub*, and keep it in my pocket and wait to see when it will be most convenient for you to have me, either in Berlin, Varzin, or where you will.

Meantime, a thousand thanks to you, and the

Countess and the Countess Marie, for your kind invitation. My wife joins me in affectionate regards to them, as well as to yourself. She will not admit that she is unacquainted with them, having heard so much of them from me. As I hope that you don't mean to amuse yourself by turning Europe upside down next summer, I trust that one will be able to travel into North Germany then.

Moreover, I have always prided myself on my geographical proficiency, and on knowing about the rivers, capitals, political boundaries, mineral productions, and religious arrangements of Europe.

I am studying the new maps or mean to do so, when I have bought them. So please let Europe alone for a year or two, otherwise I shall "burst in ignorance," for the remainder of my days.

The season is over, London has gone out of town. My wife and myself are all that remains at present out of a population of four millions—the last of the Mohicans—and we leave to-morrow morning for a few weeks in the country.

Remember that I mean to invite myself next year. "Nimm es nicht übel" that it was impossible for me to accept your invitation now, and don't revenge yourself by refusing to see me when I do come.

Tausend herzliche Grüsse an die gnädige Frau Gemahlin und Comtesse Marie.—Always your true friend,

J. L. M.

*From Mr J. L. M. to Prince Bismarck.*

LONDON, 27th Sept., '69.

MY DEAR BISMARCK,—Your letter of 19th Sept. was received a day or two ago. It so happened that General Badeau, Assistant-Secretary of this legation, was just going to America on brief leave of absence. I accordingly translated the portion of your note referring to Mr B., and gave it to him to be placed before the President and Mr Fish, Secretary of State. In this way your strong remonstrance and encomium will produce the greatest effect, and I have also taken care that your letter should be most carefully and confidentially kept private. Genl. Badeau sailed yesterday, and will be in Washington within ten or eleven days. I should add that I have never heard at all of the intrigues to which you allude. Whenever I hear from Badeau or anyone else on the subject, I will let you know. “Ich bin des trockenen Tons nun satt.” How much I regretted not being able to visit you in Varzin. It would have been so jolly for us to turn ourselves into twenty years old again for a brief season. But it was and is absolutely impossible for me to leave at present. In the first place I have no leave of absence, and in the next place I have mountains of work. Moreover, I am still in search, not of the best of Republics (that is already found) but of the

most comfortable of houses, and that is most difficult to find—brick and mortar being very dear in London and very bad. Every house that I have thus far inspected has the dirt of ages accumulated in every room. We have all been living in an hotel, four months long, except with an intermission of a few weeks of country visiting. You will not think me exaggerating about my work when I tell you that there are but two Secretaries of legation, one of whom, as I said, is away on leave. I have written to-day to the Secy. of State asking for a discretionary leave of absence. I expect to get it, and when I see my way clear of business (if so blessed a time should ever come) for a few days or weeks, I shall invade you at Berlin. It will be the most agreeable holiday I could even imagine for myself. Give my kindest remembrances and regards to Countess Bismarck and the Countess Marie, to your sons, if with you.—And believe me always, most sincerely your friend. J. L. M.

My wife and the girls join in kindest greetings. Suppose you should generously and magnanimously fulfil your oft-given and broken promise to send three photographs with your signatures to my womankind, who are always howling for them.

*From Mr J. L. M. to Prince Bismarck.*

LONDON, 7th Nov., 1869.

MY DEAR BISMARCK,—I did not intend that a month should slip by without a reply from me to your kind letter of Dec. 10, with thanks for the photographs, which gave immense delight to us all. I waited day after day for some cartes de visite of myself, but it is only within a day or two that I have been enabled to lay the enclosed grizzled head at the feet of Madame de Bismarck and her fair daughter.

My wife has no photographs and always resolutely refuses to have one done. Enclosed is one of my second daughter, Mary. Susie has none at present—when there are any, I will send one—I now consider myself justified in claiming strenuously the heads of all your family. I am sure that they will not have the heart to refuse us. Also pray add one or two more of yourself.

Lily, my eldest daughter, magnanimously gave one of those you sent to a lady at whose house we were visiting, and who is a great admirer of yours. She is moreover a young and beautiful person.

We are at last in a house and a very pleasant one—with windows opening on one of the great parks. London is delightfully still and empty, so that I can imagine myself in the country. I wish you could drop

in upon us as you did that evening in Vienna—for alas! I see no present possibility of my leaving my post.

One of my secretaries has gone home on leave of absence, and the other, as well as myself, has so much to do that it would be impossible to get a holiday for a long time to come. Our republican system doesn't allow of a dozen secretaries to each legation, so that a good deal of routine work comes upon the chief. I wish I could see my way to an invasion of Berlin, but the project must be deferred.

It is, however, a doomed city, for I am determined to enter that capital in triumph or perish in the attempt.

The sensation of the week in London has been the visit of the Queen to the "City" to open a bridge. It was a civic affair and doubtless most loyal and gorgeous. The diplomatic corps were not invited to turn out on the occasion, so that I am unable to give you a glowing account of the festivities.

Our great philanthropist, George Peabody, is just dead. I knew him well and saw him several times during his last illness. It made him happy, he said, as he lay on his bed, to think that he had done some good to his fellow creatures.

I suppose no man in human history ever gave away so much money. At least two millions of pounds sterling, in cash, he bestowed in great and well

regulated charities, founding institutions in England and America, which will do good, so long as either nation exists. He was never married—has no children—but has made a large number of nephews and nieces rich. He leaves behind him (after giving away so much), I dare say, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  million sterling.

Goodbye. Write soon again. It is so agreeable to hear from you—if only a line. It makes me young again.

Gieb mir doch die Zeiten wieder  
Wo ich noch selbst im Werden war.

Pray, sir, is your name Joyce—J O Y C E ?

Kindest regards to Madame de Bismarck and all your household in which mine join.—Ever thine,

J. L. M.

*From Mr J. L. M. to Prince Bismarck.*

LONDON, 9th Sept., '70.

MY DEAR BISMARCK,—I am sure that you will not misinterpret the meaning of the note which I now venture to write. You know that you have few warmer or more attached personal friends than I am, or of longer date, and I feel that you have perfect confidence in my friendship which is as disinterested as it is earnest. I yield to no one in admiration of your splendid career, and in my conviction, that true patriotism, faith in the high destiny of united Germany



and loyalty to your Sovereign have been the guides which have steadily led you to those great achievements which History will always delight to dwell upon.

Nor can any man, not born a German, have longed more earnestly to see the unity established of the great Mother Country of us all than I have done for years long. Were I writing of you instead of to you, I should say much more, for it is a theme to inspire the dullest man with eloquence when he sees an intimate friend of his youth, and manhood become, as you have so long been a central figure of interest and importance for the whole civilized world.

The events, now unfolding themselves before our eyes, and in which you are a chief actor, belong to the most interesting and important in the long chronicle of Europe. And the characters are as striking as the events. The noble and stately figure of the old King, the genial and chivalrous Prince, and the other Paladins, who surround him on this amazing procession of victories, the profound and terrible strategist who seems to leave organised triumph after triumph, with the certainty of mathematics, and the tranquillity of Fate, and the master mind of all, the great statesman—but as I am writing to him I will say no more—all these figures are as picturesque and full of highest meaning as any ever displayed on the brightest historical canvas.

But I didn't mean to bore you, my dear friend, when I took up the pen, with such remarks and reflections as those. They have fallen from it unwittingly.

My object in writing, after expressing my profound sympathy, of which you need no assurance, was to make a suggestion that I hope you will hear with indulgence, although it may produce no great effect upon your mind. I write simply in my private capacity—and I beg you to take especial note that in what I have said, or am about to say, I don't speak in the slightest degree for my Government or for any one but myself—only as an old friend in the most private and unofficial manner possible.

I am aware, from frequent and confidential and earnest conversations with those most interested and influential in the affairs of this country, that a great pressure is put upon the Government by the other considerable powers in favour of some kind of intervention, mediation, joint expression of opinion, as to the terms of peace.

This Government has steadily resisted such invitations and suggestions—which come to it every day. It does not consider itself justified in pronouncing judgment in a cause over which it has no jurisdiction nor any ultimate ground of interference except in the common interest of the whole human family.

England, having no special or separate interest in the great conflict, is supposed to be obstructive and

laggard ; the rest of Europe being apparently not unwilling to pronounce a judgment on the terms of peace.

Such a judgment, however authorised, if it should be rendered, would be formidable as a fact, and might commit to ulterior consequences. Now it has occurred to me, as having the privilege of your friendship and enjoying your confidence, that a whisper in your ear of the most confidential and disinterested character could do no harm even if it did no good.

I am not alluding at this moment to America or American opinion. You have other means of arriving at that, and I am not authorised or disposed on this occasion to express the sense of our Govt. or people. But, as I believe, he would be an injudicious friend of France who should counsel her to proceed as if—without radical change in the fortunes of men—she could help accepting such honourable terms as Prussia might dictate, so he would be a sincere friend of Germany who should modestly but firmly suggest that the more moderate the terms on the part of the conqueror at this supreme moment, the greater would be the *confidence* inspired for the future,<sup>1</sup> and the more secure the foundations of a durable peace, and the more proud and fortunate the position and character of United Germany.

<sup>1</sup> The words "damn confidence" were added by Prince Bismarck in the margin of the letter.

Although England has held firmly against suggestions of mediation, there is no doubt whatever that the tide of public opinion in that direction is rising. When it reaches a certain point the Govt. may be unable to withstand that tide, for, as I need not say to you, public opinion in this country is sovereign.

I am afraid that I have written too much although you will not misunderstand my motives.

For the great result which you have accomplished of sweeping out of existence that odious, personal Government, which, after eighteen years of what fools thought material prosperity, had left the gallant and intellectual French nation naked to your terrible assaults, after so recklessly and wickedly provoking them, and deprived it of all armour except the courage and self-devotion of its individual soldiers, I shall always be grateful.

But my heart bleeds for the anguish which Germany, even in her triumph, suffers in the terrible bereavements which afflict almost every family in the land. And what must be the misery of the vanquished, who, in addition to these sorrows, have to bewail a national humiliation besides.

Of course I don't presume to hint as to terms, but I implore you for the sake of humanity of your own great fame, and the best interests of your Sovereign and of Germany, to be moderate, and, if possible, expeditious.

The world is shuddering at the prospect or the possibility of a siege of Paris and assault, and all the terrible consequences of taking such a city by storm.

I cannot bear the thought that the lustre of what is now the pure and brilliant though bloody triumph of Germany should be tarnished by even a breath.

I am delighted to hear that your son is doing well after his wound, and I sincerely trust that his mother will soon be spared all further anxiety on her son's account and on yours.

Pray give our united and kindest regards to her, and accept the warmest good wishes and congratulations of your sincere friend as of old,

J. L. MOTLEY.

*P.S.*—I must add once more that this is a most sacredly confidential communication, prompted only by my individual feelings of deep interest in you, and the great cause you represent. Of course the public can have nothing to do with it.

The English Mission was of short duration, and came to an end in 1870, when Mr and Mrs Motley accepted the offer of the loan of a house near the Hague, made to them by Queen Sophie of the Netherlands, and went there in January 1871, with Mrs Ives and their youngest daughter, Susan.

Previous to their departure from England, the

second daughter, Mary, married Algernon Brinsley Sheridan.

Mr and Mrs Motley remained at the Hague till October 1872, the latter part of the time in a house in the Kneuterdyk, hired from Baron Fagel.

This house was of historic interest, for in it for some time lived Jan De Witt, with his brother Cornelius, and from it they went forth the day of their assassination.

Mr Motley writing to Lady William Russell, says : "De Witt's ghost has not yet rapped at any of our doors. The poor man was torn into so many pieces by the vulgar and idiotic rabble, who murdered him, that it must be difficult for him to put himself together in any manner becoming a respectable *revenant* to his own house."

Two portraits of the De Witt's at the Huis-ten-Bosch, the summer palace near the Hague, Mr Motley thus describes :—

John de Witt—dark magistrate's robe—broad lace collar—above middle height—very long face more than oval—dark hair parted in middle and falling to the shoulders—dark and swarthy—moderate forehead, not very high or broad—black pronounced eyebrows—large hooked eagle or vulture nose—slight black moustache—no other beard—lean, leathery, lantern cheeks—very heavy, coarse, thick lipped, unmodelled mouth—broad, well-opened brown eye,



DE WITT'S IN THE KNEUTERDYK, HAGUE





with soft, pensive, melancholy, almost languishing expression. Altogether an attractive, interesting, thoughtful, and exceedingly ugly gentleman, apparently 45 years of age.

Cornelius de Witt—much resembling his brother, but brisker, bluffer, and even uglier of visage. Same long face—beardless, but for faint smudgy moustache—heavy featured—thick, long, ungainly nose—broad black eye-brow—dark eye, large and rather mirthful in expression—coarse, thick lipped, heavy, but not sensual mouth—long chin, and very dark hair.

A cheerful, pleasant face of a vigorous, healthy man of action—a determined Dutch naval commander, with richly embroidered doublet and scarf and baton in hand, and three decker blowing up in the distance.

The De Witt house was afterwards purchased by the King of Holland, as a residence for Prince Alexander after he became Prince of Orange.

*From Mr J. L. M. to Lady William Russell.*<sup>1</sup>

KLEINE LOO, THE HAGUE,  
*5th April, '71.*

DEAREST LADY WILLIAM,—I am so distressed—we all are so distressed—to hear you give such a bad account

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Bawdon, niece of first Marquis of Hastings, widow of Lord William Russell, son of 7th Duke of Bedford and mother of 9th Duke.

of yourself. I sincerely trust that the spring—if spring there is ever to be—will bring some healing in its wings.

*Frigera mitescuset Zephyri ;*

but the zephyrs thus far seem to come straight from Nova Zembla. It is hard, cold, insolent sunshine, with blustering whirlwinds day by day. I hope that on your side of the channel, there is at least rain and fog, which are preferable in my opinion to frost. The Gemeente Raad of this capital has made a report on sanitary matters, in which it is stated that London is the healthiest city in the world. I suppose that the smoke is disinfectant.

You perceive from my maundering on about weather that I have not much to write about. Otherwise, I should not have required a reminder that I had been silent. But I have ceased entirely to be a letter writer. I have a kind of phobia of the inkstand as if it contained hellebore. I would gladly give you details of anything going on here, but the first person here, and the second, and all the world is the Queen, the most agreeable, interesting and important, but from her you hear directly and often. I don't think her very well just now, but she is as charming, attentive, kind, and thoughtful as it is possible to be. We see her a great deal, and we consider it a great privilege. There is nothing she has not done to make us feel at home and happy. With her the Hague is a most

agreeable place. I should be sorry to try to imagine what it would be without her. There are a good many cultivated, well-bred, agreeable people here, and we have received much kindness and civility from the Society. There is a cachet about them which I like. My wife, I am sorry to say, is far from well. She goes about, however, as usual, but suffers much pain. She is a martyr to chronic dyspepsia. During the last few days she has been comparatively well. For myself, I go to my archives every day, and take a header into the seventeenth century, which is refreshing enough after being wearied with the heat, and the worry and the crime of the nineteenth.

It is amusing enough to see the poor devils whose bones have been dust these 200 or 300 years squabbling and intriguing, and lying and cutting each other's throats about nothings, only a different kind of nothings, from the mesquineries of to-day. It is rather diverting to read the *ipsissima verba*, to see the living records, over which so much ironical dust has so long been accumulating, to take the dry bones out of the charnel house, and to try to breathe into them a fictitious life. Like Bertram in the third act of *Robert the Devil*, I like to set the sheeted dead gambolling and pirouetting and making fools of themselves once more.

We have been living here since we arrived early in February, in a very pleasant, old-fashioned rambling

Dutch villa, which belongs to the Queen, and which she seems to have taken a pleasure in making as neat, attractive, and comfortable for us as an English or American house. There is a pleasant garden about it, and it looks over a wide sweep of meadows, canals, windmills, and distant village spires. Her Majesty's own favourite country house and summer residence, "The Huis-ten-Bosch" is close by, a charming old structure of William Third's day and taste.

We have taken a house in town from May for a somewhat indefinite period, a good old-fashioned Dutch mansion, belonging to Baron Fagel, and which was once the residence of the great De Witt, the grand Pensionary, out of which he went one day to be torn to pieces, with his brother Cornelius by the mob. Let me say in passing, that this is a solitary instance in Dutch history of such a crime. To be sure it was a tremendous one, and might suffice for a nation's lifetime.

We have a pleasant and friendly diplomatic corps here, among whom we find some old acquaintances. The social winter has been very calm, partly owing to the war, partly owing to the misfortunes of Prince Frederick, a most excellent, kindly old man, who lost his wife as you know, a few months ago, and now has just had the affliction of the death of his daughter the Queen of Sweden.

I will write again soon, dear Lady William, and will

try to be more interesting. Meantime, I hope I may hear that you are better.

My wife and daughters desire their most affectionate regards, and I am as ever,—Yours most sincerely and faithfully,

VARIUS.

*From Mr J. L. M. to Prince Bismarck.*

6 KNEUTERDYK, THE HAGUE,  
5th April, '72.

MY DEAR BISMARCK,—Only a line to acknowledge receipt of your telegram, and to send you a thousand best wishes and congratulations on your birthday. I could not do so on the day itself, although your telegram was sent upon it. By a curious coincidence, the first April is also the birthday of the Dutch Republic—that is to say, the town of Brille was taken three hundred years ago, on that day, by the Water Beggars, and I had been invited to the festival held at that ancient town in celebration of this three hundredth anniversary of the national independence. I wish that I could have been with you on your birthday. It would have been an immense pleasure to see the honours and congratulations showered upon you. You have few *older* friends, I fancy, than I, and certainly none more sympathetic and attached. Alas, I cannot yet accept your kind invitation. But to make you

a visit is one of my cherished projects for the last three years, and most certainly it shall be carried out before this year closes. If you permit it, I will write to you some day when I see my path clear and make the proposition. If the time should not suit you, we could make some arrangement for another day.

Just now I have a variety of family arrangements which tie me here besides some literary work, which must be done now or never. I am also expecting my daughter and her husband to pay us a rather long visit from England. She was married just before we left that country to Mr Sheridan (great-grandson of the famous Sheridan), and I have not seen her since.

It makes me very happy to think that there are complaints in your family that I have not yet been able to fulfil my promise. It delights me to think that I am so kindly remembered by those of whom I think so often and with so much affection. My only fear is that when I once get to you I shall never be able to tear myself away again.

Adieu, my dear friend. Give my kindest regards to your dear wife and daughter. They will allow me, I trust, this homely mode of greeting.—And believe me, until we meet, as before and after, most sincerely yours,

J. L. MOTLEY.

There do not seem to be any unpublished letters after the date of 1872, but there are many of great interest in the two volumes of published correspondence, between that date and 1874, when Mrs Motley died.

From this overwhelming sorrow Mr Motley never recovered. As Dr Holmes says in his Memoir:—  
“The death in December 1874, of the lovely and noble woman who made the happiness of his life, cast the deep shadow over him which was never lifted.”

Mr Motley passed the following summer in America, then returned to England, and even hoped to resume literary work, but this was not to be, and the end came suddenly in May 1877, when he was staying with his daughter, Mrs Sheridan, at Kingston Russell House, Dorsetshire.

On the stone slab over where once was the front door of this house, Hastings, Duke of Bedford, a very great friend of Mr Motley, placed the following inscription. “John Lothrop Motley, Minister of the United States, Historian of the Dutch Republic, died at Kingston Manor House, May 29th, 1877.”

After Mr Motley's death many letters of condolence were received, and of these, one from the Comte de Paris and one from Count C. de Bylandt are now presented.

*From the Comte de Paris to Lady Harcourt.*

CHATEAU D'EU,  
SEINE INFÉRIEURE,  
10 Juin 1877.

MADAME,—Permettez moi de venir vous exprimer toute la part que je prends au grand malheur qui vous a frappée.

J'ai gardé un si reconnaissant souvenir de mes relations avec Monsieur Motley que je ne puis me refuser la douloureuse satisfaction d'offrir à toute la famille par votre intermédiaire l'assurance de ma profonde sympathie.

Les Etats Unis ont perdu en lui un grand et bon citoyen qui avait à l'heure critique apporté au service de son pays tout son zèle et toute sa capacité la grande autorité dont son nom était si justement entouré en Europe. Je l'avais rencontré avant cette époque, mais c'est de ce temps où les personnes qui avaient foi dans l'avenir des Etats Unis étaient rares que datent nos relations sérieuses. Tous ceux qui l'ont connu alors ont pu admirer son ardent patriotisme. Mais ils sont peu nombreux auprès de ceux qui dans tous les pays civilisés on ont pénétré ses beaux ouvrages pleurent sa perte comme un coup qui frappe la littérature universelle comme un vide irréparable dans ce monde d'élite qui fait profiter l'humanité entière de ses tra-



vaux et de ses recherches. Permettez moi donc à tous ces titres Madame de vous offrir l'expression de la respectueuse sympathie de votre dévoué, L. P. d'Orleans. (Signed) COMTE DE PARIS.

CHÂTEAU D'EU,  
SEINE INFÉRIEURE,  
10 *Juin*, 1877.

MADAM,—Allow me to express to you all I feel for you in the great misfortune which has befallen you.

I have preserved so grateful a recollection of my relations with Mr Motley, that I cannot deny myself the painful satisfaction of offering to the whole family, through your intermediary, the assurance of my profound sympathy. The United States have lost in him, a great and good citizen, who brought to his country's service all his zeal and all his capacity, and the great authority with which his name is justly associated in Europe.

I had met him before that period, but it is from that time, when the persons who had faith in the future of the United States were few, that our serious relations date.

All those who knew him then were able to admire his ardent patriotism. But they are in a minority in comparison with those, who in all civilized countries into which his fine works have penetrated will mourn

his loss as a blow that strikes universal literature, and as an irreparable void in that world of choice cultivation which causes the whole of humanity to profit by his works and his researches.

Allow me therefore, on all these accounts, Madame, to offer to you the expression of the respectful sympathy of your devoted,

(Signed) L. P. D'ORLÈANS,  
COMTE DE PARIS.

40 GROSVENOR GARDENS,

*Thursday, 18th July 1877.*

DEAR LADY HARCOURT,—I have been much touched by your kind letter. I send a copy of it to the Hague to be shown to the Prince of Orange ; but the original, I keep as an autograph to be set apart with the many letters I possess of our dear late Queen.

And now, what can I say of your own sorrows ! That they are shared by every Dutchman, even by those who did not know personally the great historian, whose name is so closely connected with all that is dear to us, with all we are proud of : Our dear and much regretted Queen, our National History and our National character, both of which Mr Motley has been the most true and most able interpreter ! I may fairly say that within few days distance, my country has sustained *two* great losses, and it seems as if through

this curious coincidence Providence had wished to spare to each the grief of the sad event. May both meet in a better world !

Countess Bylandt sends you her best love, and I remain, dear Lady Harcourt,—Very faithfully and sincerely yours,

C. DE BYLANDT.

Seven charming letters from Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes, to Lady Harcourt may fitly bring to a close this selected correspondence.

They range from 1877 to 1893.

*From Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes to Lady Harcourt.*

BOSTON, 17th June, 1877.

MY DEAR LADY HARCOURT,—In the midst of many sorrows that have come to me within the last few months my thoughts turn to you all, the daughters of my dear friend, whose hearts are still aching with the void of your recent bereavement. Since the last days of winter I have lost Mr Sargent,<sup>1</sup> whose endearing qualities you well know and who was perfect in all his relations with us. A little later, came the death of my sister, Mrs Upham, a few years older than myself, and whose departure takes out of my life a great deal that made the happiness of its recollections. Mr Edmund Quincey was a connection of mine by blood

<sup>1</sup> Mr Turner Sargent, his son-in-law.

and my friendship with him though not very close, was a growing one.

But how can I speak of my relations with your beloved father, which were always, or at least, during a large part of our lives, intimate and which during his last visit to this country were more tender, interpenetrating and affectionate, than any I ever had with any other friend. I can never forget those weeks which he passed near me at Nahant. Every day, I was with him, sometimes for hours, and then it was that I learned more completely than I could have known before, what the heart was, which even in its every day manifestations had so magnetized his early friends and companions and which, wherever he went, must have attracted all the finer natures with which he came in near relations. He would often repress his feelings and talk almost as in earlier days of subjects that had interested us, but he returned to the one thought which absorbed the best part of his life with such concentration. . . .

*From Dr Holmes to Lady Harcourt.*

BOSTON, 3rd March 1878.

MY DEAR LILY,—I hardly know in what terms to thank you for the very kind way in which you have attended to my request. It was calling on you for a

great deal in view of all your new cares and responsibilities, and yet, I knew that your love and reverence for your dear father's memory would prompt you to do what you could to aid me in my pious labour. I have now all or almost all the material needed, for a Memoir such as was contemplated by the Historical Society, when they appointed me to prepare it for their Proceedings. . . . I believe that I told you that I had most interesting letters from Wendell Phillips, Tom Appleton, John O. Sargent and others. . . . I mean to perform my almost sacred task very carefully and faithfully but my friends must not expect too much, and I have no doubt that in after years a larger and more intimate story of a life so complex in its literary, political and social relations may picture him to posterity, in detail and proportions quite beyond the limits of the sketch, I am trying to crayon. . . .—

Always faithfully yrs., O. W. HOLMES.

*From Dr Holmes to Lady Harcourt.*

ADELPHI HOTEL, LIVERPOOL,  
20th August 1886.

MY DEAR LILY,—If I misspelt your name you must remember that you are the flower of the family. I will steal a single moment from my kind persecutors to thank you for the beautiful token of your kind regard

which came to me as your parting gift. I should not forget you without this memento, with it you will be in daily remembrance. No sadder, sweeter moment has come to me in England or anywhere, for many a long day, than that which I passed by the resting-place of your dear father and mother. It was a great delight to me to live over my old friendships with their daughter, and I love to think that I was not an unwelcome visitor to you after years of absence which might almost make one seem like a stranger. God bless you my dear Lily and grant you all that can make your life beautiful and happy.—Always affectionately yrs.,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

*From Dr Holmes to Lady Harcourt.*

BOSTON, 7th Feb., 1889.

MY DEAR LILY,—You may be sure that I shall attend to any request of yours with the greatest pleasure. I can never repay the kindness that we, Amelia and myself, received from you in London, many kind things I know of, and I suspect many others, which I only know through the advantages they secured us. I can never forget the evening at Lady Rothschild's, when I almost mistook myself for a Prince so grand was the company in which I found myself.

I shall send the photograph with a note direct to Lady Rothschild. . . . I am looking forward to the publication of the letters with great interest. I am more learning to live in the past, not painfully, as many do, but in pleasant and inspiring recollections of what I have experienced and of those I have loved. Among my dearest friends your father and mother held a place by themselves. How many delightful hours I spent at 14 Temple Place. How many pleasant meetings with your father and cordial greetings from your mother in their visits to this country. I believe your father is the only friend to whom I ever submitted a manuscript for criticism, though Edward Everett sent and borrowed one and made some more or less wise suggestions. But anything your father said, had meaning for me. Perhaps a greater proof of my confidence in him was in giving him some critical hints about his earlier literary ventures. Those last meetings with him at Nahant, will always remain in my memory. They were a revelation to me of the depths of his affectionate nature.

I please myself with the picture of you and Sir William at home, in the New Forest, of which I know something as it was in the last century from good Daddy Gilpin. It will be the best thing in the world for that little boy of yours, and I think you yourself will find health and strength under the trees among your flower beds.

As for us, we are living quietly of course, but cheerfully in my house which Amelia has rejuvenated so that it is like a new place—all except my library which is much as it was and is voted on all hands to be a charming room, which it cannot help with a look out over the water upon a semicircle of towns and hills behind them. . . .—Faithfully and affectionately yrs.,

O. W. HOLMES.

*From Dr Holmes to Lady Harcourt.*

BOSTON 1st November, 1891.

MY DEAR LILY,—Your letter of August 24th, has waited a long time for acknowledgement, but you know very well how hard I find it to keep up with my kind friends, even with those whose words are most precious to me, old friends and the children of my old friends. Since Lowell's death, I have felt my loneliness more than ever. I feel as if all the world were falling away from around me. At the Saturday Club, yesterday, there was not a single member except myself, of the time when your father was of us at the table. Our old friend Judge Hoar, was laid up with rheumatism, and I was the only relic of the past. I went to see Whittier, while I was in the country and had a pleasant hour with him. But we both feel that for us the show is pretty nearly over. The green curtain is beginning



to show its wrinkles at the top and must be down before long. Lowell is deeply lamented and sadly missed. Mr Norton will write a good memoir of him and as was the case with your father, his letters will be sure to prove full of life and interest. My eyes are getting dimmer and dimmer, yet I write this with my own hand. I shall write less and less every year, until I give up correspondence, which of late, has taken up most of my time. . . .

I am much interested in what you say about your boy. I knew he was going to Eton. I hear of you and your family and your sisters every now and then, for I am in an atmosphere of your family connections.

Next door to me is Lewis Stackpole, and in Fairfield Street, five minutes away is Susan, your good Aunt Susan. . . .—Faithfully and affectionately yrs.

O. W. HOLMES.

*From Dr Holmes to Lady Harcourt.*

BEVERLEY FARMS,

30th June, 1893.

MY DEAR LILY,—I send you this little hymn, I wrote the other day, not to have it acknowledged or praised or criticized, but to show you that I am alive and that I have not forgotten you and all your kindness to me in London.

But there is a great deal more than that to remember.

I need not recall the two beautiful figures of your father and mother as they come before me in their radiant youth, more living, more brilliant, more real, as my sight grows dim and my hearing sluggish, and so the life of to-day does not kill the bright colours of the past, as it does for younger people.

I wish I had anything to tell you, but your world is so different from that in which I live that I *have* to ask myself what there is to talk of that I can mention which will be like to interest you. . . .

Always affectionately yrs.,

O. W. HOLMES.

*From Dr Holmes to Lady Harcourt.*

BEVERLEY FARMS.

15th Sept., 1893.

MY DEAR LILY,—Of all the welcomes that came to me on the 29th of August, none gave me such an electric flash of pleasure as the telegram I received from you and your sisters. It should have been replied to at once, but you will not call me to account, remembering that after fourscore one has a right to be forgetful, for the moment at least, though not to remember and reply sooner or later to such a kind message, through the depths of the Atlantic would be unpardonable.

I am very grateful to you all for this sweet act of courtesy, and if I wrote as easily as I once did, I would send a letter to each of you. But the card I enclose will show you, that I cannot be the correspondent I once was, and I very commonly employ the hand and the eyes of another in writing my letters. Yet, you will be glad to know that my general health is better, and that I suffer less from the infirmities of advanced age than most of those who have got over the eight-bared gate. I can read (with one eye or with two). I can hear people who know how to use their articulating organs, I can walk a mile or two pretty well and pay a compliment to a charming lady, almost as well—I wish you would try me.

How often I find myself going back to those remote times, when your name was only inscribed among those of the children of earth, that were yet to be! I have recalled your dear mother when she was Mary Benjamin, eighteen years old, or a little more, living at 14 Temple Place, lovely to look upon, joyous, but with a shadow of thoughtfulness that sometimes crossed the ray of sunshine, sympathetic, outspoken, her eyes full of light, her smile of sweetness, that is the aspect in which I see her, a lovely vision which those who looked upon could never forget. Do you not think a message from her daughters had a music and a memory in it, almost as if her own spirit had breathed in it? No, my dear Lily, I do not blister my letter with tears,

I do not mourn inconsolably over the inevitable. But the partings have come very thick upon me of late years. One of the latest losses is that of Sarah Cleveland, your friend and my dear wife's friend. She has left a beautiful record, in the hearts of all who knew her. I must send you Harry Lee's brief memorial notice. . . . Goodbye, my dear Lily, and kind regards to all of yours, as well as yourself.

Always afftly. yrs.,

O. W. HOLMES.

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